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JESUS THROUGH THE CENTURIES

JESUS THROUGH THE CENTURIES

AS REFLECTED IN

THE MINDS OF MANY MEN

by Manuel Komroff

"He comes to us... as of old, by the lake-side, He came to those men... He speaks the same word: 'Follow thou me!' And sets us to the tasks which He has to fulfil for our time. And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal Himself...."

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

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JESUS THROUGH THE CENTURIES

INTRODUCTION

It was a long time ago that I first became interested in the Bible. My earliest experience remained a lasting one. I did not know at the time that this subject would occupy my mind for many of the following years. And it certainly would not have done so except for my grammar school principal, Dr. James Kieran.

The Spanish-American War was over. I was a boy in a public school on Fifty-first Street in New York City. Each morning at nine o'clock, rolling doors were pushed along their tracks and a whole floor of classrooms was quickly converted into an assembly hall. Then, to a lively march played on an old square piano, the cadet corps, of which I was a proud member, marched into the hall bearing the flag.

We cadets were dressed in blue uniforms cut on a Civil War pattern, and since we had only recently marched up Fifth Avenue in the victory parade honoring Admiral Dewey, we considered ourselves veterans. We all thought that war was a glorious thing and regretted that only our age and the sudden end of fighting had prevented our joining the troops in Cuba. The fact that we could barely read or write seemed no handicap at all. War, we felt, was sufficient to equip any boy for life.

We cadets led the school in the pledge of allegiance to the flag and in the singing of a patriotic song. Then everyone settled back in his seat to listen to Dr. Kieran. On the platform he solemnly opened the big gold-edged Bible and after a measured silence began his reading.

The words dropped from his lips with magical sound. His cadences were rhythmic and balanced. His full, round sonorous tones, the steady toll-like beat of his voice and the words of the Bible cast a spell over us. We pupils understood this Biblical language. We liked it. Yet it was for us a new language, not the one we spoke in daily life. This was a special language and it was reserved for those wonderful stories of long, long ago; those stories of hope pitted againt struggle and sorrow, those stories of the Creation, of

the ancient Jews and their long wandering, of Egypt and its powerful Pharaohs.

The stories we heard were filled with strife, cruelty, magic, adventure, drama, violent hates, injustice, revenge and wars. They were also filled with strange dreams which pointed to prophecies and things of supernatural wonder. And ever present was the struggle between good and evil.

As we children sat quietly listening to the voice of Dr. Kieran we saw before our eyes the sea part and a whole multitude escape destruction, we saw a woman change to a pillar of salt, and we also saw a staff, thrown to the ground, turn into a serpent.

The effect on me was tremendous. I felt myself, dressed in my cadet uniform, a warrior sworn to fight against all the evil forces in the world. I was armed and waiting. It was as though I were covered over by a long stormy night and could see the vast mountains and deserts of the world only during the flashes of lightning. These visions were generated by the simple words of the Old Testament and the resonant voice of Dr. Kieran. With this began my interest in the Bible.

Oddly enough in this Oriental world of the past I felt myself quite at home. And, in spite of my blue cadet uniform, I often found myself walking the streets of ancient Jerusalem. Reverie created a world for me which was more real than the world I was living in. And I often preferred the streets of ancient Jerusalem to the streets of New York.

It was with feverish curiosity that at home I now opened the Bible. I reread many of the stories I had heard in school and I came upon a new story, the New Testament.

In the years that followed, the story of the New Testament ever interested me. Again and again I explored its many aspects. I read many books on the subject. But after a number of years I realized that my knowledge of Jesus and his period was still incomplete. I took critical stock of my warehouse and found it filled with dusty wrecks, false ideas and unproved facts. Something surely was wrong. Piece by piece I started dusting off the antiquities that cluttered my storehouse.

Now I made some discoveries. In the first place there seemed to

be a difficulty about the study of Jesus that was inherent in the subject itself. The subject contained many ideas and notions which had roots centuries old. And while all knowledge is vague, self-contradictory and highly colored by our emotions, the knowledge pertaining to the study of Jesus seemed to present these defects to a high degree. Full detachment was difficult if not impossible. The light was there but we ourselves seemed to stand in the way and the shadow we cast over the figure of Jesus was long and deep.

I knew then that I had accepted much on hearsay, that I had not dared to question, that I had considered my own comfort too much and avoided those ideas which were new and disturbing. Yet I clearly recognized that history and the quest of truth could have little regard for any man's comfort.

My reform was slow. I found it hard to challenge the ideas acquired in my early youth. I found it hard to question the passionate statements that were made to me by those I admired and loved. The process of untangling was difficult and slow. In time, however, I found scholars who faced the problems boldly, in a spirit of modern inquiry, evading nothing; men who felt free to question every fact and word without surrendering a grain of reverence. These were the scholars who now held my interest and respect.

I first wrote about the times of Jesus shortly after World War I—in a novel dealing with the Two Thieves—but it was not until 1942 that I felt confident enough to write about Jesus himself and his followers. Sustained by the knowledge I had acquired in the work I had done in the intervening years not only on Christ's career but also on the centuries directly before and after him, I projected in fiction form twenty-four dramatic moments in his life. And soon after the appearance of this volume I conceived the idea of arranging the four Gospels in a single running story without the omission of any event or the addition of any word not contained in the King James Version of the New Testament. The resulting book appeared in 1943.

Since that time my interest in the New Testament has continued. I have tried to keep abreast with the new and ever growing scholarship on the subject, a subject that has interested man for many centuries.

In the twenty centuries, since the birth of Jesus, great empires have risen and great empires have declined. And in the name of Christ great good, as well as great evil, has been done. Yet the purity of his teachings and his spirit have endured. This undying force has helped to hold together the social, historical and moral life of our Western civilization. And even today, in a time of great stress and upheaval, the philosophy of Jesus remains our goal.

During these twenty centuries man has risen slowly and painfully through ignorance and superstition. He has come into our present civilization over a hard and changing road. And with him he has always and everywhere carried Jesus. And as man's way of life changed, his concept of Jesus also changed. These changes reflected the problems of each generation, each era.

Medieval man who knew the Golden Legend was very different from that generation that feverishly devoured Renan's great life of Jesus. Renan's generation was in turn different from the later generation that accepted Papini's cheap account. And all three are different from the generation that gave wide circulation to *The Nazarene*, that beautiful and tender story by Sholem Asch. As all these generations were different, so too was the Jesus that these generations created. And it is the object of this volume to show the figure of Jesus as he appeared to man through many generations.

Jesus has occupied the minds of men for two thousand years, yet it is only in the last hundred years, or a little longer, that it has been possible to separate the man Jesus from Christ the Messiah. Before this time there was no one daring enough to attempt to treat this subject in a purely historical manner.

This boldness, which expressed itself first in Germany, then in

This boldness, which expressed itself first in Germany, then in France, followed closely on the heels of the American and French Revolutions. The idea of liberty, which filled the minds of men, now invaded the field of theology. Here was a new battle-ground.

Before this time there were no biographies of Jesus except those feeble attempts to retell the Gospel story. "We can, at the present day," says Schweitzer, "scarcely imagine the long agony in which the historical view of the life of Jesus came to birth. And even when

he was once more recalled to life, he was still, like Lazarus of old, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes. . . ."

These years which saw the "grave-clothes" unbound were a time of great social change. Slavery and serfdom were finally abolished. Common man began to emerge. With his appearance kings declined and empires collapsed. During these same hundred years there began a renaissance of science which brought fresh promises to man. Through science man could now live longer, lighten his labors, make himself more secure, gain leisure and give flight to his long crushed spirit.

The first half of this century which saw the "grave-clothes" unbound, I know only through books. The second half I have lived through and am therefore able to record some of the many changes I have seen. Has Jesus changed in the past fifty years? He has changed in every fifty years since his birth. For each generation finds its own reflection in Jesus. And each individual creates him through his own spiritual sorrow.

The first attempt to break the tyranny of dogma and follow a free investigation appeared in Germany a little over a century ago. Hase's Life of Jesus appeared in 1829 and the sensational life by David Friedrich Strauss in 1836. Ten years later Strauss's Life of Jesus Critically Examined was translated by George Eliot and published in London. With Strauss began the period of the non-miraculous view of the life of Jesus. There were others, too, all in this period, who seemed eager to find the man Jesus, the man who walked under the sunny skies in Galilee.

In this movement, which had in it the fervor of reformation worthy of a Luther, history was employed to break the grip of dogma. But history was partly an excuse. Most of the scholars were prompted by a spirit of liberty, a desire to be freed from those heavy chains forged in the long, dark Middle Ages. They felt that Jesus the man and his teaching, once freed from dogma, would bring a fresh spiritual force. But their desire for truth and honesty brought these scholars persecution and sorrow. All were dismissed from their academic posts and hounded to their last days. And what happened in Germany was later to occur also in France and other countries.

In 1863, twenty-seven years after Strauss's work, Renan published his epoch-making volume, *The Life of Jesus*. It marked a departure, not alone in the Catholic world, but also in literature. His poetic imagination and his sympathetic understanding and devotion joined with his profound scholarship created a completely new Jesus. Renan made him alive and his book became a literary masterpiece. But Renan was also dismissed from his academic chair. He, too, was persecuted.

After Renan the way seemed easier. He was followed by a host of distinguished men from many lands and possessing many degrees of orthodoxy, who brought to this subject a high degree of brilliant scholarship. Without surrendering a grain of faith or reverence these scholars threw a sharp critical light on the origins; the origins of our sacred texts and the origins of Christianity itself.

It was naturally my ambition in compiling this volume to include some of the best examples I could find of this modern scholarship, so that the portrait presented would be full and round. This portrait, gathered from many ages and many lands, could not be complete unless it gave room to the historical Jesus as well as the Jesus of myth and legend. Both the apocryphal and the historical are included, all with a single intention, to present a portrait of Jesus as man has seen him through the centuries.

Though I have tried to bring together as many aspects as possible, still I must admit that everything is not contained within these covers. While I am ready to confess that much is omitted yet I feel that much has also been included. Many sources have been drawn upon.

I have made no attempt to sustain any sectarian view nor favor any special theories. I have made room for saints and mystics as well as for men of letters, historians and philosophers.

The figure of Jesus is not created by the saints nor is his stature diminished by his critics. He stands alone separated from all the figures of the world. And he remains, as Renan observes, "the common honor of all who share a common humanity."

MANUEL KOMROFF

I CHRIST STORIES

FRANK NORRIS

THE MIRACLE of the Clay Bird, while not recorded in our Gospels, is found in the Apocrypha and also in the Koran, written in classical Arabic at the early date of 651 A.D.

"O Jesus, son of Mary, remember . . . when thou didst create of clay the figure of a bird . . . and didst breathe thereon, and it became a bird!" (Koran, Chap. V).

From this legend Frank Norris wrote the masterly tale here reprinted. Frank Norris was in South Africa in 1895-96 as war correspondent for Collier's, and after being captured by the Boers he was ordered to leave the country. Returning to San Francisco he joined the staff of a local magazine, The Wave. It was for this periodical that he wrote "The Joyous Miracle."

The Joyous Miracle

Mervius had come to old Jerome's stone-built farmhouse, across the huge meadow where some half-dozen of the neighboring villagers pastured their stock in common. Old Jerome had received a certain letter, which was a copy of another letter, which in turn was a copy of another letter, and so on and so on, nobody could tell how far. Mervius would copy this letter and take it back to his village, where it would be copied again and again and yet again, and copies would be made of these copies, till the whole countryside would know the contents of that letter pretty well by heart. It was in this way, indeed, that these people made their literature. They would hand down the precious documents to their children, and that letter's contents would become folklore, become so well known that it would be repeated orally. It would be a legend, a mythos; perhaps, by and by, after a long time, it might gain credence and become even history.

But in that particular part of the country this famous letter was doubly important, because it had been written by a man whom some of the peasants and laborers and small farmers knew. "I

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knew him," said old Jerome, when Mervius had come in and the two had sat down on either side of the oak table in the brick-paved kitchen. Mervius—he was past seventy himself—slipped off his huge wooden sabots and let his feet rest on the warm bricks near the fireplace, for the meadow grass had been cold.

"Yes, I knew him," said Jerome. "He took the name of Peter afterward. He was a fisherman, and used to seine fish over in the big lake where the vineyards are. He used to come here twice a week and sell me fish. He was a good fisherman. Then the carpenter's son set the whole country by the ears, and he went away with him. I missed his fish. Mondays and Wednesdays he came, and his fish were always fresh. They don't get such fish nowadays."

"I'll take the letter you have," said Mervius, "the copy, that is—and my wife will transcribe it; I—I am too old, and my eyes are bad. This carpenter's son, now—and you say, he set the people by the ears. It is a strange story."

Old Jerome put his chin in the air. "He was the son of a carpenter, nothing else. We all know his people; you did, and I. His father built the bin where I store my corn, and some stalls in my brother's barn in the next village. The son was a dreamer; anyone could have told you he would have perished in the end. The people were tired of him, a mild lunatic. That was all."

Mervius did not answer directly. "I have read this letter," he said, "this fisherman's letter. The man who looks after my sheep lent me a copy. Peter was not always with the man, the carpenter's son. One thing he has left out—one thing that I saw."

"That you saw!" exclaimed old Jerome.

Mervius nodded.

"I saw this man once."

"The carpenter's son?"

"Yes, once, and I saw him smile. You notice this letter never makes record of him smiling."

"I know."

"I saw him smile."

"As how?"

Mervius wrapped his lean old arms under the folds of his blouse and, resting his elbows on his knees, looked into the fire. Jerome's crow paced gravely in at the door and perched on his master's knee. Jerome fed him bits of cheese dipped in wine.

"It was a long time ago," said Mervius; "I was a lad. I remember I and my cousin Joanna—she was a little girl of seven then—used to run out to the cow stables early of cold mornings and stand in the fodder on the floor of the stalls to warm our feet. I had heard my father tell of this man, this carpenter's son. Did you ever hear," he added, turning to old Jerome, "did you ever hear—when you were a boy—hear the older people speak of the 'White Night'? At midnight it grew suddenly light, as though the sun had risen out of season. In fact there was a sun, or star—something. The chickens all came down from their roosts, the oxen lowed, the cocks crew, as though at daybreak. It was light for hours. Then toward four o'clock the light faded again. It happened in midwinter. Yes, they called it the 'White Night.' It was strange. You know the followers of this man claim that he was born on that night. My father knew some shepherds who told a strange story . . . however.

"For the children of our village—that is to say, my little cousin Joanna, my brother Simon, the potter's little son Septimus, a lad named Joseph, whose father was the olive presser of the district, and myself—the village bleach green was the playground.

"This bleach green was a great meadow by the brook, on the other side of my father's sheepfolds. It belonged to the fuller of the village. After weaving, the women used to bring here their webs of cloth to be whitened. Many a time I have seen the great squares and lengths of cloth covering the meadow, till you would have said the snow had fallen.

"It was like that on a holiday, when the five of us children were at our play along the banks of the little brook. Across the brook was the road that led to the city, and back of us the bleach green was one shimmer of white, great spreads and drifts of white cloth, billowing and rippling like shallow pools of milk, as the breeze stirred under them. They were weighted down at the corners with huge, round stones. It was a pretty sight. I have never forgotten that bleach green.

"I remember that day we had found a bank of clay, and the potter's son, Septimus, showed us how to model the stuff into pots and drinking vessels, and afterward even into the form of animals: dogs, fishes, and the lame cow that belonged to the widow at the end of the village. Simon made a wonderful beast that he assured us was a lion, with twigs for legs, while I and Septimus patted and pinched our lump of clay to look like the great he-pig that had eaten a litter of puppies the week past—a horror that was yet the talk of all the village.

"Joanna—she was younger than all the rest of us—was fashioning little birds, clumsy, dauby little lumps of wet clay without much form. She was very proud of them, and set them in a row upon a stick, and called for us to look at them. As boys will, we made fun of her and her little clumsy clay birds, because she was a girl, and Simon, my brother, said:

"'Hoh, those aren't like birds at all. More like bullfrogs. I'll

show you.'

"He and the rest of us took to making all manner of birds—pigeons, hawks, chickens, and the like. Septimus, the potter's son, executed a veritable masterpiece, a sort of peacock with tail spread, which was very like, and which he swore he would take to his father's kiln to have baked. We all exclaimed over this marvel, and gathered about Septimus, praising him and his handiwork, and poor little Joanna and her foolish dauby lumps were forgotten. Then, of course, we all made peacocks, and set them in a row, and compared them with each other's. Joanna sat apart looking at us through her tears and trying to pretend that she did not care for clay peacocks, that the ridicule of a handful of empty-headed boys did not hurt her, and that her stupid little birds were quite as brave as ours. Then she said, by and by, timid-like and half to herself, 'I think my birds are pretty, too.'

"'Hoh,' says Septimus, 'look at Joanna's bullfrogs! Hoh! You are only a girl. What do you know? You don't know anything. I think

you had better go home. We don't like to play with girls.'

"She was too brave to let us see her cry, but she got up, and was just about going home across the bleach green—in the green aisles between the webs of cloth—when Simon said to me and to the others:

"'Look, quick, Mervius, here comes that man that father spoke

about, the carpenter's son who has made such a stir.' And he pointed across the brook, down the road that runs from the city over toward the lake, the same lake where you say this Peter used to fish. Joanna stopped and looked where he pointed; so did we all. I saw the man, the carpenter's son, whom Simon meant, and knew at once that it was he."

Old Jerome interrupted: "You had never seen him before. How did you know it was he?"

Mervius shook his head. "It was he. How could I tell? I don't know. I knew it was he."

"What did he look like?" asked Jerome, interested.

Mervius paused. There was a silence. Jerome's crow looked at the bright coals of the fire, his head on one side.

"Not at all extraordinary," said Mervius at length. "His face was that of a peasant, sun-browned, touched, perhaps, with a certain calmness. That was all. A face that was neither sad nor glad, calm merely, and not unusually or especially pleasing. He was dressed as you and I are now—as a peasant—and his hands were those of a worker. Only his head was bare."

"Did he wear his beard?"

"No, that was afterward. He was younger when I saw him, about twenty-one maybe, and his face was smooth. There was nothing extraordinary about the man."

"Yet you knew it was he."

"Yes," admitted Mervius, nodding his head. "Yes, I knew it was he. He came up slowly along the road near the brook where we children were sitting. He walked as any traveler along those roads might, not thoughtful or abstracted, but minding his steps and looking here and there about the country. The prettier things, I noted, seemed to attract him, and I particularly remember his stopping to look at a cherry tree in full bloom and smelling at its blossoms. Once, too, he stopped and thrust out of the way a twig that had fallen across a little ant heap. When he had come opposite us, he noticed us all standing there and looking at him quietly from across the brook, and he came down and stood on the other bank and asked us for a drink. There was a cup in an old bucket not far away that was kept there for those who worked on the bleach

green. I ran to fetch it, and when I had come back he, the carpenter's son, had crossed the brook and was sitting on the bank, and all the children were about him. He had little Joanna on his knee, and she had forgotten to cry. He drank out of the cup I gave him, and fell to asking us about what we had been doing. Then we all cried out together and showed him our famous array of clay peacocks."

"And you were that familiar with him?" said old Jerome.

"He seemed like another child to us," answered Mervius. "We were all about him, on his shoulders, on his knees, in his arms, and Joanna in his lap—she had forgotten to cry.

"'See, see my birds,' she said. I tell you she had her arms around his neck. See, they said they were not pretty. They are

pretty, aren't they, quite as pretty as theirs?'

"Prettier, prettier,' he said. 'Look now.' He set our little clay birds before him in a row. First mine, then Simon's, then those of Joseph and Septimus, then one of little Joanna's shapeless little lumps. He looked at them, and at last touched the one Joanna had made with his fingertip, then— Did you ever see, when corn is popping, how the grain swells, swells, swells, then bursts forth into whiteness? So it was then. No sooner had that little bird of Joanna, that clod of dust, that poor bit of common clay felt the touch of his finger than it awakened into life and became a live bird—and white, white as the sunshine, a beautiful little white bird that flew upward on the instant, with a tiny, glad note of song. We children shouted aloud, and Joanna danced and clapped her hands. And then it was that the carpenter's son smiled. He looked at her as she looked up at that soaring white bird, and smiled, smiled, just once, and then fell calm again.

"He rose to go, but we hung about him and clamored for him to stay.

"'No,' he said, as he kissed us all, 'I must go, go up to the city.' He crossed the brook and looked back at us.

"'Can't we go with you?' we cried to him. He shook his head.

"'Where I am going you cannot go. But,' he added, 'I am going to make a place for just such as you.'

"'And you'll come again?' we cried.

"'Yes, yes, I shall come again.'

"Then he went away, though often looking back and waving his hand at us. What we said after he had gone I don't know. How we felt I cannot express. Long time and in silence we stood there watching, until his figure vanished around a bend in the road. Then we turned and went home across the bleach green, through the green aisles between the webs of white cloth. We never told what had happened. That was just for ourselves alone. The same evening we heard of a great wonder that had been worked at a marriage in a town near by, water turned to wine, and a little later another, a man blind from his birth suddenly made to see. What did we care? He had not smiled upon those others, those people at the marriage, that crowd in the marketplace. What did we care?"

Mervius stopped, and slipped his feet back into his sabots, and rose. He took the letter from Jerome and put it in the pocket of his blouse.

"And you saw that?"

Mervius nodded, but old Jerome shook his head in the manner of one who is not willing to be convinced.

"He was a dreamer with unspeakable pretensions. Why, his people were laboring folk in one of the villages beyond the lake. His father was a carpenter and built my corn bin. The son was a fanatic. His wits were turned."

"But this thing I saw," said Mervius at the door. "I saw it, who am speaking to you."

Jerome put his chin in the air.

". . . A dreamer. . . . We were well rid of him. . . . But I was sorry when Peter went away. . . . Mondays and Wednesdays he came, and his fish were always fresh."

TOLSTOY

Count Leo Nikolaevich Tolstoy, who lived from 1828 to 1910, was one of the great spiritual influences of the nineteenth century. His influence came from the amazing power and simplicity of his words which found their way into every civilized land of the world.

This power, which brought him international reputation and raised him to the rank of a living prophet, was based mainly on his Christlike philosophy. He wrote against war, false dogmas, organized religions, governments that did not represent their people and, also, against the pride of nationality. He preached a gospel of nonresistance to evil, a sincere belief in God, and love of one's fellow men.

Maxim Gorky sums up his character in his Reminiscences of Tolstoy: "But surely he is great and holy because he is a man, a madly and tormentingly beautiful man; a man of the whole mankind. . . . He is a man seeking God, not for himself, but for men, so that God may leave him, the man, alone in the peace of the desert chosen by him. . . . He simplified Christ's image, smoothing away the militant elements and bringing into the foreground the humble. . . ."

The following story, which has become a classic, is a fair example of the power of Tolstoy's language, his deep earnestness, and his spiritual philosophy.

Where Love Is, There God Is Also

In the city lived Martuin Avdyéitch, a shoemaker. He lived in a basement, in a little room with one window. The window looked out on the street. Through the window he used to watch the people passing by: although only their feet could be seen, yet by the boots Martuin Avdyéitch recognized their owners. Martuin Avdyéitch had lived long in one place, and had many acquaintances. Few pairs of boots in his district had not been in his hands once and again. Some he would half-sole, some he would patch, some he would stitch around, and occasionally he would also put on new uppers. And through the window he quite often recognized his work. Avdyéitch had plenty to do, because he was a faithful

workman, used good material, did not make exorbitant charges, and kept his word. If he can finish an order by a certain time, he accepts it: if not, he will not deceive you—he tells you so beforehand. And all knew Avdyéitch, and he was never out of work.

Avdyéitch had always been a good man; but as he grew old, he began to think more about his soul, and get nearer to God. Martuin's wife had died when he was still living with his master. His wife left him a boy three years old. None of their other children had lived. All the eldest had died in childhood. Martuin at first intended to send his little son to his sister in the village, but afterward he felt sorry for him: he thought to himself, "It will be hard for my Kapitoshka to live in a strange family. I shall keep him with me."

And Avdyéitch left his master, and went into lodgings with his little son. But, through God's will, Avdyéitch had no luck with children. As Kapitoshka grew older, he began to help his father, and would have been a delight to him, but fell sick, went to bed, suffered a week, and died. Martuin buried his son, and fell into despair. So deep was this despair, that he began to complain of God. Martuin fell into such a melancholy state, that more than once he prayed to God for death, and reproached God because he did not take away him who was an old man, instead of his beloved only son. Avdyéitch also ceased to go to church.

And once a little old man, a fellow countryman, came from Troïtsa (Trinity) to see Avdyéitch: for seven years he had been absent. Avdyéitch talked with him, and began to complain about his sorrows.

"I have no more desire to live," he said. "I only wish I was dead. That is all I pray God for. I am a man without anything to hope for now."

And the little old man said to him,

"You don't talk right, Martuin: we must not judge God's doings. The world moves, not by your skill, but by God's will. God decreed for your son to die—for you—to live. Consequently, it is for the best. And you are in despair, because you wish to live for your own happiness."

"But what shall one live for?" asked Martuin.

And the little old man said, "We must live for God, Martuin. He gives you life, and for his sake you must live. When you begin to live for him, you will not grieve over anything, and all will seem easy to you."

Martuin kept silent for a moment, and then said, "But how can one live for the sake of God?"

And the little old man said, "Christ has taught us how to live for God. You know how to read? Buy a Testament, and read it: there you will learn how to live for God. Everything is explained there."

And these words kindled a fire in Avdyéitch's heart. And he went that very same day, bought a New Testament in large print, and began to read. At first Avdyéitch intended to read only on holidays; but as he began to read, it so cheered his soul that he used to read every day. At times he would become so absorbed in reading, that all the kerosene in the lamp would burn out, and still he could not tear himself away. And so Avdyéitch used to read every evening. And the more he read, the clearer he understood what God wanted of him, and how one should live for God; and his heart constantly grew easier and easier. Formerly, when he lay down to sleep, he used to sigh and groan, and always think of his Kapitoshka; and now he only exclaimed, "Glory to thee! glory to thee, Lord! Thy will be done."

And from that time Avdyéitch's whole life was changed. In other days he, too, used to drop into a saloon, as a holiday amusement, to drink a cup of tea; and he was not averse to a little brandy either. He would take a drink with some acquaintance, and leave the saloon, not intoxicated exactly, yet in a happy frame of mind, and inclined to talk nonsense, and shout, and use abusive language at a person. Now he left off this sort of thing. His life became quiet and joyful. In the morning he sits down to work, finishes his allotted task, then takes the little lamp from the hook, puts it on the table, gets his book from the shelf, opens it, and sits down to read. And the more he reads, the more he understands, and the brighter and happier it is in his heart.

Once it happened that Martuin read till late into the night. He was reading the Gospel of Luke. He was reading over the sixth chapter; and he was reading the verses, "And unto him that smiteth

thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." He read further also those verses, where God speaks: "And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will shew you to whom he is like: he is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock: and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it: for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the earth; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."

Avdyéitch read these words, and joy filled his soul. He took off his spectacles, put them down on the book, leaned his elbows upon the table, and became lost in thought. And he began to measure his life by these words. And he thought to himself,

"Is my house built upon the rock, or upon the sand! Tis well if on the rock. It is so easy when you are alone by yourself; it seems as if you had done everything as God commands: but when you forget yourself, you sin again. Yet I shall still struggle on. It is very good. Help me, Lord!"

Thus ran his thoughts: he wanted to go to bed, but he felt loath to tear himself away from the book. And he began to read further in the seventh chapter. He read about the centurion, he read about the widow's son, he read about the answer given to John's disciples, and finally he came to that place where the rich Pharisee desired the Lord to sit at meat with him; and he read how the woman that was a sinner anointed his feet, and washed them with her tears, and how he forgave her. He reached the forty-fourth verse, and began to read,

"And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this

woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment." He finished reading these verses, and thought to himself, "Thou gavest me no water for my feet, thou gavest me no kiss. My head with oil thou didst not anoint."

And again Avdyéitch took off his spectacles, put them down

upon the book, and again he became lost in thought.

"It seems that Pharisee must have been such a man as I am. I, too, apparently have thought only of myself—how I might have my tea, be warm and comfortable, but never to think about my guest. He thought about himself, but there was not the least care taken of the guest. And who was his guest? The Lord himself. If he had come to me, should I have done the same way?"

Avdyéitch rested his head upon both his arms, and did not notice how he fell asleep.

"Martuin!" suddenly seemed to sound in his ears.

Martuin started from his sleep: "Who is here?"

He turned around, glanced toward the door-no one.

Again he fell into a doze. Suddenly he plainly heard,

"Martuin! Ah, Martuin! look tomorrow on the street. I am coming."

Martuin awoke, rose from the chair, began to rub his eyes. He himself did not know whether he heard those words in his dream, or in reality. He turned down his lamp, and went to bed.

At daybreak next morning, Avdyéitch rose, made his prayer to God, lighted the stove, put on the cabbage soup and the *kasha*, put the water in the samovar, put on his apron, and sat down by the window to work.

Avdyéitch is working, and at the same time thinking about all that had happened yesterday. He thinks both ways: now he thinks it was a dream, and now he thinks he really heard a voice. "Well," he thinks, "such things have been."

Martuin is sitting by the window, and does not work as much as he looks through the window: when anyone passes by in boots that he does not know, he bends down, looks out of the window, in order to see not only the feet, but also the face.

The house porter passed by in new felt boots; the water carrier

passed by; then came alongside of the window an old soldier of Nicholas's time, in an old pair of laced felt boots, with a shovel in his hands. Avdyéitch recognized him by his felt boots. The old man's name was Stepánuitch; and a neighboring merchant, out of charity, gave him a home with him. He was required to assist the house porter. Stepánuitch began to shovel away the snow from in front of Avdyéitch's window. Avdyéitch glanced at him, and took up his work again.

"Pshaw! I must be getting crazy in my old age," said Avdyéitch, and laughed at himself. "Stepánuitch is clearing away the snow, and I imagine that Christ is coming to see me. I was entirely out of my mind, old dotard that I am!"

Avdyéitch sewed about a dozen stitches, and then felt impelled to look through the window again. He looked out again through the window, and saw that Stepánuitch had leaned his shovel against the wall, and was warming himself, and resting. He was an old, broken-down man: evidently he had not strength enough, even to shovel the snow. Avdyéitch said to himself,

"I will give him some tea: by the way, the samovar must be boiling by this time." Avdyéitch laid down his awl, rose from his seat, put the samovar on the table, poured out the tea, and tapped with his finger at the glass. Stepánuitch turned around, and came to the window. Avdyéitch beckoned to him, and went to open the door.

"Come in, warm yourself a little," he said. "You must be cold."

"May Christ reward you for this! My bones ache," said Stepánuitch.

Stepánuitch came in, and shook off the snow, tried to wipe his feet, so as not to soil the floor, but staggered.

"Don't trouble to wipe your feet. I will clean it up myself; we are used to such things. Come in and sit down," said Avdyéitch. "Drink a cup of tea."

And Avdyéitch filled two glasses, and handed one to his guest; while he himself poured his tea into a saucer, and began to blow it.

Stepánuitch finished drinking his glass of tea, turned the glass upside down, put upon it the half-eaten lump of sugar, and began to express his thanks. But it was evident he wanted some more.

"Have some more," said Avdyéitch, filling both his own glass and

his guest's. Avdyéitch drank his tea, but from time to time kept glancing out into the street.

"Are you expecting anyone?" asked his guest.

"Am I expecting anyone? I am ashamed even to tell whom I expect. I am, and I am not, expecting someone; but one word has impressed itself upon my heart. Whether it is a dream, or something else, I do not know. Don't you see, brother, I was reading yesterday the gospel about Christ, the Little Father, how he suffered, how he walked on the earth. I suppose you have heard about it?"

"Indeed I have," replied Stepánuitch: "but we are people in darkness; we can't read."

"Well, now, I was reading about that very thing,—how he walked upon the earth: I read, you know, how he comes to the Pharisee, and the Pharisee did not treat him hospitably. Well, and so, my brother, I was reading, yesterday, about this very thing, and was thinking to himself how he did not receive Christ, the Little Father, with honor. If, for example, he should come to me, or anyone else, I think to myself, I should not even know how to receive him. And he gave him no reception at all. Well! while I was thus thinking, I fell asleep, brother, and I hear someone call me by name. I got up: the voice, just as though someone whispered, says, 'Be on the watch: I shall come tomorrow.' And this happened twice. Well! would you believe it, it got into my head? I scold myself—and yet I am expecting him, the Little Father."

Stepánuitch shook his head, and said nothing; he finished drinking his glass of tea, and put it on the side; but Avdyéitch picked up the glass again, and filled it once more.

"Drink some more for your good health. You see, I have an idea, that, when the Little Father went about on this earth, he disdained no one, and had more to do with the simple people. He always went to see the simple people. He picked out his disciples more from among our brethren, sinners like ourselves from the working class. He, says he, who exalts himself, shall be humbled, and he who is humbled shall become exalted. You, says he, call me Lord, and I, says he, wash your feet. Whoever wishes, says he, to be the first, the same shall be a servant to all. Because, says he, blessed are the poor, the humble, the kind, the generous." And Stepánu-

itch forgot about his tea: he was an old man, and easily moved to tears. He is sitting listening, and the tears are rolling down his face.

"Come, now, have some more tea," said Avdyéitch; but Stepánuitch made the sign of the cross, thanked him, turned up his glass, and arose.

"Thanks to you," he said, "Martuin Avdyéitch, for treating me kindly, and satisfying me, soul and body."

"You are welcome; come in again; always glad to see a friend," said Avdyéitch.

Stepánuitch departed; and Martuin poured out the rest of the tea, drank it up, put away the dishes, and sat down again by the window to work, to stitch on a patch. He was stitching, and at the same time looking through the window. He was expecting Christ, and was all the while thinking of him and his deeds, and his head was filled with the different speeches of Christ.

Two soldiers passed by: one wore boots furnished by the Crown, and the other one, boots that he had made; then the master of the next house, passed by in shining galoshes; then a baker with a basket passed by. All passed by; and now there came also by the window a woman in woolen stockings and wooden shoes. She passed by the window, and stood still near the window case.

Avdyeitch looked up at her from the window, saw it was a strange woman poorly clad, and with a child: she was standing by the wall with her back to the wind, trying to wrap up the child, and she had nothing to wrap it up in. The woman was dressed in shabby summer clothes: and from behind the frame, Avdéyeitch heard the child crying, and the woman trying to pacify it; but she was not able to pacify it. Avdyeitch got up, went to the door, ascended the steps, and cried, "Hey! my good woman!" The woman heard him and turned around.

"Why are you standing in the cold with the child? Come into my room, where it is warm: you can manage it better. Right in this way!"

The woman was astonished. She saw an old, old man in an apron, with spectacles on his nose, calling her to him. She followed him. They descended the steps, entered the room: the old man led the woman to his bed.

"There," said he, "sit down, my good woman, nearer to the stove: you can get warm, and nurse the child."

"I have no milk for him. I myself have not eaten anything since morning," said the woman; but, nevertheless, she took the child to her breast.

Avdyéitch shook his head, went to the table, brought out the bread and a dish, opened the oven door, poured into the dish some cabbage soup, took out the pot with the gruel, but it was not done yet; so he filled the dish with soup only, and put it on the table. He got the bread, took the towel down from the hook, and put it upon the table.

"Sit down," he said, "and eat, my good woman; and I will mind the little one. You see, I once had children of my own: I know how

to handle them."

The woman crossed herself, sat down at the table, and began to eat; while Avdyéitch took a seat on the bed near the infant. Avdyéitch kept smacking and smacking to it with his lips; but it was a poor kind of smacking, for he had no teeth. The little one still cried. And it occurred to Avdyéitch to threaten the little one with his finger: he waved, waved his finger right before the child's mouth, and hastily withdrew it. He did not put it to its mouth, because his finger was black, and soiled with wax. And the little one looked at his finger, and became quiet: then it began to smile, and Avdyéitch also was glad. While the woman ate, she told who she was, and whither she was going.

"I," said she, "am a soldier's wife. It is now seven months since they sent my husband away off, and no tidings. I lived out as cook; the baby was born; no one cared to keep me with a child. This is the third month that I have been struggling along without a place. I ate up all I had. I wanted to engage as a wet nurse—no one would take me—I am too thin, they say. I have just been to the merchant's wife, where lives our little grandmother and so they promised to take us in. I thought this was the end of it. But she told me to come next week. And she lives a long way off. I got tired out; and it tired him, too, my heart's darling. Fortunately, our landlady takes pity on us for the sake of Christ, and gives us a room, else I don't know how I should manage to get along."

Avdyéitch sighed, and said, "Haven't you any warm clothes?" "Now is the time, friend, to wear warm clothes; but yesterday I pawned my last shawl for a twenty-kopek piece."

The woman came to the bed, and took the child; and Avdyéitch rose, went to the little wall, and succeeded in finding an old coat.

"Na!" said he, "it is a poor thing, yet you may turn it to some use."

The woman looked at the coat, looked at the old man; she took the coat, and burst into tears: and Avdyéitch turned away his head; crawling under the bed, he pushed out a little trunk, rummaged in it, and sat down again opposite the woman.

And the woman said, "May Christ bless you, little grandfather! He must have sent me himself to your window. My little child would have frozen to death. When I started out, it was warm, but now it is terribly cold. And he, Little Father, led you to look through the window, and take pity on me, an unfortunate."

Avdyéitch smiled, and said, "Indeed, he did that! I have been looking through the window, my good woman, not without cause." And Martuin told the soldier's wife his dream, and how he heard the voice, how the Lord promised to come and see him that day.

"All things are possible," said the woman. She rose, put on the coat, wrapped up her little child in it; and, as she started to take leave, she thanked Avdyéitch again.

"Take this, for Christ's sake," said Avdyéitch, giving her a twenty-kopek piece, "redeem your shawl." She made the sign of the cross. Avdyéitch made the sign of the cross, and went with her to the door.

The woman left. Avdyéitch ate some cabbage soup, washed some dishes, and sat down again to work. While he worked he still remembered the window: when the window grew darker, he immediately looked out to see who was passing by. Both acquaintances and strangers passed by, and there was nothing out of the ordinary.

But here Avdyéitch saw that an old apple-woman had stopped right in front of his window. She carried a basket with apples. Only a few were left, as she had nearly sold them all out; and over her shoulder she had a bag full of chips. She must have gathered them up in some new building, and was on her way home. One could see that the bag was heavy on her shoulder: she wanted to

shift it to the other shoulder. So she lowered the bag upon the side-walk, stood the basket with the apples on a little post, and began to shake down the splinters in the bag. And while she was shaking her bag, a little boy in a torn cap came along, picked up an apple from the basket, and was about to make his escape; but the old woman noticed it, turned around, and caught the youngster by his sleeve. The little boy began to struggle, tried to tear himself away; but the old woman grasped him with both hands, knocked off his cap, and caught him by the hair.

The little boy screamed, the old woman scolded. Avdyéitch lost no time in putting away his awl; he threw it upon the floor, sprang to the door—he even stumbled on the stairs, and dropped his eyeglasses—and rushed out into the street.

The old woman was pulling the youngster by his hair, and scolding, and threatening to take him to the policeman; the youngster defended himself, and denied the charge. "I did not take it," he said; "what are you licking me for? Let me go!" Avdyéitch tried to separate them. He took the boy by his arm, and said,

"Let him go, bábushka; forgive him, for Christ's sake."

"I will forgive him so that he won't forget till the new broom grows. I am going to take the little villain to the police."

Avdyéitch began to entreat the old woman:

"Let him go bábushka," he said, "he will never do it again. Let him go, for Christ's sake."

The old woman let him loose: the boy tried to run, but Avdyéitch kept him back.

"Ask the bábushka's forgiveness," he said, "and don't you ever do it again. I saw you taking the apple."

With tears in his eyes, the boy began to ask forgiveness.

"Nu! that's right; and now, here's an apple for you." Avdyéitch got an apple from the basket, and gave it to the boy. "I will pay you for it, bábushka," he said to the old woman.

"You ruin them that way, the good-for-nothings," said the old woman. "He ought to be treated so that he would remember it for a whole week."

"Eh, bábushka, bábushka," said Avdyéitch, "that is right according to our judgment, but not according to God's. If he is to

be whipped for an apple, then what do we deserve for our sins?" The old woman was silent.

Avdyéitch told her the parable of the master who forgave a debtor all that he owed him, and how the debtor went and began to choke one who owed him.

The old woman listened, and the boy stood listening.

"God has commanded us to forgive," said Avdyéitch, "else we, too, may not be forgiven. All should be forgiven, and the thoughtless especially."

The old woman shook her head, and sighed.

"That's so," said she; "but the trouble is, that they are very much spoiled."

"Then, we, who are older, must teach them," said Avdyéitch. "That's just what I say," remarked the old woman. "I myself had seven of them—only one daughter is left." And the old woman began to relate where and how she lived with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "Here," she said, "my strength is only so-so, and yet I have to work. I pity the youngsters—my grandchildren—how nice they are! No one gives me such a welcome as they do. Aksintka won't go to anyone but me. (Bábushka, dear bábushka, loveliest)"—and the old woman grew quite sentimental.

"Of course, it is a childish trick. God be with him," said she, pointing to the boy.

The woman was just about to lift the bag upon her shoulder, when the boy ran up, and said, "Let me carry it, bábushka: it is on my way."

The old woman nodded her head, and put the bag on the boy's back.

Side by side they both passed along the street. And the old woman even forgot to ask Avdyéitch to pay for the apple.

Avdyéitch stood motionless, and kept gazing after them; and he heard them talking all the time as they walked away. After Avdyéitch saw them disappear, he returned to his room; he found his eye glasses on the stairs—they were not broken; he picked up his awl, and sat down to work again.

After working a little while, it grew darker, so that he could not

see to sew: he saw the lamplighter passing by to light the street lamps.

"It must be time to make a light," he thought to himself; so he fixed his little lamp, hung it up, and betook himself again to work. He had one boot already finished; he turned it around, looked at it: "Well done." He put away his tools, swept off the cuttings, cleared off the bristles and ends, took the lamp, put it on the table, and took down the Gospels from the shelf. He intended to open the book at the very place where he had yesterday put a piece of leather as a mark, but it happened to open at another place; and the moment Avdyéitch opened the Testament, he recollected his last night's dream. And as soon as he remembered it, it seemed as though he heard someone stepping about behind him. Avdyéitch looked around, and saw—there, in the dark corner, it seemed as though people were standing; he was at a loss to know who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear,

"Martuin—ah, Martuin! Did you not recognize me?" "Who?" uttered Avdyéitch.

"Me," repeated the voice. "It's I"; and Stepánuitch stepped forth from the dark corner; he smiled, and like a little cloud faded away, and soon vanished.

"And this is I," said the voice. From the dark corner stepped forth the woman with her child: the woman smiled, the child laughed, and they also vanished.

"And this is I," continued the voice; both the old woman and the boy with the apple stepped forward; both smiled and vanished.

Avdyéitch's soul rejoiced: he crossed himself, put on his eye glasses, and began to read the Evangelists where it happened to open. On the upper part of the page he read,

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in. . . ."

And on the lower part of the page he read this:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (St. Matthew, chap. xxv)

And Avdyéitch understood that his dream did not deceive him; that the Savior really called upon him that day, and that he really received him.

ANATOLE FRANCE

In his well-known story "The Procurator of Judea," Anatole France gives us a glimpse of Pontius Pilate twenty years after the trial of Jesus. Pilate probes the depths of his memory but is unable to recall the name of Jesus of Nazareth. In "The Juggler of Notre-Dame," Anatole France shows how an unusual offering from one, humble and devout, is accepted and approved with a smile by the Mother of Jesus. But "The Ocean Christ," reprinted below, cuts still deeper in its symbolism.

The Ocean Christ

That year many of the fishers of Saint-Valéry had been drowned at sea. Their bodies were found on the beach cast up by the waves with the wreckage of their boats; and for nine days, up the steep road leading to the church were to be seen coffins borne by hand and followed by widows, who were weeping beneath their great black-hooded cloaks, like women in the Bible.

Thus were the skipper Jean Lenoël and his son Désiré laid in the great nave, beneath the vaulted roof from which they had once hung a ship in full rigging as an offering to Our Lady. They were righteous men and God-fearing. Monsieur Guillaume Truphème, priest of Saint-Valéry, having pronounced the Absolution, said in a tearful voice.

"Never were laid in consecrated ground there to await the judgment of God, better men and better Christians than Jean Lenoël and his son Désiré."

And while barques and their skippers perished near the coast, in the high seas great vessels foundered. Not a day passed that the ocean did not bring in some flotsam of wreck. Now one morning some children who were steering a boat saw a figure lying on the sea. It was a figure of Jesus Christ, life-sized, carved in wood, painted in natural coloring, and looking as if it were very old. The Good Lord was floating upon the sea with arms outstretched. The

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children towed the figure ashore and brought it up into Saint-Valéry. The head was encircled with the crown of thorns. The feet and hands were pierced. But the nails were missing as well as the cross. The arms were still outstretched ready for sacrifice and blessing, just as He appeared to Joseph of Arimathea and the holy women when they were burying him.

The children gave it to Monsieur le Curé Truphème, who said to them.

"This image of the Savior is of ancient workmanship. He who made it must have died long ago. Although today in the shops of Amiens and Paris excellent statues are sold for a hundred francs and more, we must admit that the earlier sculptors were not without merit. But what delights me most is the thought that if Jesus Christ be thus come with open arms to Saint-Valéry, it is in order to bless the parish, which has been so cruelly tried, and in order to announce that he has compassion on the poor folk who go a-fishing at the risk of their lives. He is the God who walked upon the sea and blessed the nets of Cephas."

And Monsieur le Curé Truphème, having had the Christ placed in the church on the cloth of the high altar, went off to order from the carpenter Lemerre a beautiful cross in heart of oak.

When it was made, the Savior was nailed to it with brand new nails, and it was erected in the nave above the churchwarden's pew.

Then it was noticed that His eyes were filled with mercy and seemed to glisten with tears of heavenly pity.

One of the churchwardens, who was present at the putting up of the crucifix, fancied he saw tears streaming down the divine face. The next morning when Monsieur le Curé with a choirboy entered the church to say his mass, he was astonished to find the cross above the churchwarden's pew empty and the Christ lying upon the altar.

As soon as he had celebrated the divine sacrifice he had the carpenter called and asked him why he had taken the Christ down from his cross. But the carpenter replied that he had not touched it. Then, after having questioned the beadle and the

sidesmen, Monsieur Truphème made certain that no one had entered the church since the crucifix had been placed over the churchwarden's pew.

Thereupon he felt that these things were miraculous, and he meditated upon them discreetly. The following Sunday in his exhortation he spoke of them to his parishioners, and he called upon them to contribute by their gifts to the erection of a new cross more beautiful than the first and more worthy to bear the Redeemer of the world.

The poor fishers of Saint-Valéry gave as much money as they could and the widows brought their wedding rings. Wherefore Monsieur Truphème was able to go at once to Abbeville and to order a cross of ebony highly polished and surmounted by a scroll with the inscription *I.N.R.I.* in letters of gold. Two months later it was erected in the place of the former and the Christ was nailed to it between the lance and the sponge.

But Jesus left this cross as he had left the other; and as soon as night fell he went and stretched himself upon the altar.

Monsieur le Curé, when he found him there in the morning, fell on his knees and prayed for a long while. The fame of this miracle spread throughout the neighborhood, and the ladies of Amiens made a collection for the Christ of Saint-Valéry. Monsieur Truphème received money and jewels from Paris, and the wife of the Minister of Marine, Madame Hyde de Neuville, sent him a heart of diamonds. Of all these treasures, in the space of two years, a goldsmith of La Rue St. Sulpice fashioned a cross of gold and precious stones which was set up with great pomp in the church of Saint-Valéry on the second Sunday after Easter in the year 18—. But He who had not refused the cross of sorrow, fled from this cross of gold and again stretched Himself upon the white linen of the altar.

For fear of offending Him He was left there this time; and He had lain upon the altar for more than two years, when Pierre, son of Pierre Caillou, came to tell Monsieur le Curé Truphème that he had found the true cross of Our Lord on the beach.

Pierre was an innocent; and, because he had not sense enough

to earn a livelihood, people gave him bread out of charity; he was liked because he never did any harm. But he wandered in his talk and no one listened to him.

Nevertheless Monsieur Truphème, who had never ceased meditating on the Ocean Christ, was struck by what the poor imbecile had just said. With the beadle and two sidesmen he went to the spot, where the child said he had seen a cross, and there he found two planks studded with nails, which had long been washed by the sea and which did indeed form a cross.

They were the remains of some old shipwreck. On one of these boards could still be read two letters painted in black, a J and an L; and there was no doubt that this was a fragment of Jean Lenoël's barque, he who with his son Désiré had been lost at sea five years before.

At the sight of this, the beadle and the sidesmen began to laugh at the innocent who had taken the broken planks of a boat for the cross of Jesus Christ. But Monsieur le Curé Truphème checked their merriment. He had meditated much and prayed long since the Ocean Christ had arrived among the fisherfolk, and the mystery of infinite charity began to dawn upon him. He knelt down upon the sand, repeated the prayer for the faithful departed, and then told the beadle and the sidesmen to carry the flotsam on their shoulders and to place it in the church. When this had been done he raised the Christ from the altar, placed it on the planks of the boat and himself nailed it to them, with the nails that the ocean had corroded.

By the priest's command, the very next day this cross took the place of the cross of gold and precious stones over the church-warden's pew. The Ocean Christ has never left it. He has chosen to remain nailed to the planks on which men died invoking his name and that of his Mother. There, with parted lips, august and afflicted he seems to say,

"My cross is made of all men's woes, for I am in truth the God of the poor and the heavy-laden."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

AFTER the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin* in which she compiled the facts which motivated her great work. Then three years later, in 1856, to further the antislavery cause she wrote a second novel, *Dred, A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp*. Here she showed the demoralizing influence of slavery on the whites. She showed the Negroes' suspicion of the Christianity of inhuman white people.

Poor Creatures and the Dear Lord

"AH, AH, HONEY! ladies born had some bad stuff in dem, sometimes, like de rest of us. But, den, honey, it was de most natural thing in de world, come to look on't; for now, see here, honey, dere was your aunt—she was poor, and she was pestered for money. Dere was Mas'r George's bills and Peter's bills to pay, and Miss Susy's; and every one of 'em must have everything, and dev was all calling for money, money; and dere has been times she didn't know which way to turn. Now, you see, when a woman is pestered to pay two hundred here and tree hundred dere, and when she has got more niggers on her place dan she can keep, and den a man calls in and lays down eight hundred dollars in gold and bills before her, and says, 'I want dat ar Lucy or George of yourn,' why, don't you see? Dese yer soul-drivers is always round, tempting folks dey know is poor; and dey always have der money as handy as de devil has his. But, den, I oughtn't fur to be hard upon dem poor soul-drivers, neither, 'cause dey an't taught no better. It's dese yer Christians, dat profess Christ, dat makes great talks 'bout religion, dat has der Bibles, and turns der backs upon swearing soul-drivers, and tinks dey an't fit to speak to-it's dem, honey, dat's de root of de whole business. Now, dere was dat uncle of hern-mighty great Christian he was, with his prayer meetings, and all dat!—he was always a putting her up to it. Oh, dere's been times—dere was times 'long first, Miss Nina, when my first chil'en was sold—dat, I tell you, I poured out my soul to Miss Harrit, and I've seen dat ar woman cry so dat I was sorry for her. And she said to me, 'Milly,

I'll never do it again.' But, Lord! I didn't trust her—not a word on't—'cause I knowed she would. I knowed dere was dat in her heart dat de devil wouldn't let go of. I knowed he'd no kind of objection to her 'musing herself with meetin's, and prayers, and all dat; but he'd no notion to let go his grip on her heart.

"But, Lord! she wasn't quite a bad woman—poor Miss Harrit wasn't—and she wouldn't have done so bad, if it hadn't been for him. But he'd come and have prayers, and exhort, and den come prowling round my place like a wolf, looking at my chil'en.

"'And, Milly,' he'd say, 'how do you do now? Lucy is getting to be a right smart girl, Milly. How old is she? Dere's a lady in Washington has advertised for a maid, a nice woman, a pious lady. I suppose you wouldn't object, Milly? Your poor mistress is in great trouble for money.'

"I never said nothing to that man. Only once, when he asked me what I thought my Lucy would be worth, when she was fifteen years old, says I to him,

"'Sir, she is worth to me just what your daughter is worth to you.'

"Den I went in and shut de door. I didn't stay to see how he took it. Den he'd go up to de house, and talk to Miss Harrit. 'Twas her duty, he'd tell her, to take proper care of her goods. And dat ar meant selling my chil'en. I 'member, when Miss Susy came home from boarding school, she was a pretty girl; but I didn't look on her very kind, I tell you, 'cause three of my chil'en had been sold to keep her at school. My Lucy—ah, honey!—she went for a lady's maid. I knowed what dat ar meant, well enough. De lady had a son grown, and he took Lucy with him to Orleans, and dere was an end of dat. Dere don't no letters go 'tween us. Once gone, we can't write, and it is good as being dead. Ah, no, chile, not so good! Paul used to teach Lucy little hymns, nights, 'fore she went to sleep. And if she'd a died right off after one of dem, it would have been better for her. Oh, honey, 'long dem times I used to rave and toss like a bull in a net—I did so!

"Well, honey, I wasn't what I was. I got cross and ugly. Miss Harrit, she grew a great Christian, and joined de church, and used to have heaps of ministers and elders at her house; and some on 'em

used to try and talk to me. I told 'em I'd seen enough of der old religion, and I didn't want to hear no more. But Paul, he was a Christian; and when he talked to me, I was quiet, like, though I couldn't be like what he was. Well, last, my missis promised me one. She'd give me my youngest child, sure and certain. His name was Alfred. Well, dat boy!-I loved dat child better dan any of de rest of 'em. He was all I'd got left to love; for, when he was a year old, Paul's master moved away down to Louisiana, and took him off, and I never heard no more of him. So it 'peared as if dis yer child was all I had left. Well, he was a bright boy. Oh, he was most uncommon! He was so handy to anything, and saved me so many steps! Oh, honey, he had such ways with him-dat boy!-would always make me laugh. He took after larnin' mighty, and he larned himself to read; and he'd read de Bible to me, sometimes. I just brought him up and teached him de best way I could. All dat made me 'fraid for him was, dat he was so spirity. I's 'fraid 'twould get him into trouble.

"He war'nt no more spirity dan white folks would like der chil'en fur to be. When white chil'en holds up der heads, and answers back, den de parents laugh, and say, 'He's got it in him! He's a bright one!' But, if one of ourn does so, it's a drefful thing. I was allers talking to Alfred 'bout it, and telled him to keep humble. It 'peared like there was so much in him, you couldn't keep it down. Laws, Miss Nina, folks may say what dey like about de black folks, dey'll never beat it out of my head-dere's some on 'em can be as smart as any white folks, if dev could have de same chance. How many white boys did you ever see would take de trouble for to teach theirselves to read? And dat's what my Alfred did. Laws, I had a mighty heap of comfort in him, 'cause I was thinkin' to get my missis to let me hire my time; den I was going to work over hours, and get money, and buy him; because, you see, chile, I knowed he was too spirity for a slave. You see he couldn't learn to stoop; he wouldn't let nobody impose on him; and he always had a word back again to give anybody as good as dey sent. Yet, for all dat, he was a dear, good boy to me; and when I used to talk to him, and tell him dese things was dangerous, he'd always promise fur to be kerful. Well, things went on pretty well while he was little, and I kept him with me till he got to be about twelve or thirteen years old. He used to wipe de dishes, and scour de knives, and black de shoes, and such-like work. But, by and by, dey said it was time dat he should go to de reg'lar work; and dat was de time I felt feared. Missis had an overseer, and he was real aggravating, and I felt feared dere'd be trouble; and sure enough dere was, too. Dere was always somethin' brewing 'tween him and Alfred; and he was always running to missis with tales, and I was talking to Alfred. But 'peared like he aggravated de boy so, dat he couldn't do right. Well, one day, when I had been up to town for an errand, I come home at night, and I wondered Alfred didn't come home to his supper. I thought something was wrong; and I went to de house, and dere sat Miss Harrit by a table covered with rolls of money, and dere she was a counting it.

"'Miss Harrit,' says I, 'I can't find Alfred. An't you seen him?'

says I.

"At first she didn't answer, but went on counting—fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three. Finally I spoke again.

"'I hope there an't nothing happened to Alfred, Miss Harrit?'

"She looked up, and says she to me,

"'Milly,' says she, 'de fact is, Alfred has got too much for me to manage, and I had a great deal of money offered for him: and I sold him.'

"I felt something strong coming up in my throat, and I just went

up and took hold of her shoulders, and said I,

"'Miss Harrit, you took de money for thirteen of my chil'en, and you promised me, sure enough, I should have dis yer one. You call dat being a Christian?' says I.

"'Why,' says she, 'Milly, he an't a great way off; you can see him about as much. It's only over to Mr. Jones's plantation. You can go and see him, and he can come and see you. And you know you didn't like the man who had the care of him here, and thought he was always getting him into trouble.'

"'Miss Harrit,' says I, 'you may cheat yourself saying dem things; but you don't cheat me, nor de Lord neither. You folks have de say all on your side, with your ministers preaching us down out of de Bible; you won't teach us to read. But I'm going straight to de Lord with dis yer case. I tell you, if de Lord is to be found, I'll find him; and I'll ask him to look on't—de way you've been treating me, —selling my chil'en, all de way 'long, to pay for your chil'en, and now breaking your word to me, and taking dis yer boy, de last drop of blood in my heart! I'll pray de Lord to curse every cent of dat ar money to you and your chil'en!'

"Dat ar was de way I spoke to her, child. I was poor, ignorant cretur, and didn't know God, and my heart was like a red-hot coal. I turned and walked right straight out from her. I didn't speak no more to her, and she didn't speak no more to me. And when I went to bed at night, dar, sure 'nough, was Alfred's bed in de corner, and his Sunday coat hanging up over it, and his Sunday shoes I had bought for him with my own money; 'cause he was a handsome boy, and I wanted him always to look nice. Well, so, come Sunday morning, I took his coat and his shoes, and made a bundle of 'em, and I took my stick, and says I, 'I'll just go over to Jones's place and see what has 'come of Alfred.' All de time, I hadn't said a word to missis, nor she to me. Well, I got about halfway over to de place, and dere I stopped under a big hickory tree to rest me a bit, and I looked along and seed someone a-coming; and pretty soon I knowed it was Huldah. She was one that married Paul's cousin, and she lived on Jones's place. And so I got up and went to meet her, and told her I was going over to see 'bout Alfred.

"'Lord!' says she, 'Milly, haven't you heard dat Alfred's dead?' "Well, Miss Nina, it seemed as if my heart and everything in it stopped still. And said I, 'Huldah, has dey killed him?'

"And said she, 'Yes.' And she told me it was dis yer way: Dat Stiles—he dat was Jones's overseer—had heard dat Alfred was dreadful spirity; and when boys is so, sometimes dey aggravates 'em to get 'em riled, and den dey whips 'em to break 'em in. So Stiles, when he was laying off Alfred's task, was real aggravating to him; and dat boy—well, he answered back, just as he allers would be doing, 'cause he was smart, and it 'peared like he couldn't keep it in. And den dey all laughed round here, and den Stiles was mad, and swore he'd whip him; and den Alfred, he cut and run. And den Stiles he swore awful at him, and he told him to 'come here, and he'd give him hell, and pay him de cash.' Dem is de very words

he said to my boy. And Alfred said he wouldn't come back; he wasn't going to be whipped. And just den young Master Bill come along, and wanted to know what was de matter. So Stiles told him, and he took out his pistol, and said, 'Here, young dog, if you don't come back before I count five, I'll fire!'

"'Fire ahead!' says Alfred; 'cause you see, dat boy never knowed what fear was. And so he fired. And Huldah said he just jumped up and gave one scream, and fell flat. And dey run up to him, and he was dead; 'cause you see, de bullet went right through his heart. Well, dey took off his jacket and looked, but wa'nt of no use; his face settled down still. And Huldah said dat dey just dug a hole and put him in. Nothing on him-nothing round him-no coffin; like he'd been a dog. Huldah showed me de jacket. Dere was de hole, cut right round in it, like it was stamped, and his blood running out on it. I didn't say a word. I took up de jacket, and wrapped it up with his Sunday clothes, and I walked straight—straight home. I walked up into missis' room, and she was dressed for church, sure enough, and sat dere reading her Bible. I laid it right down under her face, dat jacket. 'You see dat hole!' said I; 'you see dat blood! Alfred's killed! You killed him; his blood be on you and your chil'en! O Lord God in heaven, hear me, and render unto her double!" "

Nina drew in her breath hard, with an instinctive shudder. Milly had drawn herself up, in the vehemence of her narration, and sat leaning forward, her black eyes dilated, her strong arms clenched before her, and her powerful frame expanding and working with the violence of her emotion. She might have looked, to one with mythological associations, like the figure of a black marble Nemesis in a trance of wrath. She sat so for a few minutes, and then her muscles relaxed, her eyes gradually softened; she looked tenderly, but solemnly, down on Nina. "Dem was awful words, chile; but I was in Egypt den. I was wandering in de wilderness of Sinai. I had heard de sound of de trumpet, and de voice of words; but, chile, I hadn't seen de Lord. Well—I went out, and I didn't speak no more to Miss Harrit. Dere was a great gulf fixed 'tween us; and dere didn't no words pass over it. I did my work—I scorned not to do it; but I didn't speak to her. Den it was, chile,

dat I thought of what my mother told me, years ago; it came to me, all fresh—'Chile, when trouble comes, you ask de Lord to help you'; and I saw dat I hadn't asked de Lord to help me; and now, says I to myself, de Lord can't help me; 'cause he couldn't bring back Alfred, no way you could fix it; and yet I wanted to find de Lord, 'cause I was so tossed up and down. I wanted jist to go and say, 'Lord, you see what dis woman has done.' I wanted to put it to him, if he'd stand up for such a thing as that. Lord, how de world, and everything, looked to me in dem times! Everything goin' on in de way it did; and dese yer Christians, dat said dat dey was going into de kingdom, doing as dey did! I tell you, I sought de Lord early and late. Many nights I have been out in de woods and laid on de ground till morning, calling and crying, and 'peared like nobody heerd me. Oh, how strange it used to look, when I looked up to de stars! winking at me, so kind of still and solemn, but never saying a word! Sometimes I got dat wild, it seemed as if I could tear a hole through de sky, 'cause I must find God; I had an errand to him, and I must find him.

"Den I heard 'em read out de Bible, 'bout how de Lord met a man on a threshing floor, and I thought maybe if I had a threshing floor he would come to me. So I threshed down a place just as hard as I could under de trees; and den I prayed dere-but he didn't come. Den dere was coming a great camp meeting; and I thought I'd go and see if I could find de Lord dere; because, you see, missis, she let her people go Sunday to de camp meeting. Well, I went into de tents and heerd dem sing; and I went afore de altar, and I heerd preaching; but it 'peared like it was no good. It didn't touch me nowhere; and I couldn't see nothing to it. I heerd 'em read out of de Bible, 'Oh, dat I knew where I might find him. I would come even to his seat. I would order my cause before him. I would fill my mouth with arguments'; and I thought, sure enough, dat ar's just what I want. Well, came on dark night, and dey had all de campfires lighted up, and dey was singing de hymns round and round, and I went for to hear de preaching. And dere was a manpale, lean man he was, with black eyes and black hair. Well, dat ar man, he preached a sermon, to be sure, I shall never forget. His text was, 'He that spared not his own Son, but freely delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him freely give us all things?' Well, you see, the first sound of dis took me, because I'd lost my son. And the man, he told us who de son of God was-Jesus—Oh, how sweet and beautiful he was! How he went round doing for folks. O Lord, what a story dat ar was! And, den, how dey took him, and put de crown of thorns on his head, and hung him up bleeding, bleeding, and bleeding! God so loved us dat he let his own dear Son suffer all dat for us. Chile, I got up, and I went to de altar, and I kneeled down with de mourners; and I fell flat on my face, and dev said I was in a trance. Maybe I was. Where I was, I don't know; but I saw de Lord! Chile, it seemed as if my very heart was still. I saw him, suffering, bearing with us, year in and year out—bearing—bearing—bearing so patient! 'Peared like, it wasn't just on de cross; but, bearing, always, everywhar! Oh, chile, I saw how he loved us!—us all—all—everyone on us!—we dat hated each other so! 'Peared like he was using his heart up for us, all de time -bleedin' for us like he did on Calvary, and willin' to bleed! Oh, chile, I saw what it was for me to be hatin', like I'd hated. 'O Lord,' says I, 'I give up! O Lord, never see you afore; I didn't know. Lord, I's a poor sinner! I won't hate no more!' And oh, chile, den dere come such a rush of love in my soul! Says I, 'Lord, I ken love even de white folks!' And den came another rush; and says I, 'Yes, Lord, I love poor Miss Harrit, dat's sole all my chil'en, and been de death of my poor Alfred! I loves her.' Chile, I overcome—I did so—I overcome by de blood of de Lamb—de Lamb!—Yes, de Lamb, Chile!-cause if he'd been a lion I could a kept in; 'twas de Lamb dat overcome.

"When I come to, I felt like a chile. I went home to Miss Harrit; and I hadn't spoke peaceable to her since Alfred died. I went in to her. She'd been sick, and she was in her room, looking kinder pale and yaller, poor thing; 'cause her son, honey, he got drunk and 'bused her awful. I went in, and says I, 'Oh, Miss Harrit, I's seen de Lord! Miss Harrit, I aw't got no more hard feelin's; I forgive ye, and loves ye with all my heart, jest as de Lord does.' Honey, ye ought to see how dat woman cried! Says she, 'Milly, I's a great sinner.' Says I, 'Miss Harrit, we's sinners, both on us, but de Lord gives hisself for us both; and if he loves us poor sinners, we mustn't

be hard on each other. Ye was tempted, honey,' says I (for you see I felt like makin' 'scuses for her); 'but de Lord Jesus has got a pardon for both on us.'

"After dat, I didn't have no more trouble with Miss Harrit. Chile, we was sisters in Jesus. I bore her burdens, and she bore mine. And, dear, de burdens was heavy; for her son he was brought home a corpse; he shot hisself right through de heart trying to load a gun when he was drunk. Oh, chile, I thought den how I'd prayed de Lord to render unto her double; but I had a better mind den. Ef I could have brought poor Mas'r George to life, I'd a done it; and I held de poor woman's head on my arm all dat ar night, and she a-screamin' every hour. Well dat ar took her down to de grave. She didn't live much longer; but she was ready to die. She sent and bought my daughter Lucy's son, dis here Tom, and gin him to me. Poor thing! she did all she could.

"I watched with her de night she died. Oh, Miss Nina, if ever ye're tempted to hate anybody, think how 't'll be with 'em when dev comes to die.

"She died hard, poor thing! and she was cast down, 'bout her sins. 'Oh, Milly,' says she, 'the Lord and you may forgive me, but I can't forgive myself.'

"'And,' says I to her, 'Oh, missis, don't think of it no more! De Lord's hid it in his own heart!' Oh, but she struggled long, honey; she was all night dyin', and 'twas 'Milly! Milly!' all de time; 'Oh, Milly, stay with me!'

"And chile, I felt I loved her like my own soul; and when de day broke de Lord set her free, and I laid her down like she'd been one o' my babies. I took up her poor hand. It was warm, but the strength was all gone out on't; and, 'Oh,' I thought, 'ye poor thing, how could I ever have hated ye so?' Ah, chile, we mustn't hate nobody; we's all poor creaturs, and de dear Lord he loves us all."

JULES LEMAÎTRE

Jules Lemaître (1853-1914) was a distinguished French literary and dramatic critic. His reviews of contemporary literature were collected and published in seven volumes, and his impressions of the theater in ten volumes. He also wrote plays, poetry and fiction. The story included here is translated from the French by Clarence Stratton from Lemaître's volume On the Margin of Old Books.

The Virgin of the Angels

DURING THE EIGHT DAYS that she passed in the stable at Bethlehem Mary did not suffer very much. Shepherds brought cheeses, fruits, bread, and firewood. Their wives and daughters cared for the child and gave to Mary the attentions needed by a new mother. Then the Magi left behind their gifts of carpets, precious stuffs, jewels, and vases of gold.

At the end of the week when she was able to walk Mary wanted to return to her home in Nazareth. Some shepherds volunteered to escort her, but she said to them,

"I don't want you to leave your flocks and fields for us. My son will direct us."

"But," said Joseph, "shall we leave behind the gifts of the Magi?"

"Yes," said Mary, "since we can't carry them away with us."

"But they're worth a great deal of silver," said Joseph.

"So much the better," said Mary.

And she distributed the gifts of the Magi among the shepherds. "But," persisted Joseph, "can't we keep just a few for ourselves?"

"What should we do with them?" replied Mary. "We have a greater treasure."

It was hot on the journey. Mary carried the child in her arms; Joseph carried a basket filled with a little linen and scanty provisions. Toward noon they halted, fatigued, at the margin of a wood.

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Immediately from behind the trees appeared a band of tiny angels. They were chubby youngsters, pink and round-faced. On their backs were little wings which helped them to fly when they wished and which at other times made their movements easy and light. They were skillful and vigorous beyond anything their tender age and delicate figures would lead one to believe.

They offered to the travelers a jar of fresh water and fruit which they had gathered no one knew where.

When the holy family resumed their journey the angels followed. They relieved Joseph of his basket, and Joseph allowed them to carry it. But Mary would not let them have the child.

When night fell the angels arranged beds of moss beneath a wide sycamore and all through the night they watched over the slumber of Jesus.

So Mary returned to her home in Nazareth. It was a white house with a flat roof in a populous narrow way. There was a little covered terrace where Joseph had his workshop.

The angels did not leave them but continued to make themselves useful in a thousand ways. When the child cried, one of them gently rocked him; others made music upon tiny harps for him; or when it was necessary changed his wrappings with the wave of a hand. When Mary awoke in the mornings she found her chamber swept. After every meal they speedily carried out the dishes and bowls, ran to wash them at the nearby fountain, and ranged them in the cupboard. When the Virgin went to the washhouse they carried the package of linen, divided it among them, joyously pounded the wet garments, dried them on the stones, and carried the bundle home. And if Mary in spinning her distaff grew drowsy from the great heat, they finished her task without waking her.

They displayed no less care of Joseph. They handed him his tools, arranged them after the work was finished, carried away the chips and shavings, and kept the shop in irreproachable order.

But, too well served by the angels and having almost nothing to do, Mary became bored.

Because she felt bored, she prayed at first; but while she prayed, she reflected.

One morning as she was getting up she saw the angels sweep-

ing her chamber. She snatched the broom and threatened to chase them out. They scattered. But after dinner at noon, as they started to clear the table she gave one a smart rap on his fingers and this put all of them to flight. They returned shortly. When she began to spin an angel tried to take her spindle. She brandished it like a weapon and chased the intruder to the door of Joseph's shop. An hour later as she was seated beside the child sewing she spied two angels who had slipped under the cradle and were slyly rocking it. She rose, turned them out of the room and slammed the door so violently that one of the angels was caught by the tip of a wing. He uttered a little cry. Mary released him, but she said,

"So much the worse for you. That will teach you to meddle in what doesn't concern you. Tell your companions and don't let me see any of you again!"

"But," said Joseph, "why do you drive these little creatures away? They help us a great deal."

"That's just the reason," Mary replied.

"I don't understand," Joseph continued. "Since your son is the Messiah, it's perfectly natural that he should be served by angels, and that his mother should profit by it."

"Oh!" said Mary, "here are words with no meaning. Don't you know that the Messiah has come into the world to suffer with men and first of all to endure all the ills natural to babies? And all these sufferings I should be able to relieve as much as is in me, since I'm his mother. But I don't want anybody else to take care of these matters. Don't other mothers care for their own children? What a coward I should be if I avoided my share of a mother's trials. Besides, I'm sure my baby would rather be tended by me than by those winged brats. And I know that I shall be more closely associated with his redeeming spirit if as other women I suffer from accepting completely his human condition. Yes, I wish to be the only one to dress my son, the only one to rock him to sleep, the only one to keep my house, the only one to use my distaff, the only one to go to the washhouse. And as these humble tasks are almost a joy, they will bring no great merit to me, I'm sure; but I should be blamed if I let angels do them for me. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, my dear girl. . . . But must I also give up the little services the angels perform for me?"

"Evidently, my friend."

"Well, I thought that being the husband of the mother of the Messiah would give me the right to some slight advantages. But you must be right: for you are more intelligent and wiser than I am, although you're only fifteen years old and I'm past sixty."

Now, the next night, as the infant Jesus cried and refused to go to sleep, suddenly there was heard in the street a delicately soothing melody.

Mary opened the casement and saw by the light of the moon, standing against the wall of the house, all the angels playing on their tiny harps.

"You again?" she called to them. "Suppose my baby doesn't want to go to sleep? Suppose it pleases him to cry and suffer with his teeth? Isn't his mother with him, eh? Clear out, now, or I'll get angry!"

On the morrow they did not reappear during the entire day. But the day after Mary saw them in the courtyard huddled together under the fig tree, timid, shame-faced, and weeping silently.

"My little angels," she said to them, "I may seem severe to you because you are too young to understand. But listen now! Old Sephora who lives across the way is paralyzed. A little further along is good Rachel with twelve children—and a hard time in rearing them. And you will find in Nazareth enough other unfortunate women. Well, then, you should help them to keep house, to wash clothes, to tend their babies. Since you desire to please my son, that's the best way to succeed."

And noticing their little noses wrinkled with chagrin, she added, "And when he is bigger, perhaps I'll let you play with him. But first, do what I've just told you."

And that year all the poor women and the sick of Nazareth were aided and all the little babies rocked by these invisible servants (for only Mary and Joseph could see the angels); and none of the sucking infants cried at all, except the baby Jesus who wished to suffer for them.

KAHLIL GIBRAN

BORN IN SYRIA in 1883, Kahlil Gibran came to America in 1910 and died here in 1931. As a symbolist painter and poet he won wide recognition. His prose is admired for its extreme simplicity and deep earnestness. His most popular volumes deal with the times of Jesus. It is from his Jesus, the Son of Man that the following extracts are here reprinted.

Anna, the Mother of Mary

Jesus the son of my daughter, was born here in Nazareth in the month of January. And the night that Jesus was born we were visited by men from the East. They were Persians who came to Esdraelon with the caravans of the Midianites on their way to Egypt. And because they did not find room at the inn they sought shelter in our house.

And I welcomed them and I said, "My daughter has given birth to a son this night. Surely you will forgive me if I do not serve you as it behooves a hostess."

Then they thanked me for giving them shelter. And after they had supped they said to me, "We would see the newborn."

Now the Son of Mary was beautiful to behold, and she too was comely.

And when the Persians beheld Mary and her babe, they took gold and silver from their bags, and myrrh and frankincense, and. laid them all at the feet of the child.

Then they fell down and prayed in a strange tongue which we did not understand.

And when I led them to the bedchamber prepared for them they walked as if they were in awe at what they had seen.

When morning was come they left us and followed the road to Egypt.

But at parting they spoke to me and said, "The child is but a

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day old, yet we have seen the light of our God in his eyes and the smile of our God upon his mouth.

"We bid you protect him that he may protect you all."

And so saying, they mounted their camels and we saw them no more.

Now Mary seemed not so much joyous in her first-born, as full of wonder and surprise.

She would look long upon her babe, and then turn her face to the window and gaze far away into the sky as if she saw visions.

And there were valleys between her heart and mine.

And the child grew in body and spirit, and he was different from other children. He was aloof and hard to govern, and I could not lay my hand upon him.

But he was beloved by everyone in Nazareth, and in my heart I knew why.

Oftentimes he would take away our food to give to the passerby. And he would give other children the sweetmeat I had given him, before he had tasted it with his own mouth.

He would climb the trees of my orchard to get the fruits, but never to eat them himself.

And he would race with other boys, and sometimes, because he was swifter of foot, he would delay so that they might pass the stake ere he should reach it.

And sometimes when I led him to his bed he would say, "Tell my mother and the others that only my body will sleep. My mind will be with them till their mind come to my morning."

And many other wondrous words he said when he was a boy, but I am too old to remember.

Now they tell me I shall see him no more. But how shall I believe what they say?

I still hear his laughter, and the sound of his running about my house. And whenever I kiss the cheek of my daughter his fragrance returns to my heart, and his body seems to fill my arms.

But is it not passing strange that my daughter does not speak of her first-born to me?

Sometimes it seems that my longing for him is greater than hers.

She stands as firm before the day as if she were a bronzen image, while my heart melts and runs into streams.

Perhaps she knows what I do not know. Would that she might tell me also.

Assaph, Called the Orator of Tyre

What shall I say of his speech? Perhaps something about his person lent power to his words and swayed those who heard him. For he was comely, and the sheen of the day was upon his countenance.

Men and women gazed at him more than they listened to his argument. But at times he spoke with the power of a spirit, and that spirit had authority over those who heard him.

In my youth I had heard the orators of Rome and Athens and Alexandria. The young Nazarene was unlike them all.

They assembled their words with an art to enthral the ear, but when you heard him your heart would leave you and go wandering into regions not yet visited.

He would tell a story or relate a parable, and the like of his stories and parables had never been heard in Syria. He seemed to spin them out of the seasons, even as time spins the years and the generations.

He would begin a story thus: "The ploughman went forth to the field to sow his seeds."

Or, "Once there was a rich man who had many vineyards."

Or, "A shepherd counted his sheep at eventide and found that one sheep was missing."

And such words would carry his listeners into their simpler selves, and into the ancient of their days.

At heart we are all ploughmen, and we all love the vineyard. And in the pastures of our memory there is a shepherd and a flock and the lost sheep;

And there is the ploughshare and the winepress and the threshing floor.

He knew the source of our older self, and the persistent thread of which we are woven.

The Greek and the Roman orators spoke to their listeners of life as it seemed to the mind. The Nazarene spoke of a longing that lodged in the heart.

They saw life with eyes only a little clearer than yours and mine.

He saw life in the light of God.

I often think that he spoke to the crowd as a mountain would speak to the plain.

And in his speech there was a power that was not commanded by

the orators of Athens or of Rome.

John, the Son of Zebedee

You have remarked that some of us call Jesus the Christ, and some the Word, and others call him the Nazarene, and still others the Son of man.

I will try to make these names clear in the light that is given

me.

The Christ, he who was in the ancient of days, is the flame of God that dwells in the spirit of man. He is the breath of life that visits us, and takes unto himself a body like our bodies.

He is the will of the Lord.

He is the first Word, which would speak with our voice and live in our ear that we may heed and understand.

And the Word of the Lord our God builded a house of flesh and bones, and was man like unto you and myself.

For we could not hear the song of the bodiless wind nor see our greater self walking in the mist.

Many times the Christ has come to the world, and he has walked many lands. And always he has been deemed a stranger and a madman.

Yet the sound of his voice descended never to emptiness, for the memory of man keeps that which his mind takes no care to keep.

This is the Christ, the innermost and the height, who walks with man toward eternity.

Have you not heard of him at the crossroads of India? And in the land of the Magi, and upon the sands of Egypt?

And here in your North Country your bards of old sang of

Prometheus, the fire-bringer, he who was the desire of man fulfilled, the caged hope made free; and of Orpheus, who came with a voice and a lyre to quicken the spirit in beast and man.

And know you not of Mithra the king, and of Zoroaster the prophet of the Persians, who woke from man's ancient sleep and stood at the bed of our dreaming?

We ourselves become man anointed when we meet in the Temple Invisible, once every thousand years. Then comes one forth embodied, and at His coming our silence turns to singing.

Yet our ears turn not always to listening nor our eyes to seeing. Jesus the Nazarene was born and reared like ourselves; his mother and father were like our parents, and he was a man.

But the Christ, the Word, who was in the beginning, the Spirit who would have us live our fuller life, came unto Jesus and was with him.

And the Spirit was the versed hand of the Lord, and Jesus was the harp.

The Spirit was the psalm, and Jesus was the tune thereof.

And Jesus, the Man of Nazareth, was the host and the mouthpiece of the Christ, who walked with us in the sun and who called us his friends.

In those days the hills of Galilee and her valleys heard naught but his voice. And I was a youth then, and trod in his path and pursued his footprints.

I pursued his footprints and trod in his path, to hear the words of the Christ from the lips of Jesus of Galilee.

Now you would know why some of us call Him the Son of man. He himself desired to be called by that name, for he knew the hunger and the thirst of man, and he beheld man seeking after his greater self.

The Son of man was Christ the Gracious, who would be with us all.

He was Jesus the Nazarene who would lead all his brothers to the Anointed One, even to the Word which was in the beginning with God. In my heart dwells Jesus of Galilee, the Man above men, the Poet who makes poets of us all, the Spirit who knocks at our door that we may wake and rise and walk out to meet truth naked and unencumbered.

A Shepherd in South Lebanon

IT was late summer when he and three other men first walked upon that road yonder. It was evening, and he stopped and stood there at the end of the pasture.

I was playing upon my flute, and my flock was grazing all around me. When he stopped I rose and walked over and stood before him.

And he asked me, "Where is the grave of Elijah? Is it not somewhere near this place?"

And I answered him, "It is there, sir, underneath that great heap of stones. Even unto this day every passerby brings a stone and places it upon the heap."

And he thanked me and walked away, and his friends walked behind him.

And after three days Gamaliel who was also a shepherd, said to me that the man who had passed by was a prophet in Judea; but I did not believe him. Yet I thought of that man for many a moon.

When spring came Jesus passed once more by this pasture, and this time he was alone.

I was not playing on my flute that day for I had lost a sheep and I was bereaved, and my heart was downcast within me.

And I walked toward him and stood still before him, for I desired to be comforted.

And he looked at me and said, "You do not play upon your flute this day. Whence is the sorrow in your eyes?"

And I answered, "A sheep from among my sheep is lost. I have sought her everywhere but I find her not. And I know not what to do."

And he was silent for a moment. Then he smiled upon me and said, "Wait here awhile and I will find your sheep." And he walked away and disappeared among the hills.

After an hour he returned, and my sheep was close beside him. And as he stood before me, the sheep looked up into his face even as I was looking. Then I embraced her in gladness.

And he put his hand upon my shoulder and said, "From this day you shall love this sheep more than any other in your flock, for she was lost and now she is found."

And again I embraced my sheep in gladness, and she came close to me, and I was silent.

But when I raised my head to thank Jesus, he was already walking afar off, and I had not the courage to follow him.

John the Baptist to One of His Disciples

I AM NOT silent in this foul hole while the voice of Jesus is heard on the battlefield. I am not to be held nor confined while he is free.

They tell me the vipers are coiling round His loins, but I answer, The vipers shall awaken his strength, and he shall crush them with his heel.

I am only the thunder of his lightning. Though I spoke first, his was the word and the purpose.

They caught me unwarned. Perhaps they will lay hands on him also. Yet not before he has pronounced his word in full. And he shall overcome them.

His chariot shall pass over them, and the hoofs of his horses shall trample them, and he shall be triumphant.

They shall go forth with lance and sword, but he shall meet them with the power of the Spirit.

His blood shall run upon the earth, but they themselves shall know the wounds and the pain thereof, and they shall be baptized in their tears until they are cleansed of their sins.

Their legions shall march toward his cities with rams of iron, but on their way they shall be drowned in the River Jordan.

And his walls and his towers shall rise higher, and the shields of his warriors shall shine brighter in the sun.

They say I am in league with him, and that our design is to urge the people to rise and revolt against the kingdom of Judea.

I answer, and would that I had flames for words: if they deem

this pit of iniquity a kingdom, let it then fall into destruction and be no more. Let it go the way of Sodom and Gomorrah, and let this race be forgotten by God, and this land be turned to ashes.

Aye, behind these prison walls I am indeed an ally to Jesus of Nazareth, and he shall lead my armies, horse and foot. And I myself, though a captain, am not worthy to loose the strings of his sandals.

Go to him and repeat my words, and then in my name beg him for comfort and blessing.

I shall not be here long. At night 'twixt waking and waking I feel slow feet with measured steps treading above this body. And when I hearken, I hear the rain falling upon my grave.

Go to Jesus, and say that John of Kedron whose soul is filled with shadows and then emptied again, prays for him, while the gravedigger stands close by, and the swordsman outstretches his hand for his wages.

Joseph of Arimathaea

You would know the primal aim of Jesus, and I would fain tell you. But none can touch with fingers the life of the blessed vine, nor see the sap that feeds the branches.

And though I have eaten of the grapes and have tasted the new vintage at the winepress, I cannot tell you all.

I can only relate what I know of him.

Our Master and our Belovèd lived but three prophet's seasons. They were the spring of his song, the summer of his ecstasy, and the autumn of his passion; and each season was a thousand years.

The spring of his song was spent in Galilee. It was there that he gathered his lovers about him, and it was on the shores of the blue lake that he first spoke of the Father, and of our release and our freedom.

By the Lake of Galilee we lost ourselves to find our way to the Father; and oh, the little, little loss that turned to such gain.

It was there the angels sang in our ears and bade us leave the arid land for the garden of heart's desire.

He spoke of fields and green pastures; of the slopes of Lebanon

where the white lilies are heedless of the caravans passing in the dust of the valley.

He spoke of the wild brier that smiles in the sun and yields its incense to the passing breeze.

And he would say, "The lilies and the brier live but a day, yet that day is eternity spent in freedom."

And one evening as we sat beside the stream he said, "Behold the brook and listen to its music. Forever shall it seek the sea, and though it is forever seeking, it sings its mystery from noon to noon.

"Would that you seek the Father as the brook seeks the sea."

Then came the summer of his ecstasy, and the June of his love was upon us. He spoke of naught then but the other man—the neighbor, the road-fellow, the stranger, and our childhood's playmates.

He spoke of the traveler journeying from the east to Egypt, of the ploughman coming home with his oxen at eventide, of the chance guest led by dusk to our door.

And he would say, "Your neighbor is your unknown self made visible. His face shall be reflected in your still waters, and if you gaze therein you shall behold your own countenance.

"Should you listen in the night, you shall hear him speak, and his words shall be the throbbing of your own heart.

"Be unto him that which you would have him be unto you.

"This is my law, and I shall say it unto you, and unto your children, and they unto their children until time is spent and generations are no more."

And on another day he said, "You shall not be yourself alone. You are in the deeds of other men, and they though unknowing are with you all your days.

"They shall not commit a crime and your hand not be with their hand.

"They shall not fall down but that you shall also fall down; and they shall not rise but that you shall rise with them.

"Their road to the sanctuary is your road, and when they seek the wasteland you too seek with them.

"You and your neighbor are two seeds sown in the field. To-

gether you grow and together you shall sway in the wind. And neither of you shall claim the field. For a seed on its way to growth claims not even its own ecstasy.

"Today I am with you. Tomorrow I go westward; but ere I go, I say unto you that your neighbor is your unknown self made visible. Seek him in love that you may know yourself, for only in that knowledge shall you become my brothers."

Then came the autumn of his passion.

And he spoke to us of freedom, even as he had spoken in Galilee in the spring of his song; but now his words sought our deeper understanding.

He spoke of leaves that sing only when blown upon the wind; and of man as a cup filled by the ministering angel of the day to quench the thirst of another angel. Yet whether that cup is full or empty it shall stand crystalline upon the board of the Most High.

He said, "You are the cup and you are the wine. Drink of yourselves to the dregs; or else remember me and you shall be quenched."

And on our way to the southward he said, "Jerusalem, which stands in pride upon the height, shall descend to the depth of Jahannum the dark valley, and in the midst of her desolation I shall stand alone.

"The temple shall fall to dust, and around the portico you shall hear the cry of widows and orphans; and men in their haste to escape shall not know the faces of their brothers, for fear shall be upon them all.

"But even there, if two of you shall meet and utter my name and look to the west, you shall see me, and these my words shall again visit your ears."

And when we reached the hill of Bethany, he said, "Let us go to Jerusalem. The city awaits us. I will enter the gate riding upon a colt, and I will speak to the multitude.

"Many are there who would chain me, and many who would put out my flame, but in my death you shall find life and you shall be free. "They shall seek the breath that hovers betwixt heart and mind as the swallow hovers between the field and his nest. But my breath has already escaped them, and they shall not overcome me.

"The walls that my Father has built around me shall not fall down, and the acre he has made holy shall not be profaned.

"When the dawn shall come, the sun will crown my head and I shall be with you to face the day. And that day shall be long, and the world shall not see its eventide.

"The scribes and the Pharisees say the earth is thirsty for my blood. I would quench the thirst of the earth with my blood. But the drops shall rise oak trees and maple, and the east wind shall carry the acorns to other lands."

And then he said, "Judea would have a king, and she would march against the legions of Rome.

"I shall not be her king. The diadems of Zion were fashioned for lesser brows. And the ring of Solomon is small for this finger.

"Behold my hand. See you not that it is overstrong to hold a scepter, and oversinewed to wield a common sword?

"Nay, I shall not command Syrian flesh against Roman. But you with my words shall wake that city, and my spirit shall speak to her second dawn.

"My words shall be an invisible army with horses and chariots, and without ax or spear I shall conquer the priests of Jerusalem, and the Caesars.

"I shall not sit upon a throne where slaves have sat and ruled other slaves. Nor will I rebel against the sons of Italy.

"But I shall be a tempest in their sky, and a song in their soul.

"And I shall be remembered.

"They shall call me Jesus the Anointed."

These things he said outside the walls of Jerusalem before he entered the city.

And his words are graven as with chisels.

Nathaniel

THEY SAY that Jesus of Nazareth was humble and meek.

They say that though he was a just man and righteous, he was a weakling, and was often confounded by the strong and the powerful; and that when he stood before men of authority he was but a lamb among lions.

But I say that Jesus had authority over men, and that he knew his power and proclaimed it among the hills of Galilee, and in the cities of Judea and Phoenicia.

What man yielding and soft would say, "I am life, and I am the way to truth"?

What man meek and lowly would say, "I am in God, our Father; and our God, the Father, is in me"?

What man unmindful of his own strength would say, "He who believes not in me believes not in this life nor in the life everlasting"?

What man uncertain of tomorrow would proclaim, "Your world shall pass away and be naught but scattered ashes ere my word shall pass away"?

Was he doubtful of himself when he said to those who would confound him with a harlot, "He who is without sin, let him cast a stone"?

Did he fear authority when he drove the money-changers from the court of the temple, though they were licensed by the priests?

Were his wings shorn when he cried aloud, "My kingdom is above your earthly kingdom"?

Was he seeking shelter in words when he repeated again and yet again, "Destroy this temple and I will rebuild it in three days"?

Was it a coward who shook his hand in the face of the authorities and pronounced them "liars, low, filthy, and degenerate"?

Shall a man bold enough to say these things to those who ruled Judea be deemed meek and humble?

Nay. The eagle builds not his nest in the weeping willow. And the lion seeks not his den among the ferns.

I am sickened and the bowels within me stir and rise when I hear the faint-hearted call Jesus humble and meek, that they may

justify their own faint-heartedness; and when the downtrodden, for comfort and companionship, speak of Jesus as a worm shining by their side.

Yea, my heart is sickened by such men. It is the mighty hunter I would preach, and the mountainous spirit unconquerable.

Levi, a Disciple

Upon an eventide he passed by my house, and my soul was quickened within me.

He spoke to me and said, "Come, Levi, and follow me."

And I followed him that day.

And at the eventide of the next day I begged him to enter my house and be my guest. And he and his friends crossed my threshold and blessed me and my wife and my children.

And I had other guests. They were publicans and men of learning, but they were against him in their hearts.

And when we were sitting about the board, one of the publicans questioned Jesus, saying, "Is it true that you and your disciples break the law, and make fire on the sabbath day?"

And Jesus answered him saying, "We do indeed make fire on the sabbath day. We would inflame the sabbath day, and we would burn with our torch the dry stubble of all the days."

And another publican said, "It was brought to us that you drink wine with the unclean at the inn."

And Jesus answered, "Aye, these also we would comfort. Came we here except to share the loaf and the cup with the uncrowned and the unshod amongst you?

"Few, aye too few are the featherless who dare the wind, and many are the winged and full-fledged yet in the nest.

"And we would feed them all with our beak, both the sluggish and the swift."

And another publican said, "Have I not been told that you would protect the harlots of Jerusalem?"

Then in the face of Jesus I saw, as it were, the rocky heights of Lebanon, and he said, "It is true.

"On the day of reckoning these women shall rise before the

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throne of my Father, and they shall be made pure by their own tears. But you shall be held down by the chains of your own judgment.

"Babylon was not put to waste by her prostitutes; Babylon fell to ashes that the eyes of her hypocrites might no longer see the light of day."

And other publicans would have questioned him, but I made a sign and bade them be silent, for I knew he would confound them; and they too were my guests, and I would not have them put to shame.

When it was midnight the publicans left my house, and their souls were limping.

Then I closed my eyes and I saw, as if in a vision, seven women in white raiment standing about Jesus. Their arms were crossed upon their bosoms, and their heads were bent down, and I looked deep into the mist of my dream and beheld the face of one of the seven women, and it shone in my darkness.

It was the face of a harlot who lived in Jerusalem.

Then I opened my eyes and looked at him, and he was smiling at me and at the others who had not left the board.

And I closed my eyes again, and I saw in a light seven men in white garments standing around him. And I beheld the face of one of them.

It was the face of the thief who was crucified afterward at his right hand.

And later Jesus and his comrades left my house for the road.

Peter

ONCE at sundown Jesus led us into the village of Bethsaida. We were a tired company, and the dust of the road was upon us.

And we came to a great house in the midst of a garden, and the owner stood at the gate.

And Jesus said to him, "These men are weary and footsore. Let them sleep in your house. The night is cold and they are in need of warmth and rest." And the rich man said, "They shall not sleep in my house." And Jesus said, "Suffer them then to sleep in your garden."

And the man answered, "Nay, they shall not sleep in my gar-den."

Then Jesus turned to us and said, "This is what your tomorrow will be, and this present is like your future. All doors shall be closed in your face, and not even the gardens that lie under the stars may be your couch.

"Should your feet indeed be patient with the road and follow me, it may be you will find a basin and a bed, and perhaps bread and wine also. But if it should be that you find none of these things, forget not then that you have crossed one of my deserts.

"Come, let us go forth."

And the rich man was disturbed, and his face was changed, and he muttered to himself words that I did not hear; and he shrank away from us and turned into his garden.

And we followed Jesus upon the road.

Melachi of Babylon, an Astronomer

You question me concerning the miracles of Jesus.

Every thousand thousand years the sun and the moon and this earth and all her sister planets meet in a straight line, and they confer for a moment together.

Then they slowly disperse and await the passing of another thousand thousand years.

There are no miracles beyond the seasons, yet you and I do not know all the seasons. And what if a season shall be made manifest in the shape of a man?

In Jesus the elements of our bodies and our dreams came together according to law. All that was timeless before him became timeful in him.

They say he gave sight to the blind and walking to the paralyzed, and that he drove devils out of madmen.

Perchance blindness is but a dark thought that can be overcome by a burning thought. Perchance a withered limb is but idleness that can be quickened by energy. And perhaps the devils, these restless elements in our life, are driven out by the angels of peace and serenity.

They say he raised the dead to life. If you can tell me what is death, then I will tell you what is life.

In a field I have watched an acorn, a thing so still and seemingly useless. And in the spring I have seen that acorn take roots and rise, the beginning of an oak tree, toward the sun.

Surely you would deem this a miracle, yet that miracle is wrought a thousand thousand times in the drowsiness of every autumn and the passion of every spring.

Why shall it not be wrought in the heart of man? Shall not the seasons meet in the hand or upon the lips of a Man Anointed?

If our God has given to earth the art to nestle seed whilst the seed is seemingly dead, why shall he not give to the heart of man to breathe life into another heart, even a heart seemingly dead?

I have spoken of these miracles which I deem but little beside the greater miracle, which is the man himself, the Wayfarer, the man who turned my dross into gold, who taught me how to love those who hate me, and in so doing brought me comfort and gave sweet dreams to my sleep.

This is the miracle in my own life.

My soul was blind, my soul was lame. I was possessed by restless spirits, and I was dead.

But now I see clearly, and I walk erect, I am at peace, and I live to witness and proclaim my own being every hour of the day.

And I am not one of his followers. I am but an old astronomer who visits the fields of space once a season, and who would be heedful of the law and the miracles thereof.

And I am at the twilight of my time, but whenever I would seek its dawning, I seek the youth of Jesus.

And for ever shall age seek youth. In me now it is knowledge that is seeking vision.

BALZAC

Balzac, a strong materialist, and the first in literature to give accent to the importance of money, nevertheless found room in his *Human Comedy*, a collection of over ninety volumes, to record the essence of faith.

In An Atheist's Mass he shows the power of devotion and in "Christ in Flanders" he shows the power of faith. This last story is part of his Philosophical Studies of the Human Comedy. Of these Philosophical Studies he wrote, "I shall speak of the origin of the emotions and the motivating causes of life. I shall pose the question: What are the operating forces, the conditions, without which neither society nor the life of the individual is possible?" In Christ in Flanders the force is faith.

Jesus Christ in Flanders

At a somewhat indefinite period of Brabantine history, communication between the island of Walcheren and the shores of Flanders was maintained by a small vessel intended for the transportation of passengers. Middleburg, the capital of the island, at a later period so famous in the annals of Protestantism, contained only two or three hundred houses. Wealthy and prosperous Ostend was an unknown seaport, flanked by a hamlet sparsely inhabited by a few fishermen, by poor tradesmen, and by unmolested pirates. Nevertheless, the hamlet of Ostend, comprising about a score of houses and three hundred cabins, huts, or hovels built with the débris of shipwrecked vessels, enjoyed a governor, a militia, a gallows, a convent, a burgomaster, in fact, all the symbols of advanced civilization. Who reigned at that time in Brabant, in Flanders, in Belgium?

On that point, tradition is silent. Let us confess at once that this narrative is materially affected by the vagueness, the uncertainty, the admixture of the supernatural with which the favorite orators of Flemish festivals frequently interlarded their commentaries, whose poetic forms are as diverse as their details are contradictory. Told by generation after generation, repeated from fireside to fireside day and night by the old men, by the minstrels, this chronicle received a different coloring from each age. Like those monuments constructed

according to the caprice of the architectural systems of each epoch, black, defaced masses which, nevertheless, delight the souls of poets, it would drive commentators, sifters of words, facts, and dates, to despair. The narrator believes it, as all the superstitious folk of Flanders have believed it, without thereby betraying greater learning or greater weakness of intellect. As it is impossible to reconcile all the versions, here is the story, stripped, it may be, of its romantic simplicity, which cannot be reproduced, but with its bold deeds which history disavows, with its moral lesson which religion approves, its strain of mysticism, a flower of the imagination, its hidden meaning which the wise man may interpret to suit himself. To every man his chosen pasturage and the task of sorting the good grain from the chaff.

The boat that carried passengers from the island of Walcheren to Ostend was about to leave the village. Before casting off the iron chain by which his boat was made fast to a stone of the little pier where his passengers embarked, the skipper blew several blasts on his horn to summon those who were behind time, for that was his last trip. Night was approaching, by the fading gleams of the setting sun one could barely make out the Flemish coast and distinguish the forms of the belated passengers, wandering along the earthen walls which surrounded the fields or among the tall reeds in the swamps. The boat was full; someone called out:

"What are you waiting for? Let us start!"

At that moment, a young man appeared a few steps away from the pier; the pilot, who had neither seen him nor heard his footsteps, was much surprised at his sudden appearance. He seemed to have risen suddenly from the earth, as if he were a peasant who had lain down in a field awaiting the hour of departure, and had been awakened by the horn. Was he a thief? Was he an officer of the customs or police? When he reached the pier at which the boat was moored, seven persons who were standing at the stern hastily took seats on the benches, so that they might be by themselves and not allow the stranger to join them. They acted in obedience to a swift, instinctive thought, one of those aristocratic thoughts that come to the minds of the rich. Four of these persons belonged to the oldest nobility of Flanders. First of all, a young cavalier, accompanied by two beauti-

ful greyhounds and wearing upon his long hair a round cap adorned with precious stones, clashed his gilded spurs and twisted his moustache impatiently from time to time, casting contemptuous glances at the rest of the ship's company. A haughty young woman held a falcon on her wrist and spoke with no one but her mother and an ecclesiastic of high rank, evidently their kinsman. These four made a great noise and talked together as if they were alone on the boat. Nevertheless, close beside them was a man of great importance in the country, a stout burgher of Bruges, wrapped in a great cloak. His servant, armed to the teeth, had placed two bags of gold by his side. Next to them, again, was a man of learning, a doctor at the University of Louvain, attended by his clerk. These people, who severally looked down on one another, were separated from the bow of the boat by the bench of rowers.

As the tardy passenger stepped aboard, he cast a rapid glance at the stern, saw that there was no room there, and went to seek a place among those who were in the bow. They were poor people. When they saw a bareheaded man, whose brown camlet coat and short-clothes and starched shirtfront were without ornament, who had neither cap nor hat on his head, neither sword nor purse in his girdle, they all took him for a burgomaster sure of his authority, a kindly, gentle-natured burgomaster like some of those old Flemings whose ingenuous characters have been so faithfully portrayed for us by the painters of the country. The poorer class of passengers therefore greeted the stranger with demonstrations of respect which gave birth to whispered raillery among the people at the stern. An old soldier, a man of toil and of fatigue, gave his place on the bench to the stranger, seated himself on the boat's rail, and maintained his balance by his manner of resting his feet against one of the wooden crosspieces which connect the floorboards of a boat, like the bones of a fish.

A young woman, the mother of a little child, apparently belonging to the working class of Ostend, moved aside to make more room for the newcomer. The movement implied neither servility nor disdain, it was one of those acts of courtesy by which poor people, who know by experience the value of a slight favor and the pleasures of fraternal intercourse, reveal the frankness and naturalness of

their hearts, so artless in the manifestation of their good qualities and their defects; and so the stranger thanked them with a gesture full of dignity. Then he took his seat between the young mother and the old soldier.

Behind him were a peasant and his son, the latter a boy of ten. A poor woman, old and wrinkled, dressed in rags, with an almost empty wallet, a perfect type of reckless misery, was lying in the bow, curled up on a great pile of ropes. One of the rowers, an old sailor who had known her when she was lovely and rich, had taken her aboard, in accordance with the admirable expression of the common people, for the love of God.

"Thank you, Thomas," the old woman had said; "I'll say two Paters and two Aves for you in my prayers tonight."

The skipper blew the horn for the last time, cast his eye over the silent fields, threw the chain into the boat, ran along the rail to the stern, seized the tiller, and stood there as the boat drew away from the pier; then, after looking up at the sky and when they were in clear water, he shouted to his rowers in a ringing voice:

"Pull, pull hard and fast! The sea has a squally smile, the old hag! I feel the swell in the way the rudder moves, and the wind in my old wounds."

Those words, in the jargon of the sea, a language intelligible only to the ears that are accustomed to the noise of the waves, gave to the oars a hurried but always rhythmical stroke; a united movement, as different from the previous style of rowing as a horse's gallop is from his trot. The aristocrats at the stern took pleasure in watching all those brawny arms, those brown faces with eyes of fire, those strained muscles, and those diverse human forces acting in concert to ferry them across the strait for a trifling toll. Far from deploring their poverty, those people called one another's attention laughingly to the grotesque expressions which the exertion imparted to their distorted features.

In the bow, the soldier, the peasant, and the old woman gazed at the oarsmen with the sympathy natural to persons who, as they live by toil, are familiar with the intense suffering and feverish fatigue it causes. Moreover, being accustomed to life in the open air, they all realized from the appearance of the sky the danger that threatened them, and therefore they were all serious. The young mother rocked her child in her arms, crooning an old church hymn to soothe him to sleep.

"If we get there," said the soldier to the peasant, "the good Lord

will show that he's obstinate about letting us live."

"Oh! He's the Master," interposed the old crone, "but I think it's His pleasure to call us to Him. Look at that light over yonder!"

With a movement of her head, she pointed to the west, where bands of flame stood out vividly against a bank of brown, red-edged clouds which seemed on the point of setting free a furious gale. The sea made a dull, muttering sound, a sort of inward rumbling, not unlike the voice of a dog when he growls. But, after all, Ostend was not far away. At that moment, sky and sea presented one of those spectacles to which it is impossible, perhaps, for painting, as for poetry, to give a longer duration than they really have. Human creations demand striking contrasts. So it is that artists generally seek at Nature's hands its most gorgeous phenomena, despairing doubtless of their ability to interpret the grand and beautiful poesy of its everyday aspect, although the human mind is often as deeply moved in calm as in confusion, by silence as by the tempest.

There was a moment when everyone on the boat was silent, gazing at sea and sky, whether from a presentiment, or in obedience to that religious melancholy which seizes almost all of us at the hour of prayer, at nightfall, at the moment when Nature is silent and the churchbells speak. The sea cast a white, pale reflection, changing, however, and not unlike the colors of steel. The sky was generally of a grayish hue. In the west were long narrow bands like waves of blood, while in the east, gleaming lines, as sharply defined as if drawn by a fine pencil, were separated by dark clouds lying in folds, like wrinkles on an old man's forehead. Thus on all sides, the sea and sky had a somber look, all in half-tones, which threw into bold relief the ominous flames of the setting sun.

That aspect of Nature inspired a feeling of deep awe. If it were permissible to import the bold metaphors of the common people into written language, we might repeat what the soldier said, that "the weather was on the run," or what the peasant replied, that "the sky looked like a hangman." The wind suddenly sprung up from

the westward, and the skipper, who had not taken his eyes from the water, seeing the swell rising on the horizon, cried out:

"Hold hard! hold hard!"

At that cry, the oarsmen at once ceased rowing and lay on their oars.

"The skipper's right," said Thomas, coolly, when the boat, after rising to the crest of a huge wave, rushed down as if into a deep abyss opened by the sea.

At that extraordinary movement, at that sudden outburst of wrath on the part of old Ocean, the passengers at the stern turned pale as death and uttered a piercing shriek:

"We are lost!"

"Oh! no, not yet," rejoined the skipper, calmly.

At that moment, the clouds were torn asunder by the winds directly over the boat. The gray masses having spread out with ominous celerity to east and west, the twilight gleam fell full upon the boat through the rift made by the storm and enabled the passengers to see one another's faces. Noble and wealthy, sailors and paupers, all alike were struck dumb with amazement at the aspect of the last comer. His golden hair, parted in two bands above His serene and placid brow, fell in numberless curls over His shoulders, outlining against the gray atmosphere a face of sublime sweetness, wherein the divine love shone resplendent. He did not despise death, He was certain of not dying.

But, although the people at the stern forgot for a moment the implacable fury of the tempest that threatened them, they soon reverted to their selfishness and their lifelong habits.

"That stupid burgomaster is very fortunate not to see the danger that threatens us all! He sits there like a dog and will die without distress," said the professor.

He had barely given expression to that seemingly just sentiment when the tempest set free its legions. The wind blew from all directions, the boat whirled about like a top, and the water came in.

"Oh! my poor child! my poor child! Who will save my child?" cried the mother, in a heart-rending voice.

"You yourself," replied the stranger.

The clear note of that voice entered the young mother's heart and

planted hope therein; she heard that comforting word despite the howling of the gale, despite the shrieks of the passengers.

"Blessed Virgin of Succor, who dwellest at Antwerp, I promise you a thousand pounds of wax and a statue if you bring me safely out of this!" cried the burgher, kneeling on his sacks of gold.

"The Virgin is no more at Antwerp than she is here," observed the professor.

"She is in heaven," said a voice that seemed to come from the sea. "Who can it be that spoke?"

"It was the devil!" cried the servant, "he is making fun of the Virgin of Antwerp!"

"Drop your Blessed Virgin," said the skipper to the passengers. "Just take these buckets and bale out the boat.—And you fellows," he added, turning to the oarsmen, "row steady! We have a moment's lull; in the name of the devil who lets you stay in this world, let's be our own providence.—This little channel's an infernally dangerous place, as everyone knows, and I've been crossing it these thirty years. Is tonight the first time I have fought a gale?"

Then, standing at the helm, the skipper continued to look at his boat, the sky, and the sea, in succession.

"He always laughs at everything, does the skipper," said Thomas, in an undertone.

"Will God let us die with those wretches?" the haughty young woman asked the handsome young nobleman.

"No, no, noble lady. Listen!"

He drew her toward him, and said in her ear:

"I know how to swim, but do not mention it! I will take you by your lovely hair and carry you safely to the shore; but I can save none but you!"

The young woman looked at her aged mother. She was on her knees asking absolution for something from the bishop, who was not listening to her. The chevalier read in his lovely mistress's eyes a faint trace of filial affection, and said to her, in a hollow voice:

"Submit to the will of God! If it is his will to call your mother to him, doubtless it will be for her welfare—in the other world," he added, in a still lower tone. "—And for ours in this," he thought.

The Lady of the Rupelmonde possessed seven fiefs besides the Barony of Gâvres. The young woman listened to the voice of her life, the interests of her love speaking through the mouth of the handsome adventurer, a young miscreant who haunted the churches in search of a victim, a marriageable girl or good hard cash. The bishop blessed the waves and bade them be calm, but with little faith; he was thinking of his concubine who awaited his coming with a delicious repast, who at that moment, perhaps, was going to the bath, perfuming herself in velvet, or fastening the clasps of her necklaces and jewels. Far from thinking of the power of the Holy Church and giving comfort to the Christians about him by exhorting them to trust in God, the wicked bishop intermingled worldly regrets and words of love with the sacred words of the breviary.

The gleam that lighted up those pallid faces made visible their widely differing expressions when the boat was lifted high in air by a wave, then hurled down to the bottom of the abyss, then shaken like a fragile leaf, the plaything of the north wind in the autumn, and its hull cracked and groaned and seemed on the point of going to pieces. Then there were frightful cries followed by frightful pauses.

The attitudes of the persons seated in the bow contrasted strangely with those of the rich and powerful passengers. The young mother strained her child to her breast each time that the waves threatened to engulf the fragile bark; but she trusted to the hope that the stranger's words had planted in her heart; each time she turned her eyes toward that man and derived from His face renewed faith, the steadfast faith of a weak woman, the faith of a mother. Living in the Divine Word, in the words of love let fall by Him, the simple creature awaited with confidence the execution of that species of promise, and hardly dread the peril.

Glued to the gunwale of the boat, the soldier kept his eyes fastened upon that strange being, modeling the expression of his own rough, bronzed face upon His impassive expression, by exerting his intelligence and his will, whose vast energies had been somewhat impaired during a passive, automatic sort of life; with a jealous deter-

mination to appear as calm and undisturbed as that man of higher courage, he ended by identifying himself, unknowingly, perhaps, with the secret principle of that inward power. Thereupon his admiration became a sort of instinctive fanaticism, a love without bounds, a firm faith in that man, like the enthusiasm soldiers feel for their leader, when he is a man of powerful character, surrounded by the glamour of victories and the glorious prestige of genius. The poor old crone said in a low voice:

"Ah! vile sinner that I am! Have I suffered enough to atone for the pleasures of my youth? Ah! wretched woman, why did you lead the joyous life of a courtesan, why did you squander God's belongings with men of the Church, and the belongings of the poor with usurers and excisemen?—Ah! I have sinned grievously.—O my God! my God! let me end my hell on this abode of misery!"

Or else:

"Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, have pity on me!"

"Console yourself, mother, the good Lord is no usurer. Although I may have killed right and left, good and bad alike, I'm not afraid of the resurrection."

"Ah! my fine officer, how lucky those fine ladies are to be with a bishop, a holy man!" rejoined the old woman; "they'll get absolution for their sins. Oh! if I could hear a priest's voice say, 'Your sins shall be forgiven,' I would believe it!"

The stranger turned toward her, and his kindly glance made her tremble.

"Have faith," he said, "and you shall be saved."

"May God reward you, kind gentleman," she replied. "If you tell the truth, I will make a pilgrimage, barefooted, to Notre-Dame de Lorette, for you and for myself."

The two peasants, father and son, held their peace, resigned and submissive to the will of God, like men accustomed to follow instinctively, as animals do, the impulse imparted to their natures. Thus, on the one side, wealth, pride, learning, debauchery, crime, an epitome of human society as it is constituted by the arts, reflection, education, the world and its laws; but also, on that side only, shrieks, terror, a multitude of varying feelings wrestling with horrible

doubts; there, and there only, the agony of fear. Next, towering above those creatures, a powerful man, the master of the boat, doubting nothing, the leader, the fatalistic king, making himself his own providence by crying: "Blessed Bucket!" instead of "Blessed Virgin!"—in short, defying the storm and struggling with the sea breast to breast.

And at the other end of the boat—the weak!—the mother rocking on her breast a little child who smiled at the storm; a prostitute, once joyous and careless, now in the clutches of horrible remorse; a soldier riddled with wounds, with no other reward than his multilated body for a life of unwearying devotion: he had hardly more than a crust of bread wet with tears, yet he laughed at everything and went his way without care, happy when he was drowning his glory in a pot of beer, or narrating his glorious exploits to children who followed him admiringly; gayly he entrusted to God the care of his future—and lastly, two peasants, men of labor and fatigue, toil incarnate, the labor by which the world lives. Those simple creatures cared nothing for thought and its treasures, but were ready to bury them in a belief, their faith being the more robust in that they had never discussed or analyzed it; virgin natures wherein the conscience had remained pure and the sentiment powerful; remorse, misfortune, love, toil, had exercised, purified, concentrated, redoubled their will, the only thing in man which resembles what scholars call a soul.

When the boat, guided by the wonderful skill of the skipper, was almost in sight of Ostend and only fifty paces from the shore, she was blown off by a fierce squall and instantly foundered.

Thereupon the stranger with the luminous visage spoke to that little world of sorrow:

"Those who have faith shall be saved! Let them follow Me!"

He stood erect and walked with a firm step upon the waves. Instantly the young mother took her child in her arms and walked beside Him. The soldier suddenly arose, saying in his artless language:

"Ah! nom d'une pipe! I'll follow You to the devil."

Whereupon, with no indication of surprise, he walked upon the sea. The old woman, believing in God's omnipotence, followed the man and walked upon the sea. The two peasants said to themselves: "As they walk upon the water, why should not we do as they do?"

They rose and hurried after them, walking upon the sea. Thomas tried to imitate them; but as his faith wavered, he fell several times into the sea and rose again; at last, after three trials, he walked upon the sea. The bold skipper clung like a barnacle to a plank from his boat. The miser had faith and rose; but he tried to take his gold, and his gold dragged him to the bottom of the sea. Making sport of the imposter and the imbeciles who listened to him, the professor, when he heard the stranger propose to the passengers to walk upon the waves, began to laugh and was swallowed up by the ocean. The young woman was dragged down into the abyss by her lover. The bishop and the old lady went to the bottom, heavy with crimes, perhaps, but even heavier with incredulity, with confidence in false images; heavy with false devotion, but unburdened by alms-giving and true religious feeling.

The little troop of true believers who trod with a firm tread and dryshod the plain of angry water heard the awful roaring of the gale about them. Enormous waves broke upon their path. An invincible force rent the ocean. Through the spray the faithful espied in the distance, on the shore, a small, faint light twinkling in the windows of a fisherman's hut.

As they walked courageously on toward that glimmer, each fancied that he heard his neighbor crying above the roaring of the waves: "Courage!" And yet not one of them said a word, for all were intent upon their danger. Thus they came safely to the shore.

When they were all seated by the fisherman's fire, they looked in vain for their luminous Guide. From the summit of a rock against whose base the tempest tossed the skipper, clinging to his plank with the strength that sailors put forth in their combat with death, The Man went down, rescued the almost lifeless castaway; then He said, stretching out a helping hand over his head:

"For this time 'tis well, but tempt not fate again; 'twould be too evil an example."

He took the sailor on His shoulders and bore him to the fisherman's hut. He knocked at the door, so that that humble place of refuge might be thrown open to the unfortunate man; then the Savior disappeared. On that spot the convent of *La Merci* was built for shipwrecked sailors, and there for many years one might see the footprints that the feet of Jesus Christ had made, so it was said, upon the sand. In 1793, at the time of the French invasion of Belgium, the monks carried away that priceless relic, the evidence of the last visit Jesus made to earth.



I AM ONLY A POOR MAN

I AM only a poor man, but I can say in serious truth that I would give one-third of what I possess for a veritable contemporaneous representation of Jesus Christ. . . . Had these carvers of marble chiseled a faithful statue of the Son of man, as he called himself, and shown us what manner of man he was like, what his height, what his build and what the features of his sorrow-marked face were, I, for one, would have thanked the sculptor with all the gratitude of my heart for that portrait as the most precious heirloom of the ages.

CARLYLE

IN SEASONS OF TROUBLE

IT WERE well for us if, in seasons of trouble, we betook ourselves to praise, and not only to prayer. . . . So far from being unsuited to circumstances of perplexity and danger, the song of praise should at least mingle with the cry of prayer. If you would arm yourselves for trouble and duty, you should recount the marvelous acts of the Lord, as well as supplicate the communications of his grace. This is too much overlooked and neglected by Christians. They are more familiar with the earnest petition than the grateful anthem. . . . Before they departed—the Redeemer to the terrible agony, the disciples to the dreaded separation—the last thing that they did was to join in the chanting of thankful psalms. It was not until they had sung an hymn, but then it was, that they went out unto the Mount of Olives.

MELVILLE

SELMA LAGERLÖF

Selma Lagerlöf, Swedish poet and novelist, was the first woman to win the Nobel Prize for literature. She was born in 1858 and died in 1940. Her *Christ Legends*, one of which is here reprinted, first appeared in 1904.

Robin Redbreast

IT HAPPENED at the time when our Lord created the world, when he not only made heaven and earth, but all the animals and the plants as well, at the same time giving them their names.

There have been many histories concerning that time, and if we knew them all, we should have light upon everything in this world which we cannot now comprehend.

At that time it happened one day when our Lord sat in his Paradise and painted the little birds, that the colors in our Lord's paint pot gave out, and the goldfinch would have been without color if our Lord had not wiped all his paint brushes on its feathers.

It was then that the donkey got his long ears, because he could not remember the name that had been given him.

No sooner had he taken a few steps over the meadows of Paradise than he forgot, and three times he came back to ask his name. At last our Lord grew somewhat impatient, took him by his two ears, and said:

"Thy name is ass, ass, ass!" And while he thus spake our Lord pulled both of his ears that the ass might hear better, and remember what was said to him. It was on the same day, also, that the bee was punished.

Now, when the bee was created, she began immediately to gather honey, and the animals and human beings who caught the delicious odor of the honey came and wanted to taste of it. But the bee wanted to keep it all for herself and with her poisonous sting pur-

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sued every living creature that approached her hive. Our Lord saw this and at once called the bee to him and punished her.

"I gave thee the gift of gathering honey, which is the sweetest thing in all creation," said our Lord, "but I did not give thee the right to be cruel to thy neighbor. Remember well that every time thou stingest any creature who desires to taste of thy honey, thou shalt surely die!"

Ah, yes! It was at that time, too, that the cricket became blind and the ant missed her wings, so many strange things happened on that day!

Our Lord sat there, big and gentle, and planned and created all day long, and toward evening he conceived the idea of making a little gray bird. "Remember your name is Robin Redbreast," said our Lord to the bird, as soon as it was finished. Then he held it in the palm of his open hand and let it fly.

After the bird had been testing his wings a while, and had seen something of the beautiful world in which he was destined to live, he became curious to see what he himself was like. He noticed that he was entirely gray, and that his breast was just as gray as all the rest of him. Robin Redbreast twisted and turned in all directions as he viewed himself in the mirror of a clear lake, but he couldn't find a single red feather. Then he flew back to our Lord.

Our Lord sat there on his throne, big and gentle. Out of his hands came butterflies that fluttered about his head; doves cooed on his shoulders; and out of the earth beneath him grew the rose, the lily, and the daisy.

The little bird's heart beat heavily with fright, but with easy curves he flew nearer and nearer our Lord, till at last he rested on our Lord's hand. Then our Lord asked what the little bird wanted. "I only wish to ask you about one thing," said the little bird. "What is it you wish to know?" said our Lord. "Why should I be called Red Breast, when I am all gray, from the bill to the very end of my tail? Why am I called Red Breast when I do not possess one single red feather?" The bird looked beseechingly on our Lord with his tiny black eyes—then turned his head. About him he saw pheasants all red under a sprinkle of gold dust, parrots with marvelous red neckbands, cocks with red combs, to say nothing about the butterflies, the

goldfinches, and the roses! And naturally he thought how little he needed—just one tiny drop of color on his breast and he, too, would be a beautiful bird, and his name would fit him. "Why should I be called Red Breast when I am so entirely gray?" asked the bird once again, and waited for our Lord to say: "Ah, my friend, I see that I have forgotten to paint your breast feathers red, but wait a moment and it shall be done."

But our Lord only smiled a little and said: "I have called you Robin Redbreast, and Robin Redbreast shall your name be, but you must look to it that you yourself earn your red breast feathers." Then our Lord lifted his hand and let the bird fly once more—out into the world.

The bird flew down into Paradise, meditating deeply.

What could a little bird like him do to earn for himself red feathers? The only thing he could think of was to make his nest in a brier bush. He built it in among the thorns in the close thicket. It looked as if he waited for a rose leaf to cling to his throat and give him color.

Countless years had come and gone since that day, which was the happiest in all the world! Human beings had already advanced so far that they had learned to cultivate the earth and sail the seas. They had procured clothes and ornaments for themselves, and had long since learned to build big temples and great cities—such as Thebes, Rome, and Jerusalem.

Then there dawned a *new* day, one that will long be remembered in the world's history. On the morning of this day Robin Redbreast sat upon a little naked hillock outside of Jerusalem's walls, and sang to his young ones, who rested in a tiny nest in a brier bush.

Robin Redbreast told the little ones all about that wonderful day of creation, and how the Lord had given names to everything, just as each Redbreast had told it ever since the first Redbreast had heard God's word, and gone out of God's hand. "And mark you," he ended sorrowfully, "so many years have gone, so many roses have bloomed, so many little birds have come out of their eggs since Creation

Day, but Robin Redbreast is still a little gray bird. He has not yet succeeded in gaining his red feathers."

The little young ones opened wide their tiny bills, and asked if their forebears had never tried to do any great thing to earn the priceless red color.

"We have all done what we could," said the little bird, "but we have all gone amiss. Even the first Robin Redbreast met one day another bird exactly like himself, and he began immediately to love it with such a mighty love that he could feel his breast burn. 'Ah!' he thought then, 'now I understand! It was our Lord's meaning that I should love with so much ardor that my breast should grow red in color from the very warmth of the love that lives in my heart.' But he missed it, as all those who came after him have missed it, and as even you shall miss it."

The little young ones twittered, utterly bewildered, and already began to mourn because the red color would not come to beautify their little, downy gray breasts.

"We had also hoped that song would help us," said the grown-up bird, speaking in long-drawn-out tones—"the first Robin Redbreast sang until his heart swelled within him, he was so carried away, and he dared to hope anew. 'Ah!' he thought, 'it is the glow of the song which lives in my soul that will color my breast feathers red.' But he missed it, as all the others have missed it and as even you shall miss it." Again was heard a sad "peep" from the young ones' half-naked throats.

"We had also counted on our courage and our valor," said the bird. "The first Robin Redbreast fought bravely with other birds, until his breast flamed with the pride of conquest. 'Ah!' he thought, 'my breast feathers shall become red from the love of battle which burns in my heart.' He, too, missed it, as all those who came after him have missed it, and as even you shall miss it." The little young ones peeped courageously that they still wished to try and win the much-sought-for prize, but the bird answered them sorrowfully that it would be impossible. What could they do when so many splendid ancestors had missed the mark? What could they do more than love, sing, and fight? What could—the little bird stopped short, for out

of one of the gates of Jerusalem came a crowd of people marching, and the whole procession rushed toward the hillock, where the bird had its nest. There were riders on proud horses, soldiers with long spears, executioners with nails and hammers. There were judges and priests in the procession, weeping women, and above all a mob of mad, loose people running about—a filthy, howling mob of loiterers.

The little gray bird sat trembling on the edge of his nest. He feared each instant that the little brier bush would be trampled down

and his young ones killed!

"Be careful!" he cried to the little defenseless young ones, "creep together and remain quiet. Here comes a horse that will ride right over us! Here comes a warrior with iron-shod sandals! Here comes the whole wild, storming mob!" Immediately the bird ceased his cry of warning and grew calm and quiet. He almost forgot the danger hovering over him. Finally he hopped down into the nest and spread his wings over the young ones.

"Oh! this is too terrible," said he. "I don't wish you to witness this awful sight! There are three miscreants who are going to be crucified!" And he spread his wings so that the little ones could see nothing.

They caught only the sound of hammers, the cries of anguish, and

the wild shrieks of the mob.

Robin Redbreast followed the whole spectacle with his eyes, which grew big with terror. He could not take his glance from the three unfortunates.

"How terrible human beings are!" said the bird after a little while. "It isn't enough that they nail these poor creatures to a cross, but they must needs place a crown of piercing thorns upon the head of one of them. I see that the thorns have wounded his brow so that the blood flows," he continued. "And this man is so beautiful, and looks about him with such mild glances that everyone ought to love him. I feel as if an arrow were shooting through my heart, when I see him suffer!"

The little bird began to feel a stronger and stronger pity for the thorn-crowned sufferer. "Oh, if I were only my brother the eagle," thought he, "I would draw the nails from his hands, and with my strong claws I would drive away all those who torture him!"

He saw how the blood trickled down from the brow of the Crucified One, and he could no longer remain quiet in his nest. "Even if I am little and weak, I can still do something for this poor tortured one," thought the bird. Then he left his nest and flew out into the air, striking wide circles around the Crucified One. He flew around him several times without daring to approach, for he was a shy little bird, who had never dared to go near a human being. But little by little he gained courage, flew close to him, and drew with his little bill a thorn that had become imbedded in the brow of the Crucified One. And as he did this there fell on his breast a drop of blood from the face of the Crucified One; it spread quickly and floated out and colored all the little fine breast feathers.

Then the Crucified One opened his lips and whispered to the bird: "Because of thy compassion, thou hast won all that thy kind have been striving after, ever since the world was created."

As soon as the bird had returned to his nest his young ones cried to him: "Thy breast is red! Thy breast feathers are redder than the roses!"

"It is only a drop of blood from the poor man's forehead," said the bird; "it will vanish as soon as I bathe in a pool or a clear well."

But no matter how much the little bird bathed, the red color did not vanish—and when his little young ones grew up, the blood-red color shone also on their breast feathers, just as it shines on every Robin Redbreast's throat and breast until this very day.



BY THE DESERT MANNA

As the art of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary: the wild flower by the wayside, as well as the tended corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest, as well as the tended cattle: because man doth not live by bread alone, but also by the desert manna; by every wondrous word and unknowable work of God.

John Ruskin

FLAUBERT

The famous author of *Madame Bovary*, distinguished for his finely polished and impersonal style, here turns his imaginative powers back to Bible days. This carefully sculptured narrative in which each detail lends accumulation to the emotional content is one of the story masterpieces of the world. Few writers have had the power to bring color and realism to a tale of ancient times. The story "Herodias" was one of the last Flaubert wrote and was originally published in *Three Tales*, in 1877, only three years before his death.

Herodias

The citabel of Machaerus stood on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea, on a cone-shaped basaltic peak. Four deep valleys surrounded it, two on the sides, one in front, the fourth behind. Houses clustered about its base, within the enclosure formed by a wall which rose and fell with the undulations of the ground; and by a zigzag road, hewn in the rock, the town was connected with the fortress, whose walls were one hundred and twenty cubits high, with many angles, battlements on the edge, and here and there towers, forming the ornamentation, as it were, of that crown of stone, suspended over the abyss.

Within there was a palace, adorned with porticoes and sheltered by a terrace, about which ran a balustrade of sycamore wood, with tall poles arranged to hold a tent.

One morning, before dawn, the Tetrarch Herod Antipas leaned on the balustrade and looked forth.

Immediately beneath him the mountains were beginning to show their peaks, while their dense masses, to the lowest depths of the ravines, were still in shadow. The hovering mist was rent asunder, and the outlines of the Dead Sea appeared. The dawn, breaking behind Machaerus, diffused a reddish light. Soon it illuminated the sands on the shore, the hills, the desert, and, farther away, all the mountains of Judea, with their jagged gray slopes. En-Gedi, in

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the center formed a black bar; Hebron, in the background, was rounded like a dome; Eshtaol was covered with pomegranates, Sorek with vineyards, Carmel with fields of sesame; and the Tower of Antonia, with it monstrous cube, dominated Jerusalem. The Tetrarch turned his eyes to the right, to gaze upon the palm trees of Jericho; and he thought of the other cities of his Galilee: Capernaum, Endor, Nazareth, Tiberias, whither perhaps he would never go again. Meanwhile the Jordan flowed through the barren plain. All white, it was as dazzling as a field of snow. Now the lake seemed to be of lapis lazuli; and at its southern point, in the direction of Yemen, Antipas saw what he dreaded to see. Brown tents were scattered here and there; men with lances went to and fro among the horses; and dying fires gleamed like sparks, level with the ground.

They were the troops of the King of the Arabs, whose daughter he had cast aside to take Herodias, wife to one of his brothers, who lived in Italy with no pretension to power.

Antipas was awaiting succor from the Romans; and as Vitellius, Governor of Syria, did not appear, he was consumed with impatience.

Doubtless Agrippa had ruined him in the mind of the Emperor? Philip, his third brother, sovereign of Batanea, was secretly arming. The Jews would have no more of his idolatrous customs, nor all the rest of his domineering sway; so that he was hesitating between two plans: to beguile the Arabs, or to enter into an alliance with the Parthians; and, on the pretext of celebrating his birthday, he had bidden to a great banquet, for that very day, the leaders of his troops, the stewards of his estates, and the chief men of Galilee. With a keen glance he scanned all the roads. They were empty. Eagles flew over his head; the soldiers were sleeping against the walls, along the ramparts; nothing stirred within the castle.

Of a sudden a voice in the distance, as if escaping from the bowels of the earth, made the Tetrarch turn pale. He leaned forward to listen; it had ceased. It began again, and he clapped his hands and called:

"Mannaeus! Mannaeus!"

A man appeared, naked to the waist, like the masseurs at baths.

He was very tall, aged, fleshless, and wore at his hip a cutlass in a copper sheath. His hair, brushed back and held in place by a comb, exaggerated the height of his brow. His eyes were dull with drowsiness, but his teeth gleamed and his toes rested lightly on the flagstones, his whole body having the suppleness of a monkey and his face the impassiveness of a mummy.

"Where is he?" asked the Tetrarch.

Mannaeus replied, pointing with his thumb to something behind them:

"There! Still there!"

"I thought that I heard him!"

And Antipas, having drawn a long breath of relief, inquired concerning Iaokanann, the same man whom the Latins called St. John the Baptist. Had those two men been seen again who had been admitted as a favor to his dungeon some months before; and had the purpose with which they had come been learned since?

Mannaeus replied:

"They exchanged some words with him in secret, like thieves at a crossroads in the night. Then they went away toward Upper Galilee, announcing that they were the bearers of great tidings."

Antipas hung his head, then exclaimed in a tone of alarm:

"Keep him! keep him! And let no one enter! Lock the door fast! Cover the hole! None must even suspect that he lives!"

Before receiving these orders Mannaeus had carried them out; for Iaokanann was a Jew; and, like all Samaritans, he abhorred the Jews.

Their temple of Gerizim, intended by Moses to be the center of Israel, had ceased to exist since the time of King Hyrcanus; and that of Jerusalem drove them to frenzy as an outrage and a lasting injustice. Mannaeus had made his way into it in order to sully the altar with dead men's bones. His confederates, less swift of foot than he, had been beheaded.

He saw it in the gap between two hills. Its white marble walls and the golden lines of its roof shone resplendent in the sun. It was like a luminous mountain—something superhuman, crushing all else by its magnificence and its pride.

Then he extended his arms toward Zion; and, standing erect, with

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head thrown back and fists clenched, he hurled a malediction at it, believing that words had real power.

Antipas listened and did not seem shocked.

The Samaritan continued:

"At times he becomes excited, he longs to fly, he hopes for a rescue. At other times he has the tranquil aspect of a sick beast; or else I see him walking to and fro in the darkness, saying: 'What matters it? That He may grow great, I must need shrink!'"

Antipas and Mannaeus glanced at each other. But the Tetrarch was weary of reflection.

All those mountains about him, like terraces of huge waves, the black ravines on the sides of the cliffs, the immensity of the blue vault, the brilliant glamour of the day, the depth of the abysses, disturbed him; and a wave of desolation swept over him at the spectacle of the desert, which, in the upheavals of its surface, formed amphitheaters and ruined palaces. The hot wind brought, with the odor of sulphur, an exhalation, as it were, from the accursed cities, buried lower than the banks beneath the heavy waters of the lake. These tokens of an immortal wrath brought dismay to his mind; and he stood, with both elbows on the balustrade, staring eyes, and his hands pressed against his temples. Someone touched him. He turned. Herodias stood before him.

A light purple robe covered her to the sandals. Having come forth hurriedly from her chamber, she wore neither necklace nor earnings; a tress of her black hair fell over one arm, and its end was lost to sight between her breasts. Her two open nostrils throbbed; a joyous expression of triumph lighted up her face; and in a loud voice, shaking the Tetrarch's arm, she said:

"Caesar loves us! Agrippa is in prison!"

"Who told you so?"

"I know it."

She added:

"It is for having aspired to Caius' empire!"

While living on their alms, he had schemed to obtain the title of king, which they, like him, coveted. But in the future no more fear! "Tiberius' dungeons are hard to open, and sometimes life is not secure therein!"

Antipas understood her; and, although she was Agrippa's sister, her atrocious purpose seemed to him justified. Such murders were a consequence of the state of affairs, a fatality attached to royal families. In Herod's they had become too numerous to count.

Then she set forth her plan: clients bought, letters discovered, spies at every door; and how she had succeeded in seducing Eutyches the denouncer. "Nothing deterred me! Have I not done even more for you? I have abandoned my daughter!"

Áfter her divorce she had left the child in Rome, hoping to have others by the Tetrarch. She never mentioned her. He wondered why

that outburst of affection.

The tent had been spread, and huge cushions were speedily brought to them. Herodias sank upon them and wept, turning her head to him. Then she passed her hand over her eyes, said that she proposed to think no more about it, that she was happy; and she recalled to his mind their chats yonder in the atrium, their meetings at the baths, their strolls along the Via Sacra, and the evenings at the great villas, amid the plashing of fountains, beneath arches of flowers, by the Roman Campagna. She gazed at him as of yore, rubbing against his breast, with cajoling gestures. He pushed her away. The love that she tried to kindle was so far away now! And all his misfortunes had flowed from it, for war had raged well-nigh twelve years. It had aged the Tetrarch. His shoulders were bent; in his sandcolored toga with a violet border, his white hair blended with his beard, and the sun, shining through the veil, bathed with light his troubled brow. Herodias', too, was wrinkled; and, seated face to face, they eyed each other fiercely.

The roads over the mountain began to be peopled. Herdsmen drove their cattle, children dragged donkeys along, grooms led horses. Those who descended the heights above Machaerus disappeared behind the castle; others ascended the ravine opposite, and, having reached the town, discharged their burdens in the courtyards. They were the Tetrarch's purveyors, and servants preceding his guests.

But, at the foot of the terrace, on the left, an Essene appeared, in a white robe, barefooted, with a stoical air. Mannaeus, on the right, rushed forward, brandishing his cutlass.

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"Kill him!" cried Herodias.

"Hold!" said the Tetrarch.

He stood still; the other did likewise.

Then they withdrew, each by a different stairway, walking backward, keeping their eyes fixed on each other.

"I know him!" said Herodias; "his name is Phanuel, and he seeks speech with Iaokanann, since you are blind enough to spare his life!"

Antipas suggested that he might some day be of use. His attacks upon Jerusalem would win to their side the rest of the Jews.

"No!" she said; "they accept all masters and are not capable of forming a fatherland!" As for him who stirred the people with hopes never lost since the days of Nehemiah, the best policy was to suppress him.

There was no need of haste in the Tetrarch's opinion. Iaokanann dangerous! Folly! He feigned to laugh at the idea.

"Hold your peace!" And she repeated the tale of her humiliation one day when she was going toward Gilead to gather balsam. People were putting on their clothes on the bank of a stream. On a low hill near by a man was speaking. He had a camel's skin about his loins, and his head resembled a lion's. "As soon as he saw me he spit out at me all the maledictions of the prophets. His eyes shot fire; his voice roared; he raised his arms as if to tear the thunder from on high. Impossible to fly! the wheels of my chariot were buried in sand to the axles; and I drove away slowly, sheltering myself beneath my cloak, my blood congealed by those insults, which fell like a shower of rain."

Iaokanann made life impossible to her. When he was taken and bound with cords, the soldiers were ordered to stab him if he resisted; he was as gentle as a lamb. They had put serpents in his dungeon; they were dead.

The futility of these tricks drove Herodias mad. Besides, what was the cause of his war against her? What interest guided him? His harangues, delivered to crowds, were circulated, spread abroad; she heard them everywhere, they filled the air. Against legions she would have been stout of heart. But that power, more harmful than the sword, and intangible, was stupefying, and she paced the terrace,

livid with wrath, lacking words to express the passion that suffocated her.

She reflected, too, that the Tetrarch, yielding to public opinion, would perhaps deem it best to cast her off. In that case all would be lost! From childhood she had cherished the dream of mighty empire. It was to attain it that, deserting her first husband, she had allied herself to this one, who, she thought, had deceived her.

"I obtained a powerful support when I entered your family!"

"It is equal to yours!" rejoined the Tetrarch, simply.

Herodias felt the blood of the priests and kings who were her ancestors boiling in her veins.

"But your grandfather swept the temple of Ascalon! The others were shepherds, bandits, heads of caravans, a wandering horde, subject to Judah from the time of King David! All my ancestors vanquished yours! The first of the Maccabees drove you forth from Hebron; Hyrcanus forced you to be circumcised!" And, giving vent to the patrician's scorn for the plebeian, Jacob's hatred of Edom, she reproached him for his indifference to insults, for his mildness towards the Phoenecians, who betrayed him, his cowardly subservience to the people, who detested him. "You are like them, admit it! And you sigh for the Arab girl who danced around the stones! Take her! Go, live with her, in her canvas house! Feed on her bread cooked in the ashes; drink the curdled milk of her sheep! Kiss her blue cheeks! And forget me!"

The Tetrarch was no longer listening. He was gazing at the roof of a house, on which there was a young girl, and an old woman holding a parasol with a reed handle as long as a fisher's line. In the center of the rug stood a great traveling basket, open. Girdles, veils, jewels overflowed from it in a confused mass. Now and again the girl stooped toward those objects and shook them in the air. She was dressed like the Roman women, in a wrinkled tunic, with a peplum adorned with emerald tassels; and blue bands confined her hair, which was doubtless too heavy, for from time to time she put her hand to it. The shadow of the parasol hovered above her, half hiding her. Twice or thrice Antipas caught a glimpse of her shapely neck, the corner of an ear, or of a tiny

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mouth. But he saw her whole figure, from the hips to the neck, as she bent forward and drew herself up again with supple grace. He watched for the repetition of that movement, and his breath came faster; flames kindled in his eyes. Herodias observed him.

He asked, "Who is she?"

She answered that she had no knowledge, and left him, suddenly

appeased.

The Tetrarch was awaited under the porticoes by the Galileans, the master of the writings, the chief of the pasturage, the director of the salt-wells, and a Jew of Babylon, in command of his horsemen. All hailed him with loud acclamations. Then he vanished toward the inner chambers.

Phanuel appeared at the angle of a passage.

"Ah, again? You came to see Iaokanann doubtless?"

"And you! I have to tell you something of moment."

And, following Antipas, he entered, at his heels, a dark apartment.

The light entered through a barred opening that extended along the wall under the cornice. The walls were painted a dark pomegranate color, almost black. At the end stood an ebony bed, with cords of oxhide. A golden buckler, above, gleamed like a sun.

Antipas walked the whole length of the room, and lay down on the bed.

Phanuel was standing. He raised his arm, and said in the attitude of one inspired:

"The Most High sends one of his sons to earth now and again. Iaokanann is such an one. If you oppress him you will be punished."

"It is he who persecutes me!" cried Antipas. "He demanded of me an impossible act. Since then he has rent me. And I was not harsh at the beginning! He has even sent forth from Machaerus men who overturn my provinces. A curse upon his life! Since he attacks me, I defend myself."

"His fits of anger are too violent," replied Phanuel. "No matter! He must be set free."

"One does not set free raging beasts!" said the Tetrarch.

"Have no fear," the Essene replied. "He will go hence to the Arabs, the Gauls, the Scythians. His work is destined to reach to the ends of the earth!"

Antipas seemed lost in a vision.

"His power is mighty! Against my will, I love him."

"Then let him be free!"

The Tetrarch shook his head. He feared Herodias, Mannaeus, and the unknown.

Phanuel strove to persuade him, alleging as a guaranty of his plans the submission of the Essenes to the King. People respected those poor men, unconquerable by torture, always clad in flax, and able to read the future in the stars.

Antipas recalled the words he had let fall a moment before. "What is this thing which you said was of moment?"

A Negro appeared. His body was white with dust. He gasped for breath and could only say:

"Vitellius!"

"What! Has he arrived?"

"I saw him. Within three hours he will be here!"

The portières at the doors of the corridors were separated as by the wind. A busy hum filled the castle, a tumult of people running to and fro, of furniture being dragged about, of silver plate falling to the floor; and from the towers trumpets sounded, to call the scattered slaves.

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The ramparts were thronged with people when Vitellius entered the courtyard. He was leaning on his interpreter's arm, followed by a great red litter adorned with plumes and mirrors; he wore the toga, the laticlave, the buskins of a consul, and his person was surrounded by lictors.

They leaned against the door their twelve fasces—staves bound together by a strap, with an axe in the center. Thereupon one and all trembled before the majesty of the Roman people.

The litter borne by eight men, stopped. Then stepped forth a youth with a fat paunch, a blotched face, and pearls along his

fingers. He was offered a glass of wine and spices. He drank it and demanded a second.

The Tetrarch had fallen at the Proconsul's feet, grieved, he said, that he had not been sooner informed of the favor of his presence. Otherwise he would have ordered that whatever the Vitellii might require should await them along the roads. They were descended from the goddess Vitellia. A road leading from Janiculum to the sea still bore their name. Quaestorships and consulships were innumerable in the family; and as for Lucius, now his guest, they owed thanks to him as the conqueror of the Cliti and as the father of the young Aulus, who seemed to be returning to his own domain, since the Orient was the fatherland of the gods.

These hyperbolical compliments were delivered in Latin. Vitellius accepted them impassively.

He replied that the great Herod sufficed to make a nation glorious. The Athenians had entrusted to him the management of the Olympic games. He had built temples in honor of Augustus, had been patient, ingenious, awe-inspiring, and always loyal to the Caesars.

Between the pillars, with their brazen capitals, Herodias was seen, advancing with the air of an empress, amid women and eunuchs carrying burning perfumes on silver-gilt salvers.

The Proconsul took three steps to meet her; and, having saluted him with an inclination of the head:

"What joy!" she cried; "henceforth, Agrippa, the enemy of Tiberius, is powerless to do harm!"

He knew nothing of the event; it seemed to him perilous; and as Antipas swore that he would do everything for the Emperor, Vitellius added, "Even to the injury of others?"

He had taken hostages from the King of the Parthians, and the Emperor had forgotten it; for Antipas, being present at the conference, to give himself importance, had instantly despatched the news. Hence a deep-rooted hatred, and delay in sending succor.

The Tetrarch stammered, but Aulus said, laughing:

"Fear not; I will protect you!"

The Proconsul pretended not to have heard. The father's fortune depended on the son's debasement; and that flower from the mire of Caprae procured him advantages so considerable that he encompassed it with attentions, distrusting it all the while because it was

poisonous.

A tumult arose beneath the gate. A file of white mules was led in, ridden by persons in priestly costume. They were Sadducees and Pharisees, led to Machaerus by the same object of ambition, the first wishing to obtain the honorable post of sacrificer, the others to retain it. Their faces were dark, especially those of the Pharisees, foes of Rome and of the Tetrarch. The skirts of their tunics embarrassed them in the press; and their tiaras rested insecurely on their brows, above bands of parchment, whereon words were written.

At almost the same time some soldiers of the vanguard arrived. They had placed their shields in bags, to protect them from the dust; and behind them was Marcellus, lieutenant to the Proconsul, with publicans carrying tablets of wood under their armpits.

Antipas named the principal persons of his suite: Tolmai, Kanthera, Sebon, Ammonius, of Alexandria, who bought asphalt for him, Naaman, captain of his velites, and Jacim the Babylonian.

Vitellius had observed Mannaeus.

"Who is that man?"

The Tetrarch, with a gesture, gave him to understand that he was the executioner.

Then he presented the Sadducees.

Jonathas, a small man of free manners, speaking Greek, begged the master to honor them by a visit to Jerusalem. He would probably go thither.

Éleazar, with hooked nose and long beard, demanded for the Pharisees the cloak of the high priest, detained in the Tower of Antonia by the civil authorities.

Then the Galileans denounced Pontius Pilate. Taking advantage of the act of a madman who was seeking David's vessel of gold in a cave near Samaria, he had killed some of the inhabitants. And they all spoke at once, Mannaeus with more violence than the others. Vitellius declared that the criminals should be punished.

Loud exclamations arose in front of a portico where the soldiers had hung their shields. The coverings being removed, there was HERODIAS 99

seen on the bosses the image of Caesar. That, to the Jews, was idolatry. Antipas harangued them, while Vitellius, from an elevated seat on the colonnade, looked on in amazement at their wrath. Tiberius had done well to banish four hundred of them to Sardinia. But at home they were strong; and he ordered the bucklers to be removed.

Thereupon they surrounded the Proconsul, imploring reparation for injustice, privileges, alms. Clothes were torn, they trampled upon one another; and, to make room, slaves struck right and left with staves. Those nearest the gateway went down to the road; others ascended it; the tide flowed back; two currents met in that mass of men, which swayed back and forth, hemmed in by the encircling walls.

Vitellius asked why there were so many people. Antipas told him the reason: his birthday festival; and he pointed out several of his people, who leaned over the battlements, lowering enormous baskets of meat, fruit, vegetables, antelopes and storks, large sky-blue fish, grapes, melons, pomegranates arranged in pyramids. Aulus could not restrain himself. He rushed toward the kitchen, impelled by that gluttony which was destined to surprise the universe.

Passing a cave, he saw stewpans like cuirasses. Vitellius came to look at them, and demanded that the underground rooms of the fortress should be opened for him.

They were hewn in the rock, with high vaulted roofs, and pillars at intervals. The first contained old armor, but the second was filled to overflowing with pikes, all their points protruding from a bouquet of plumes. The third seemed to be hung with mats of reeds, the slender arrows were arranged so straightly side by side. Scimitar blades covered the walls of the fourth. In the center of the fifth, rows of helmets, with their crests, formed as it were a battalion of red serpents. In the sixth naught could be seen save quivers; in the seventh, naught but military boots; in the eighth, naught but armlets; in those following, pitchforks, grappling irons, ladders, ropes, and even poles for catapults, even bells for the breastplates of dromedaries! And as the mountain grew larger at its base, and was hollowed out within like a beehive, beneath these rooms there were others more numerous and deeper.

Vitellius, Phineas his interpreter, and Sisenna, the leader of the publicans, walked through them by the light of torches borne by three eunuchs.

In the shadow they distinguished hideous objects invented by the barbarians: head-crushers studded with nails, javelins that poisoned the wound they made, pincers resembling a crocodile's jaws; in a word, the Tetrarch had in store in Machaerus munitions of war for forty thousand men.

He had gathered them in anticipation of an alliance of his enemies. But the Proconsul might believe, or say, that it was to fight against the Romans, and the Tetrarch sought explanations.

They were not his; many were used for protection against brigands; moreover, they were needed against the Arabs; or else, they had all belonged to his father. And, instead of walking behind the Proconsul, he went before, at a rapid pace. Then he stood against the wall, which he covered with his toga, holding his elbows away from his sides; but the top of a door appeared above his head. Vitellius noticed it and wished to know what was on the other side.

The Babylonian alone could open it.

"Call the Babylonian!"

They awaited his coming.

His father had come from the shores of the Euphrates, to offer his services to Herod the Great, with four hundred horsemen, to defend the eastern frontier. After the partition of the kingdom, Jacim had remained in Philip's service, and now served Antipas.

He appeared, with a bow over his shoulder, a whip in his hand. Cords of many colors were tied tightly about his crooked legs. His huge arms emerged from a sleeveless tunic, and a fur cap cast its shadow over his face, which bore a beard curled in rings.

At first he seemed not to understand the interpreter. But Vitellius cast a glance at Antipas, who instantly repeated his command. Thereupon Jacim placed both his hands against the door. It glided into the wall.

A breath of hot air came forth from the darkness. A winding path sloped downward; they followed it and reached the entrance to a grotto, of greater extent than the other underground apartments.

At the rear there was an arched opening over the precipice, which defended the citadel on that side. The blossoms of a honey-suckle that clung to the wall hung downward in the bright light of day. Along the ground trickled a murmuring thread of water.

There were white horses there, a hundred perhaps, eating barley from a board on a level with their mouths. All had their manes painted blue, their hoofs in bags of esparto, and the hair between the ears curled over the frontal bone, like a wig. With their very long tails they lazily lashed their legs. The Proconsul was struck dumb with admiration.

They were marvelous creatures, supple as serpents, light as birds. They would keep pace with their riders' arrows, overturn men and bite them in the abdomen, traverse the mountainous country with ease, leap ravines, and continue their wild gallop over the level ground through a whole day. A word would stop them. As soon as Jacim entered, they went to him, like sheep when the shepherd appears, and, stretching out their necks, gazed at him restlessly with their childlike eyes. From habit, he uttered a hoarse cry from the bottom of his throat, which aroused their spirits; and they reared, hungry for space, begging leave to run.

Antipas, fearing that Vitellius might take them, had imprisoned them in that place, specially designed for animals in case of siege.

"It is a bad stable," said the Proconsul, "and you run the risk of losing them! Count them, Sisenna!"

The publican took a tablet from his girdle, counted the horses and wrote the number.

The agents of the fiscal companies bribed the provincial governors, in order to pillage the provinces. This one smelt everywhere, with his polecat's jaw and his blinking eyes.

At last they went up again to the courtyard.

Bronze shields, set in the pavement here and there, covered the cisterns. He noticed one larger than the rest, which had not their sonority beneath the feet. He struck them all in turn, then shouted, stamping:

"I have it! I have it! Herod's treasure is here!"

The search for his treasure was a mania among the Romans. It did not exist, the Tetrarch swore.

But what was there beneath?

"Nothing! A man, a prisoner."

"Show him to me!" said Vitellius.

The Tetrarch did not obey; the Jews would have learned his secret. His disinclination to raise the shield angered Vitellius.

"Break it in!" he shouted to the lictors.

Mannaeus had divined what was happening. Seeing an axe, he thought that they were going to behead Iaokanann—and he stopped the lictor at the first blow on the bronze circle, inserted a sort of hook between it and the pavement, then, straightening his long, thin arms, slowly raised it; it opened, and all marveled at the old man's strength. Beneath the wood-lined cover was a trapdoor of the same dimensions. At a blow of the fist it folded in two panels; then they saw a hole, a great ditch, surrounded by a staircase without a rail; and they who leaned over the brink saw at the bottom something indistinct and horrifying.

A human being lay on the ground, covered with long hair that mingled with the beast's hair that clothed his back. He rose; his brow touched a horizontal grating; and from time to time he disappeared in the depths of his den.

The sun gleamed on the points of the tiaras and on the sword hilts, and heated the flagstones beyond measure; and doves, flying from the eaves, fluttered above the courtyard. It was the hour when Mannaeus usually threw grain to them. He crouched before the Tetrarch, who stood beside Vitellius. The Galileans, the priests, the soldiers, formed a circle behind them; all held their peace, in agonizing suspense as to what was about to happen.

First there was a profound sigh, uttered in a cavernous voice. Herodias heard it at the other end of the palace. Overcome by a sort of fascination, she passed through the crowd; and with one hand on Mannaeus' shoulder, and body bent forward, she listened.

The voice arose.

"Woe to you, Pharisees and Sadducees, generation of vipers, inflated skins, tinkling cymbals!"

They recognized Iaokanann. His name passed from mouth to mouth. Others hastened to the spot.

"Woe unto you, O people! woe to the traitors of Judah, to the

drunkards of Ephraim, to those who dwell in the fat valleys and who are overcome with wine!

"Let them fade away like the water that flows, like the snail that melts as it crawls, like the foetus of a woman who does not see the sun.

"Thou must take refuge, O Moab, among the cypresses like the sparrows, in caverns like the jerboa. The gates of the fortresses shall be rent asunder more easily than nutshells, walls shall crumble, cities shall burn; and the scourge of the Eternal shall not rest. He shall turn your limbs about in your blood as wool is turned in the dyer's vat. He shall tear you like a new harrow; He shall scatter morsels of your flesh upon the mountains!"

Of what conqueror was he speaking? Was it of Vitellius? The Romans alone could effect such an extermination. Complaints arose:

"Enough! enough! let him finish!"

He continued, in a louder voice:

"Beside their mothers' dead bodies, little children shall drag themselves through the dust. You shall go at night to seek bread among the ruins, at the risk of sword thrusts. The jackals shall fight for your bones on the public squares, where the old men used to talk at evening. Your virgins, swallowing their tears, shall play the lute at the stranger's feasts, and your bravest sons shall bend their backs, crushed by too heavy burdens!"

The people remembered their days of exile, all the calamities of their history. These were the words of the prophets of old. Iaokanann sent them forth, like mighty blows, one after another.

But the voice became sweet, melodious, musical. It proclaimed enfranchisement, splendid portents in the sky, the newly born, with an arm in the dragon's cavern, gold instead of clay, the desert blooming like a rose. "That which is now worthy sixty talents will not cost an obol. Fountains of milk shall gush from the rocks; you shall sleep in the wine presses, with full bellies! When wilt Thou come, whose coming I await? In anticipation, all the peoples kneel, and Thy sway shall be eternal, O Son of David!"

The Tetrarch threw himself back, the existence of a Son of David affronting him like a threat.

Iaokanann anathematized him for his assumption of royalty;

"There is no king save the Eternal!" and for his gardens, his statues, his ivory furniture—like the impious Ahab!

Antipas broke the cord of the seal that hung upon his breast, and threw it into the hole, bidding him hold his peace.

The voice replied:

"I will cry aloud like the bear, like a wild ass, like a woman in labor!

"The punishment has already befallen thee in thy incest. God afflicts thee with the sterility of the mule."

And laughter arose, like the plashing of the waves.

Vitellius persisted in remaining. The interpreter, in an unmoved voice, repeated in the Roman tongue all the invectives that Iaokanann roared in his own. The Tetrarch and Herodias were forced to listen to them twice. He panted, while she, openmouthed, watched the bottom of the hole.

The ghastly man threw back his head, and, grasping the bars, pressed against them his face, which had the aspect of a tangled underbrush, and in which two coals of fire beamed.

"Ah, it is thou, Jezebel!

"Thou dost take his heart captive with the creaking of thy shoes. Thou didst neigh like a mare. Thou didst set thy bed on the mountains, to accomplish thy sacrifices!

"The Lord shall tear away thine earrings, thy purple robes, thy veils of fine linen, the circlets from thine arms, the rings from thy feet; and the little golden crescents that tremble on thy brow, thy silver mirrors, thy fans of ostrich feathers, the mother-of-pearl pattens that increase thy stature, the pride of thy diamonds, the perfumes of thy hair, the painting of thy nails—all the artifices of sensuality; and the stones shall be too few to stone the adulteress!"

She glanced about her for protection. The Pharisees hypocritically lowered their eyes. The Sadducees turned their faces away, fearing to offend the Proconsul. Antipas seemed at the point of death.

The voice grew louder, took on new intonations, rolled hither and thither with a crashing as of thunder, and, repeated by the mountain echoes, struck Machaerus with bolt after bolt.

"Stretch thyself in the dust, daughter of Babylon! Grind flour! Remove thy girdle, unloose thy shoes, truss up thy skirts, cross the rivers! Thy shame shall be laid bare, thine approbrium shall be seen! Thy sobs shall break thy teeth! The Eternal abhors the stench of thy crimes! Accursed! Accursed! Die like a dog!"

The trap door closed, the cover was lowered to its place. Mannaeus wished to strangle Iaokanann.

Herodias vanished. The Pharisees were scandalized. Antipas, in their midst, defended himself.

"Doubtless," said Eleazar, "one may marry his brother's wife; but Herodias was not widowed, and, moreover, she had a child, wherein lay the abomination."

"Not so! not so!" objected Jonathas the Sadducee. "The Law condemns such marriages, without proscribing them absolutely."

"It matters not! They are most unjust to me!" said Antipas; "for Absalom lay with his father's wives, Judah with his daughter-in-law, Ammon with his sister, Lot with his daughters."

Aulus, who had been sleeping, reappeared at that moment. When he was informed of the affair, he took sides with the Tetrarch. He should not be disturbed by such foolish ideas; and he laughed aloud at the reprobation of the priests and the frenzy of Iaokanann.

Herodias, on the steps, turned toward him.

"You are wrong, my master! He bids the people refuse to pay the tax."

"Is that true?" instantly asked the publican.

The answers were generally in the affirmative. The Tetrarch confirmed them.

Vitellius thought the prisoner might fly; and, as Antipas' conduct seemed to him equivocal, he posted sentinels at the gates, along the walls, and in the courtyard.

Then he went to his apartment. The deputations of priests attended him.

Each set forth his grievances, without broaching the question of the office of sacrificer.

One and all importuned him. He dismissed them.

Jonathas left him when he saw on the battlements Antipas talk-

ing with a man with long hair and in a white robe—an Essene; and he regretted having upheld him.

One thought afforded the Tetrarch consolation. Iaokanann was no longer at his disposal, the Romans had taken charge of him. What a relief! Phanuel was walking on the path around the battlements. He called him and said, pointing to the soldiers:

"They are stronger than I! I cannot set him free; it is not my fault!"

The courtyard was empty. The slaves were at rest. Against the reddening sky, flame-colored on the horizon, the smallest perpendicular objects were outlined in black. Antipas distinguished the salt-wells at the far end of the Dead Sea, and he no longer saw the tents of the Arabs. Doubtless they had gone. The moon rose; a feeling of peace descended upon his heart.

Phanuel, overwhelmed, stood with his chin upon his breast. At last he made known what he had to say.

Since the beginning of the month he had studied the sky before dawn, the constellation Perseus being at the zenith. Agalah was hardly visible, Algol shone less brightly, Mira-Coeti had disappeared, whence he augured the death of a man of mark, that very night, in Machaerus.

Who? Vitellius was too well guarded. Iaokanann would not be executed. "Then it is I!" thought the Tetrarch.

Perhaps the Arabs would return. The Proconsul might discover his relations with the Parthians! Hired assassins from Jerusalem escorted the priests; they had daggers under their garments, and the Tetrarch did not doubt Phanuel's learning.

He conceived the idea of having recourse to Herodias. He hated her, however. But she would give him courage, and all the bonds were not broken of the spell she had formerly cast upon him.

When he entered her chamber, cinnamon was smoldering in a bowl of porphyry; and powders, unguents, fabrics like clouds, embroideries lighter than feathers, were scattered about.

He did not mention Phanuel's prediction, or his dread of the Jews and Arabs; she would have accused him of cowardice. He spoke of the Romans only. Vitellius had confided to him none of his military projects. He supposed him to be a friend of Caius, with whom Agrippa consorted, and he would be sent into exile, or perhaps he would be murdered.

Herodias, with indulgent contempt, tried to encourage him. At last she took from a small casket a curious medallion adorned with Tiberius' profile. That was enough to make the lictors turn pale and to base accusations upon.

Antipas, touched with gratitude, asked her how she had obtained it.

"It was given me," she replied.

Beneath a portière opposite, a bare arm protruded, a lovely, youthful arm, that might have been carved in ivory by Polycletus. Somewhat awkwardly, and yet with grace, it felt about in the air, trying to grasp a tunic left upon a stool near the wall.

An old woman silently passed it to her, pulling aside the curtain. The Tetrarch remembered the face, but could not place it.

"Is that slave yours?"

"What matters it to you?" replied Herodias.

TTT

The guests filled the banquet hall.

It had three naves, like a basilica, separated by pillars of algum wood, with bronze capitals covered with carvings. Two galleries with open-work balustrades overhung it; and a third, in gold filagree, jutted out at one end, opposite an immense arch.

Candelabra burning on long tables extending the whole length of the hall formed bushes of fire, between cups of painted clay and copper platters, cubes of snow and heaps of grapes; but those red gleams one after another were lost in space because of the height of the ceiling, and points of light twinkled, like the stars at night, through the branches. Through the opening of the vast arch, one could see torches on the terraces of the houses; for Antipas feasted his friends, his subjects, and all who had presented themselves.

Slaves, as active as dogs, and with their feet encased in sandals of felt, went to and fro, carrying salvers.

The proconsular table stood upon a platform built of sycamore

boards, beneath the gilded tribune. Tapestries from Babylon enclosed it in a sort of pavilion.

Three ivory couches, one opposite the door and one on either side, held Vitellius, his son, and Antipas; the Proconsul being next the door, at the left, Aulus at the right, the Tetrarch in the center.

He wore a heavy black cloak, whose texture was invisible beneath layers of dyestuffs; he had paint on his cheek bones, his beard trimmed like a fan, and azure powder on his hair, surmounted by a diadem of precious stones. Vitellius retained his purple baldric, which he wore diagonally over a linen tunic. Aulus had the sleeves of his robe of violet silk, shot with silver, tied at his back. The long spiral curls of his hair formed terraces, and a necklace of sapphires sparkled on his breast, which was as plump and white as a woman's. Beside him, on a mat, with legs crossed, sat a very beautiful boy, who smiled incessantly. He had seen him in the kitchen, could not live without him, and having difficulty in remembering his Chaldean name, called him simply the "Asiatic." From time to time he stretched himself out on the triclinium. Then his bare feet overlooked the assemblage.

On one side there were the priests and officers of Antipas, people from Jerusalem, the chief men of the Greek cities; and, under the Proconsul, Marcellus with the publicans, friends of the Tetrarch, the notables of Cana, Ptolemais, and Jericho; then, mingled pellmell, mountaineers from Libanus and Herod's old soldiers (twelve Thracians, a Gaul, two Germans), gazelle-hunters, Idumean shepherds, the Sultan of Palmyra, seamen of Eziongeber. Each person had before him a cake of soft dough, on which to wipe his fingers; and their arms, stretching out like vultures' necks, seized olives, pistachioes and almonds. All the faces beamed with joy beneath crowns of flowers.

The Pharisees had spurned them as Roman wantonness. They shuddered when they were sprinkled with galburnum and incense, a compound reserved for the use of the Temple.

Aulus rubbed his armpits with it; and Antipas promised him a whole cargo, with three bales of that genuine balsam which caused Cleopatra to covet Palestine.

A captain of his garrison at Tiberius, recently arrived, took his place behind him, to tell him of extraordinary events. But his attention was divided between the Proconsul and what was being said at the neighboring tables.

The talk was of Ioakanann and men of his type; Simon of Gittoy purged sin with fire. A certain Jesus—

"The worst of all!" cried Eleazar. "An infamous juggler!"

Behind the Tetrarch a man arose, as pale as the hem of his chlamys. He descended from the platform and addressed the Pharisees:

"False! Jesus does miracles!"

Antipas would fain see one.

"You should have brought Him hither! Tell us."

Then he told that he, Jacob, having a daughter who was sick, had betaken himself to Capernaum, to implore the Master to heal her. The master had replied: "Return to thy home, she is healed!" And he had found her in the doorway, having left her bed when the hand of the dial marked three o'clock, the very moment when he had accosted Jesus.

Of course, argued the Pharisees, there are devices, powerful herbs! Sometimes, even there, at Machaerus, one found the *baaras*, which made men invulnerable; but to cure without seeing or touching was an impossibility, unless Jesus employed demons.

And the friends of Antipas, the chief men of Galilee, repeated, shaking their heads:

"Demons, clearly."

Jacob, standing between their table and that of the priests, held his peace, with a haughty yet gentle bearing.

They called upon him to speak: "Explain His power."

He bent his shoulders, and in an undertone, slowly, as if afraid of himself:

"Know you not that He is the Messiah?"

All the priests glanced at one another, and Vitellius inquired the meaning of the word. His interpreter waited a full minute before replying.

They called by that name a liberator who should bring to them the enjoyment of all their goods and power over all peoples. Some indeed maintained that two should be expected. The first would be vanquished by Gog and Magog, demons of the North; but the other would exterminate the Prince of Evil; and for ages they had expected His coming every minute.

The priests having taken counsel together, Eleazar spoke for them.

First, the Messiah would be a Son of David, not of a carpenter. He would confirm the Law; this Nazarene assailed it; and—a yet stronger argument—he was to be preceded by the coming of Elias.

Jacob retorted:

"But Elias has come!"

"Elias!" echoed the multitude, even to the farthest end of the hall.

All, in imagination, saw an old man beneath a flock of ravens, the lightning shining upon an altar, idolatrous pontiffs cast into raging torrents; and the women in the tribunes thought of the widow of Zarephath.

Jacob wearied himself repeating that he knew him! He had seen him! And so had the people!

"His name?"

Whereupon he shouted with all his strength:

"Iaokanann!"

Antipas fell backward as if stricken full in the chest. The Sadducees leaped upon Jacob. Eleazar harangued, seeking to obtain an audience.

When silence was restored, he folded his cloak about him and propounded questions, like a judge.

"Since the prophet is dead . . ."

Murmurs interrupted him. It was believed that Elias had disappeared only.

He angrily rebuked the multitude, and asked, continuing his inquiry:

"Think you that he has come to life again?"

"Why not?" said Jacob.

The Sadducees shrugged their shoulders; Jonathas, half closing his little eyes, forced himself to laugh, like a clown. Nothing could be more absurd than the claim of the body to life everlasting; and he declaimed for the Proconsul's benefit, this line from a contemporary poet:

Nec crescit, nec post mortem durare videtur.

But Aulus was leaning over the edge of the triclinium, his forehead bathed in sweat, green of face, his hands on his stomach.

The Sadducees feigned deep emotion—on the morrow the office of sacrificer was restored to them; Antipas made parade of despair; Vitellius remained impassive. None the less his suffering was intense; with his son he would lose his fortune.

Aulus had not finished vomiting when he wished to eat again. "Give me some marble dust, schrist from Naxos, sea water, no matter what! Suppose I should take a bath?"

He crunched snow; then, after hesitating between a Commagene stew and pink blackbirds, he decided upon gourds with honey. The Asiatic stared at him, that faculty of absorbing food denoting a prodigious being of a superior race.

Bulls' kidneys were served, also dormice, nightingales, and minced meat on vine leaves; and the priest disputed concerning the resurrection. Ammonius, pupil of Philo the Platonist, deemed them stupid, and said as much to Greeks who laughed at the oracles. Marcellus and Jacob had come together. The first described to the second the bliss he had felt during his baptism by Mithra, and Jacob urged him to follow Jesus. Wines made from the palm and the tamarisk, wines of Safed and of Byblos, flowed from amphorae into crateres, from crateres into drinking cups, from drinking cups down thirsty throats; there was much talk, and hearts overflowed. Jacim, although a Jew, did not conceal his adoration of the planets. A merchant of Aphaka stupefied the nomads by detailing the wonders of the Temple of Hierapolis: and they asked how much the pilgrimage would cost. Others clung to their native religion. A German, almost blind, sang a hymn in praise of that promontory of Scandinavia where the gods appeared with halos about their faces; and men from Sichem refused to eat turtle doves, from respect for the dove Azima.

Many talked, standing in the center of the hall, and the vapor of their breaths, with the smoke of the candles, made a fog in the air. Phanuel passed along the wall. He had been studying the firmament anew, but he did not approach the Tetrarch, dreading the drops of oil, which, to the Essenes, were a great pollution.

Blows rang out against the gate of the castle.

It was known now that Iaokanann was held a prisoner there. Men with torches ascended the path; a black mass swarmed in the ravine; and they roared from time to time:

"Iaokanann! Íaokanann!"

"He disturbs everything!" said Jonathas.

"We shall have no money left if he continues!" added the Pharisees.

And recriminations arose:

"Protect us!"

"Let us make an end of him!"

"You abandon the religion!"

"Impious as the Herods!"

"Less so than you!" retorted Antipas. "It was my father who built your temple!"

Thereupon the Pharisees, the sons of the proscribed, the partisans of the Mattathiases, accused the Tetrarch of the crimes of his family.

They had pointed skulls, bristling beards, weak and evil hands, or flat noses, great round eyes, and the expression of a bulldog. A dozen or more, scribes and servants of the priests, fed upon the refuse of holocausts, rushed as far as the foot of the platform, and with knives threatened Antipas, who harangued them, while the Sadducees listlessly defended him. He spied Mannaeus and motioned him to go, Vitellius signifying by his expression that these things did not concern him.

The Pharisees, remaining on their triclinia, worked themselves into a demoniacal frenzy. They broke the dishes before them. They had been served with the favorite stew of Maecenas—wild ass—unclean meat.

Aulus mocked at them on the subject of the ass's head, which they held in honor, it was said, and indulged in other sarcasms concerning their antipathy for pork. Doubtless it was because that vulgar beast had killed their Bacchus; and they were too fond of wine, since a golden vine had been discovered in the Temple.

The priests did not understand his words. Phineas, by birth a Galilean, refused to translate them. Thereupon Aulus' wrath knew no bounds, the more as the Asiatic, seized with fright, had disappeared; and the repast failed to please him, the dishes being commonplace, not sufficiently disguised! He became calmer when he saw tails of Syrian sheep, which are bundles of fat.

The character of the Jews seemed hideous to Vitellius. Their god might well be Moloch, whose altars he had noticed along the road; and the sacrifices of children recurred to his mind, with the story of the man whom they were mysteriously fattening. His Latin heart rose in disgust at their intolerance, their iconoclastic frenzy, their brutish stagnation. The Proconsul wished to go, Aulus refused.

His robe fallen to his hips, he lay behind a heap of food, too replete to take more, but persisting in not leaving it.

The excitement of the people increased. They abandoned themselves to schemes of independence. They recalled the glory of Israel. All the conquerors had been punished: Antigonus, Crassus, Varus.

"Villians!" exclaimed the Proconsul; for he understood Syriac; his interpreter simply gave him time to compose his replies.

Antipas quickly drew the medallion of the Emperor, and, watching him tremblingly, held it with the image toward him.

Suddenly the panels of the golden tribune opened, and in the brilliant blaze of candles, between her slaves and festoons of anemone, Herodias appeared—on her head an Assyrian mitre held in place on her brow by a chin piece; her hair fell in spiral curls over a scarlet peplum, slit along the sleeves. With two stone monsters, like those that guard the treasure of the Atrides, standing against the door, she resembled Cybele flanked by her lions; and from the balustrade above Antipas, she cried, patera in hand:

"Long life to Caesar!"

This homage was echoed by Vitellius, Antipas, and the priests. But there came to them from the lower end of the hall a hum of surprise and admiration. A young girl had entered.

Beneath a bluish veil that concealed her breast and her head

could be seen her arched eyebrows, the sards at her ears, the whiteness of her skin. A square of variegated silk covered her shoulders and was secured about her hips by a golden girdle. Her black drawers were embroidered with mandrakes, and she tapped the floor indolently with tiny slippers of humming-birds' feathers.

When she reached the platform, she removed her veil. It was Herodias, as she was in her youth. Then she began to dance.

Her feet passed, one before the other, to the music of a flute and a pair of crotala. Her rounded arms seemed to beckon someone, who always fled. She pursued him, lighter than a butterfly, like an inquisitive Psyche, like a wandering soul, and seemed on the point of flying away.

The funereal notes of the gingras succeeded the crotala. Prostration had followed hope. Her attitudes signified sighs, and her whole person a languor so intense that one knew not whether she was weeping for a god or dying for joy in his embrace. Her eyes half closed, she writhed and swayed with billowy undulations of the stomach; her bosoms quivered, her face remained impassive, and her feet did not stop.

Vitellius compared her to Mnester the pantomimist. Aulus was vomiting again. The Tetrarch lost himself in a dream and thought no more of Herodias. He fancied that he saw her near the Sadducees. Then the vision faded away.

It was not a vision. She had sent messengers, far from Machaerus, to Salome, her daughter, whom the Tetrarch loved; and it was an excellent scheme. She was sure of him now!

Then it was the frenzy of love that demanded to be satisfied. She danced like the priestess of the Indies, like the Nubian girls of the Cataracts, like the Bacchantes of Lydia. She threw herself in all directions, like a flower beaten by the storm. The jewels in her ears leaped about, the silk on her back shone with a changing gleam; from her arms, from her feet, from her garments invisible sparks flashed and set men aflame. A harp sang; the multitude replied with loud applause. By stretching her legs apart, without bending her knees, she stooped so low that her chin touched the floor; and the nomads, accustomed to abstinence, the Roman soldiers, experts in debauchery, the miserly publicans, the old priests

soured by disputes, all, distending their nostrils, quivered with desire.

Then she danced about Antipas' table, in a frenzy of excitement, like a witch's rhombus; and in a voice broken by sobs of lust he said: "Come! come!" She danced on; the dulcimers rang out as if they would burst; the crowd roared. But the Tetrarch shouted louder than them all: "Come! come! thou shalt have Capernaum! the plain of Tiberias! my citadels! half of my kingdom!"

She threw herself on her hands, heels in the air, and thus circled

the platform like a huge scarab, then stopped abruptly.

Her neck and her vertebrae were at right angles. The colored skirts that enveloped her legs, falling over her shoulders like a rainbow, framed her face a cubit from the floor. Her lips were painted, her eyebrows intensely black, her eyes almost terrible, and drops of sweat on her forehead resembled steam on white marble.

She did not speak. They gazed at each other.

There was a snapping of fingers in the tribune. She went thither, reappeared, and, lisping a little, uttered these words with an infantine air:

"I want you to give me, on a charger, the head—" She had forgotten the name, but she continued with a smile: "The head of Iaokanann!"

The Tetrarch sank back, overwhelmed.

He was bound by his word, and the people were waiting. But the death that had been predicted to him, should it befall another, might avert his own. If Iaokanann were really Elias, he could escape it; if he were not, the murder would be of no importance.

Mannaeus was at his side and understood his purpose.

Vitellius recalled him to give him the countersign of the sentinels guarding the moat.

It was a relief. In a moment all would be over.

But Mannaeus was hardly prompt in the execution of his function.

He reappeared, but greatly perturbed.

For forty years he had filled the post of executioner. He it was who had drowned Aristobulus, strangled Alexander, burned Mattathias alive, beheaded Zosimus, Pappus, Josephus and Antipates, and he dared not kill Iaokanann! His teeth chattered, his whole body trembled.

He had seen in front of the hole the Great Angel of the Samaritans, all covered with eyes, and brandishing an enormous sword, red and jagged like a flame. Two soldiers brought forward as witnesses could confirm him.

They had seen nothing save a Jewish captain, who had rushed upon them and who had ceased to live.

The frantic rage of Herodias burst forth in a torrent of vulgar and murderous abuse. She broke her nails on the gilded grating of the tribune, and the two carved lions seemed to bite at her shoulders and to roar with her.

Antipas imitated her, so did the priests, the soldiers, the Pharisees, all demanding vengeance; and others indignant that their pleasure was delayed.

Mannaeus went forth, hiding his face.

The guests found the time of waiting even longer than before. They were bored.

Suddenly the sound of footsteps echoed in the corridors. The suspense became intolerable.

The head entered; and Mannaeus held it by the hair, at arm's

length, proud of the applause.

When he laid it on a charger, he offered it to Salome. She ran lightly up to the tribune; some moments later the head was brought back by the same old woman whom the Tetrarch had noticed that morning on the roof of a house, and later in Herodias' chamber.

He recoiled to avoid looking at it. Vitellius cast an indifferent glance upon it.

Mannaeus went down from the platform and exhibited it to the Roman captains, then to all those who were eating in that part of the hall.

They examined it.

The sharp blade of the instrument, cutting downward, had touched the jaw. The corners of the mouth were drawn convulsively. Blood, already clotted, studded the beard. The closed eyelids

were of a leaden hue, like shells; and the candelabra all about shone upon it.

It reached the priests' table. A Pharisee turned it over curiously, and Mannaeus, having turned it back again, placed it in front of Aulus, who was awakened by it. Through their partly open lids the dead eyes and the lifeless eyes seemed to speak to each other.

Then Mannaeus presented it to Antipas. Tears flowed down the Tetrarch's cheeks.

The torches were extinguished. The guests took their leave, and Antipas alone remained in the hall, his hands pressed against his temples, still gazing at the severed head; while Phanuel, standing in the center of the great nave, muttered prayers with outstretched arms.

At the moment when the sun rose, two men, previously despatched by Iaokanann, returned with the long-awaited answer.

They confided it to Phanuel, who was enraptured by it.

Then he showed them the sorrowful object on the charger, amidst the remnants of the feast. One of the men said to him:

"Be comforted! He has gone down among the dead to announce the Christ's coming!"

The Essene understood now the words: "That He may grow great, I must needs shrink."

And all three, having taken the head of Iaokanann, went forth in the direction of Galilee.

As it was very heavy, they carried it each in turn.



DIVINIST SYMBOL

JESUS OF NAZARETH, our divinist symbol! Higher has the human thought not reached; a symbol of quiet dignity, infinite character, whose significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into, and anew made manifest.

THOMAS CARLYLE

CHRIST STORIES

TO THE CHILDREN

Hear what our Lord Jesus Christ taught to his disciples and to us, and what we should remember every day of our lives, to love the Lord our God with all our heart, and with all our mind, and with all our soul, and with all our strength; to love our neighbors as ourselves, to do unto other people as we would have them do unto us and to be charitable and gentle to all.

There is no other commandment, our Lord Jesus Christ said, greater than these.

CHARLES DICKENS



II MIDDLE AGES AND LEGENDS

THE GOLDEN LEGEND

Christian lore, in which Christ plays the leading role, was first compiled by Jacobus de Voragine, Archbishop of Genoa, in the middle of the thirteenth century. This book, called *The Golden Legend*, received a most enthusiastic reception. Many copies were made in manuscript, of which over five hundred are in existence today.

The Golden Legend contains all those legends of Christ and the saints which started to appear soon after the death of Christ and migrated through the centuries to all parts of Europe. Medieval man himself was the author of most of these legends, and his will to believe was so strong that they became quite real to him. New legends and new saints were constantly added, for saints were the true heroes of the medieval world. In time the days of the saints were filled in to complete a full year's calendar.

Like men everywhere through all the ages, Christian medieval man turned to his saints in all his anxious moments. He sought aid for cures, for fruitfulness of his land and beasts. St. Margaret protected his wife at childbirth, while St. Genevieve cured fevers and St. Blaise the ills of the throat. He appealed to St. Cornelius to watch over his oxen, St. Gall his hens and St. Medard his vines. Medieval man depended upon his saints. They were his hope and the stories of the saints his only learning.

During the first hundred years of printing over one hundred and fifty editions and translations of *The Golden Legend* were published. It was translated into English by Caxton, England's first printer, and published by him in the year 1483. In his foreword Caxton wrote: "For in like wise as gold is most noble above all other metals, in like wise is this Legend held most noble above all other works."

The sections printed here, in modern translation, are those which

deal with Christ's life and mission.

The Nativity of Our Lord

. . . As the time was approaching for Mary to be delivered, and Joseph did not know when he would be able to return, he took her

Reprinted from The Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine, translated by G. Ryan and H. Ripperger, 1941; used by permission of Longmans, Green & Co., Inc., New York.

with him to Bethlehem, not wishing to confide to the hands of strangers the treasure with which God had entrusted him. . . .

Being poor, they could not find lodging in the inns, for these were already filled with those who had come for the same purpose; and they had to take shelter in a public passage, or shed. This, . . . was located between two houses, and served as a meeting place for the people of Bethlehem, or again as a shelter against the uncertainties of the weather. There Joseph set up a crib for his ox and his ass, or perhaps it was there already, for the peasants to use when they came to market.

And there, at midnight, the eve of Sunday, the Virgin brought forth her Son, and laid the beloved Child in the manger, upon some hay. This hay was later brought to Rome by Saint Helena; and it is said that neither the ox nor the ass dared to touch it. . . .

The Nativity was revealed to inanimate creatures. We have already seen from the example just narrated that it was made known to the stones of a temple at Rome. Moreover it is known that in the night of the Nativity, the darkness of the night was changed to the brightness of day. In Rome, the water of a spring changed to oil, and flowed thus down to the Tiber; whereas the Sibyl had foretold that the Savior of the world would be born when a fountain of oil began to flow. The same day, certain Magi were praying on a mountain, and saw a star appear which had the form of a fair child, bearing over his head a cross of fire. And he told the Magi that they were to go to Jerusalem, and there they would find a newborn child. The same day three suns appeared in the east, and fused into one, which was an evident sign of the Holy Trinity. . . .

The Nativity was revealed to the creatures which possessed existence and life, such as the plants and trees. For in the night of the Savior's birth, the vines of Engedi bloomed, bore fruit, and produced their wine.

The Nativity was revealed to the creatures possessed of existence, life, and sensation, that is, to the animals. For indeed, Joseph, at his departure for Bethlehem, had taken with him an ox and an ass; the ox, perhaps, to sell, and so to have wherewith to pay the census tax, and the ass, no doubt, to bear the Virgin Mary. Now the ox

and ass, miraculously recognizing the Lord, knelt before Him and adored Him.

The Nativity was revealed to the creatures possessed of existence, life, sensation, and reason, that is, to men. The very hour that it occurred, shepherds were watching the night through near their flocks, a thing which they did twice a year; for it was the custom of the ancient peoples to wake through the nights of the solstices—that is, the longest and shortest nights of the year. To these shepherds, then, an angel appeared, and announced to them the birth of the Savior, telling them also how they might find their way to Him. And they heard a multitude of angels singing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!' . . .

Finally, the Nativity was revealed to the creatures who possessed existence, life, sensation, reason, and knowledge, namely to the angels; for it was the angels themselves, as we have just seen, who announced the birth of Christ to the shepherds.

Now we must define the divers reasons for which the Incarnation of Our Lord was accomplished. It came to pass, first, for the confusion of the demons. On the eve of Christmas, Saint Hugh, the Abbot of Cluny, saw the Blessed Virgin holding her Son in her arms; and she said to him, "Behold the day in which the oracles of the Prophets shall be fulfilled! Where henceforth is the Enemy who until now prevailed against mankind?" At these words, the Devil came forth from the earth, to give the lie to Our Lady's words. But his wickedness was of no avail. In vain he roamed throughout the monastery: neither in the chapel, nor in the refectory, nor in the dormitory, nor in the chapter room, did a single monk allow himself to be distracted from his duty. According to Peter of Cluny, the Child, in the vision of Saint Hugh, said to his Mother, "Now where is the power of the Devil?" Whereupon the Devil came out of the ground, and answered, "I cannot, indeed, enter the chapel, where they are singing Thy praises; but the chapter, the dormitory, and the refectory are still open to me!" But it came out that the door of the chapter was too narrow for him, the door of the dormitory too low, and the door of the refectory blocked with obstacles which he could not surmount, these being none other

than the charity of the monks, their attention to the reading of the day, and their sobriety in eating and drinking.

Next, the Nativity took place to enable men to obtain pardon for their sins. A Book of Examples tells the story of a prostitute who, having finally repented, despaired of forgiveness. And since she deemed herself unworthy to invoke Christ glorious, or Christ in his Passion, she bethought herself that children were easier to mollify: wherefore she called upon the Child Christ, and a voice made known to her that she was pardoned.

The Nativity took place to cure our weakness. For as Saint Bernard says, "Humankind suffers from a threefold malady—birth, life, and death. Before Christ, man's birth was impure, his life was corrupt, his death a peril. But Christ came, and against this threefold ill he brought us a threefold remedy. His birth purified ours, his life corrected ours, and his death destroyed ours."

Finally, the Nativity came to pass to humble our pride. For as Saint Augustine says, "The humility which the Son of God showed in his Incarnation is to our benefit as an example, as a consecration, and as a medicine: as an example, to teach us to be humble ourselves; as a consecration, because it delivers us from the bonds of sin; and as a medicine, because it heals the tumor of our vain pride."

The Passion of Our Lord

THE PASSION OF CHRIST was bitter in its pains, an object of contempt in the mockery that was put upon him, and fruitful in the many benefits that it bestowed.

The pains of the Passion were fivefold. The first pain consisted in the shame of the Passion. For he bore it in a shameful place, Calvary being reserved for the punishment of criminals. The mode of his death was shameful; the cross indeed was the instrument of death unto thieves, and at that time it was the object of obloquy, although now it is the object of glory. Whence Saint Augustine says of it, "The cross, which was the torture of thieves, now adorns the forehead of emperors: if God bestowed so great honor on the instrument of his suffering, how much more shall he not bestow

upon his servant?" And the Passion was shameful because Our Lord suffered in shameful company; he was numbered among the impious, that is, among the thieves. But afterward, one of them was converted, namely Dismas, who was at the right hand of Christ, as the gospel of Nicodemus says, and the other was condemned, namely Gesmas, who was at the left. To the one therefore he gave the kingdom, to the other damnation.

The second pain of the Passion consisted in its injustice; for he had done no wrong, and they found no guile in his mouth, and therefore that which was unjustly inflicted, came as a most grievous pain. He was accused chiefly of three things, namely that he had been opposed to the payment of the tribute, that he had called himself a king, and that he had made himself the Son of God. . . .

The third pain of the Passion consists in that Our Lord suffered at the hands of his friends: for 'twould be a lighter woe to suffer at the hands of those who had some reason to be his enemies, or who were strangers and foreigners to him, or to whom he had done some wrong. But on the contrary those who are his friends, or who should be his friends, are the agents of his suffering. . . .

The fourth pain of the Passion was due to the tenderness of his body, whence Saint Bernard says, "O Jews, ye are stones, and ye strike a softer stone, out of which resounds the ringing of piety, and gushes the oil of love!" And St. Jerome says: "Jesus is delivered up to the soldiers to be scourged, and the scourges lacerate that most sacred body, and that breast wherein God dwelt!"

The fifth pain of the Passion consisted in that it affected every part of his being and all his senses. He suffered in his eyes, because he wept with a strong cry and tears, as we read in the epistle to the Hebrews. He also shed tears at two other times, namely at the raising of Lazarus and when he looked out over Jerusalem. But the first of these were tears of love, whence those who saw him weeping said, "Behold how he loved him!" And the second were tears of compassion. But on the cross he shed tears of pain. He suffered in his hearing, when insults and blasphemies were heaped upon him.

. . . He possessed supreme power, since all things were made by him, and without him nothing was made; and his power was belittled by the Pharisees, when they said, "This man casteth not out

devils but by Beelzebub the prince of devils!" and by the chief priests and the scribes and the ancients at the cross, when they said, "He saved others, himself he cannot save!" He possessed ineffable truth, since he is the way and the truth and the life; and his truth was denied by the Pharisees, who said to him, "Thou givest testimony of thyself: Thy testimony is not true!" And he possessed a unique goodness, as he himself said: "One is good, God"; and His goodness was reviled by the Pharisees, who said: "We know that this man is a sinner"; and again, "This man is not of God, who keepeth not the sabbath." He suffered in the sense of smell, because from the hill of Calvary there arose a great stench, which came from the rotting bodies of the dead. Whence the Scholastic History says that the word calvaries means a bare human skull, and that this place was called the place of Calvary, or simply Calvary, because the condemned were there beheaded, and their skulls left to rot. He suffered in the sense of taste, for when he cried out, I thirst, they gave him vinegar mixed with myrrh and gall. The vinegar was given to make him die more quickly, so that the guards might be finished with their task; and the myrrh was foul-smelling, and the gall bitter to the taste. He suffered in the sense of touch, for he was wounded in every part of his body, and from the sole of his feet to the top of his head there was no soundness in him. Of the pains which he endured in his senses, Saint Bernard says, "The head upon which the angels looked with fear was pierced with thickly clustered thorns . . . the eyes that shone brighter than the sun were clouded in death, the ears that heard the singing of angels now heard the revilings of sinners, the mouth that taught angels was wetted with gall and vinegar, the feet, whose footstool was adored because it was holy, were nailed to the cross, the hands that builded the heavens were stretched out on the cross, and driven through with nails, the body was scourged, the side was pierced with a lance; and there remained in him naught but the tongue, that he might pray for sinners, and entrust his mother to his disciple."

The Passion of Christ was an object of contempt, in the mockeries that were put upon him. Four times he was mocked. The first was in the house of Annas. . . . The second was in the house of

Herod, who thought him a fool and of unsound mind, because he would not answer him a word; and so, as a mockery, Herod put on him a white garment. The third was in the house of Pilate, where the soldiers put a purple garment about him, and placed a crown of thorns upon his head, and bent the knee before him, and said: "Hail, King of the Jews!" The fourth was on the cross, when the chief priests, with the scribes and ancients, mocking, said, "He saved others, himself he cannot save! If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him!"

The Passion of Christ was fruitful of many benefits. Its fruits were threefold, namely the remission of sin, the conferring of grace, and the sharing of his glory. And these three fruits were noted in the title which was placed upon the cross, Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews: for Jesus refers to the first fruit, Nazareth to the second, and King of the Jews to the third, for in the kingdom of glory we shall all be kings. . . .

Three agents brought about the Passion of Christ, and all three were justly punished for their crime. The first was Judas, who betrayed Christ for greed; the second was the Jews, who betrayed him for envy; the third was Pilate, who betrayed him for fear. The story of Judas' punishment is given in the life of Saint Matthias, and the punishment of the Jews is related in the life of Saint James the Less. Therefore let us here consider the punishment of Pilate, and his whole life, as we find it in an apocryphal history.

A king named Tyrus, who had seduced a girl called Pyla, the daughter of a miller whose name was Atus, had of her a son; and Pyla gave the child a name composed of her own name and her father's, and called him Pylatus, or Pilate. And when Pilate was three years old, his mother sent him to the king, who made him the playmate of his rightful son, who was about the same age. But the rightful son, just as he was more noble than Pilate by birth, was also more skillful in all the exercises of his age. At this Pilate's jealousy so preyed upon him that it gave him a complaint of the liver; so he slew his brother. Hearing of this deed, the king was sorely grieved, and summoned his council to determine what should be done with the murderer. All were agreed that he should be put to death; but upon reflexion the king was reluctant to double one

crime with another, and sent his son to Rome, as a hostage for the tribute which he owed to the empire.

At the same time there was in Rome a son of the king of France, who had likewise been sent there as a hostage. He and Pilate became comrades; but Pilate, seeing him superior both in character and in talent, became envious of him and took his life. Then the Romans, wondering what they could do with him, said, "This youth, who has already slain his brother and his comrade, might serve the Republic well in dealing with her enemies!" They therefore sent him as a judge to the island of Pontus, where the people had never tolerated the presence of a judge. And Pilate, knowing that his life was at stake, succeeded so well, by promises and threats, by bribery and torture, that he subjugated this people, by common repute untamable. In memory of this he was called Pilate of Pontus, or Pontius Pilate.

At this time, Herod, learning of the resourcefulness of this man, invited him to come to Jerusalem, and gave him a share in the exercise of his power over the Jews. But later on, Pilate, by dint of money, persuaded Tiberius to give him Herod's place outright. Thus Pilate and Herod became enemies, until the day when Pilate, to conciliate Herod, sent Our Lord to him.

When Pilate had handed Jesus over to the Jews to be crucified, he feared that this condemnation of innocent blood would give offense to Tiberius; and to justify himself he sent one of his courtiers to the emperor. At that time Tiberius was suffering from a grave malady, and heard that there was in Jerusalem a physician who cured all sicknesses by His word alone. Therefore the emperor, not knowing that this physician had just been put to death by Pilate, said to one of his followers, whose name was Volusian, "Cross the sea with all haste, and order Pilate to send this physician to me!" Volusian set out on his journey; but Pilate, terrified by his demands, asked for a fortnight's grace.

During this delay Volusian made the acquaintance of a woman named Veronica, who had known Jesus, and asked her where he might find him. And Veronica answered, "Alas, Jesus was my Master and my God, but Pilate, through envy, condemned him to die on the Cross!" Volusian was aggrieved at this, and said, "Sad

am I that I cannot carry out the commands of my master!" And Veronica rejoined, "As Jesus was always traveling about to preach, and I could not always enjoy his presence, I once was on my way to a painter to have the Master's portrait drawn on a cloth which I bore with me. And the Lord met me in the way, and learning what I was about, pressed the cloth against his face, and left his image upon it. And if thy master but looks upon this image, he shall straightway be cured!" And Volusian asked, "Can this image be bought for gold or silver?" "No," said Veronica, "but sincere piety will obtain its blessings. I shall go to Rome with thee and show the image to Caesar, and then I shall return to my own land." Thus they did, and Volusian said to Tiberius, "This Jesus whom you wished to see was unjustly condemned and crucified by Pilate and the Jews. But I have brought back with me a woman who possesses an image of Jesus, and who says that if thou wilt look upon it with devotion, thou shalt soon regain thy well-being." Then Tiberius caused the road to be spread with silken stuffs, and had the image carried to him: and no sooner had he set his eyes upon it than he was made whole.

Thereupon Pontius Pilate was brought to Rome, and Tiberius, aroused to anger, sent for him. But Pilate had put on the seamless tunic of Our Lord, as a safeguard; and the result was that Tiberius, when he saw him, forgot his anger, and could not help treating him with deference. But hardly had he dismissed him, when all his wrath returned: yet each time that he saw Pilate, his ire subsided, to the wonderment of all. At last, at the order of God, or perhaps upon the advice of a Christian, Tiberius had Pilate stripped of his tunic; and then, being able to unleash his fury, he commanded him to be thrown into prison, to await the shameful death which was appointed for him. Learning of this, Pilate took his knife and killed himself. His corpse was weighted with a huge stone and thrown into the Tiber. But the foul and evil spirits laid hold of this foul and evil body; and sometimes by plunging it into the waters, and other times by snatching it up into the air, they brought about countless floods, storms, and other ills, to the terror of the whole world. Therefore the Romans pulled the corpse out of the Tiber and sent it to Vienne as a mark of derision, because the name Vienne comes from the words via gehennae, the road of Hell: or it may have been called Bienna, because it was built in two years. But there again the wicked spirits began their foul play, until the people of Vienne, in haste to be rid of this vessel of abomination, buried it in the territory of Lausanne. But the inhabitants of this city also were anxious to rid themselves of the body, and cast it into a chasm surrounded by high mountains; and it is said that even now that place is turbulent with the evil doings of the devils. . . .

The Resurrection of Our Lord

The Resurrection of Christ occurred on the third day after his Passion. In his Resurrection we consider seven things. The first is how it could be true that he lay for three days and three nights in his grave, and yet arose on the third day. The second, why he did not arise immediately upon his death but waited until the third day; the third, how he arose; the fourth, why he arose at that time and did not postpone his Resurrection until the day of the general resurrection; the fifth, for what motives he arose; the sixth, how often he appeared after his Resurrection; the seventh, how he led out the holy fathers, who were in Limbo, and what he himself did there.

As to the first, that Christ lay in his grave for three days and three nights, we must take the part for the whole, and say, with Saint Augustine, that of the first day we take the night, the second day in its entirety, and of the third, the morning, and so we have three days; and each day has a night which precedes it. But the Venerable Bede writes that since the Passion of Our Lord, the order of day and night has been changed. For before that time, we counted the day before the night; and now, after the Passion of Our Lord, we count the night before the day. This is a sign that man first fell from a day of grace into a night of sin; and now, through the death of Christ and his Resurrection, man has arisen from the night of sin into the light of the day of mercy.

As to the second, there are five reasons why Christ did not arise immediately upon his death but awaited the third day. Firstly,

this is to signify that he wished to illuminate with the light of his own death, the darkness of our twofold death; for this reason he lay an entire day and two nights in the grave; the day denotes the light of his death, the two nights our twofold death. . . . Secondly, to verify the truth of his death. For as the truth of an assertion rests upon two or three witnesses, so the truth of an occurrence is established in three days. And that he might prove the truth of his death, he wished to lie three days in the grave. Thirdly, in this he showed his power; for had he arisen immediately, his power to lay down his life and to take it up again would not have been apparent. . . . Fourthly, to be a sign of all whom Christ had saved. Of this, Peter of Ravenna writes, "Our Lord wished to be buried for three days as a sign that he renews those who are in Heaven, redeems those on earth, and saves those in the underworld." Fifthly, to signify the threefold condition of the righteous. Saint Gregory, in his commentary on Ezekiel, says, "Our Lord suffered death on Friday, He rested in the grave on Saturday, and arose from the dead on Sunday. This should be a sign for us that our present life is a Friday in which we suffer fear and pain; our Saturday is when we rest in the grave, for after death our soul finds rest; our Sunday is the day when we arise from death, that is the eighth day, and rejoice in the glory of the body and the soul. Suffering on Friday, rest on Saturday, joy on Sunday."

As to the third, how Christ arose. In this we see his power, for he arose by his own power. Of this it is written, "I have power to lay it down: and I have power to take it up again," and again, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up again." Moreover, he arose in the spirit, leaving all suffering behind him, for it is said, "But after I shall be risen again, I will go before you into Galilee." Galilee means transition: and so Christ, after his Resurrection, preceded his disciples into Galilee, that is, from suffering to joy, from mortality to eternity. Pope Leo says, "After the Passion of Our Lord, the bonds of death were broken, illness was changed into power, mortality into immortality, and shame into godly honor." Thirdly, his Resurrection was of great profit, for he led the prey with him. It is written, "The lion is come up out of his den, and the robber of nations hath aroused himself." And

again, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth," that is, when I bring my soul from Limbo and my body from the grave, "will draw all things to myself." Fourthly, his Resurrection was miraculous, for he rose from the sealed grave. Just as he came from the sealed womb of his mother and came to the disciples through sealed doors, so he was able to go out of the sealed tomb. . . . Fifthly, Christ arose in his own true body, and this he proved six times. He proved it by the angel, who never lies, and through his appearance on several occasions; through his eating, whereby he showed that it was no magic; through his touching, showing that he had a real body; through the marks of his wounds, so that it was the same body in which he died; through his entrance through the closed door, showing that he had arisen in a transfigured body: for doubts had arisen among the disciples as to all these things. Sixthly, Christ arose immortal, for he will nevermore die. Saint Paul says, "Christ rising again from the dead, dieth now no more." In addition, Dionysius, in his letter to Demophilus, writes that Christ when he was going to Heaven said to a holy man, Carpus by name, "I am prepared to die again for the salvation of man." From this we see, that were it necessary, he would again die for mankind. Carpus, as we read in the same letter, related the following story to Saint Dionysius. An infidel had robbed a Christian of his faith, and this grieved Carpus so much that he fell ill. But Carpus was so holy that he never celebrated mass without seeing a heavenly vision. While he should have been praying for the conversion of these two men, he daily begged God to end their lives and burn them without mercy. Once, at midnight, when it was time for him to pray, he awoke and saw that the house in which he was had been split in two; and in its midst he saw a great fire, and, lifting up his eyes, he saw the heavens opened, with Christ in the center surrounded by a heavenly host. In front of the fire, he saw the two men, trembling with fear, being attacked by serpents who came out of the fire to bite and torment them, and he saw other men trying to force them into the fire. When Carpus saw this, he began to gloat over their suffering to such an extent that he did not wish to look upon the vision on high; he was completely lost in contemplating the judgment of the two men, and his sole regret was that they were not

thrust into the fire more quickly. However, when he chanced to look up on high, he saw the same vision as before. But behold, Christ arose from his heavenly throne, for the sinners moved him to compassion, and descended to them in the company of the angels, stretched forth his hand to them and lifted them up. And to Carpus, he said, "Raise your own hand and strike me, for I am ready to suffer again for the salvation of mankind. And this is the thing that is pleasing to me, and not that other men sin." This story, told us by Saint Dionysius, is recounted here to illustrate Christ's readiness to suffer death anew.

As to the fourth, why Christ did not await the general resurrection, for this there are three reasons. First, because of the dignity of his body, for since it came from God, or is joined with God, it was unseemly that it should be subject to the uncleanness of the earth for so long a time. . . . Another reason was because of the preservation of the faith; for had he not arisen when he did, the faith would have died out, and no one would have adored him as the true God. Thus we see that at Our Lord's Passion, all lost their faith except his mother; but when they saw that he had risen, their faith was restored. For it is written, "And if Christ be not risen again, your faith is vain." And again, thirdly, Christ's Resurrection was to be the exemplar of our own resurrection. For had he not risen, how could we ever hope for our own resurrection? And for this reason the apostle says that we too shall rise if Christ be risen. And Saint Gregory says, "Our Lord himself has set us an example of that which he has promised us as a reward; for inasmuch as we firmly believe that he arose, so we too may hope for the reward of resurrection on the last day." And he goes on, "Our Lord did not wish to remain dead for more than three days; for had he delayed his Resurrection, we should have begun to doubt our own. And so we have the hope of our own when we contemplate the glory of Our Lord."

As to the fifth reason, why Christ arose, we shall see that it occurred for a fourfold benefit. For his Resurrection justified the sinner, it teaches the renewal of life, it gives promise of reward and effects the resurrection of all. Firstly, for the justification of sinners, for it says, "Who was delivered up for our sins, and rose again

for our justification." Again, it should teach us a change in our conduct, for again it is written, "That as Christ is risen from the dead by the glory of the Father, so we also may walk in newness of life." Thirdly, it gives us hope of heavenly reward, for it is written, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his great mercy hath regenerated us unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." Fourthly, his Resurrection brings about the resurrection of all, . . .

As to the sixth, that is, how often Christ appeared, he appeared five times on the day of his Resurrection, and five other times in the days that followed. He appeared first to Mary Magdalene, in order to show that he had died for sinners; then to the women who were returning from the sepulchre; then to Simon, although where or at what moment no one knows; then to the disciples on the road to Emmaus; then to the disciples gathered in the cenacle. Eight days after his Resurrection he appeared to all the disciples together, including Thomas, who had said that he would believe only when he had seen; then to his disciples as they were fishing in the lake of Galilee; then again on Mount Thabor; and again while they were at table in the cenacle, when he upbraided them with their incredulity and hardness of heart; and finally on the Mount of Olives, the day of his Ascension.

Three other apparitions, of which the sacred texts make no mention, are reported to have taken place on the day of Our Lord's Resurrection. He appeared to James the son of Alpheus, . . . And according to the gospel of Nicodemus, he appeared to Joseph of Arimathea. This gospel relates that when the Jews learned that Joseph had claimed the Body of Jesus and had placed it in his own sepulcher, they seized him and confined him in a room, and sealed the door, planning to put him to death after the Sabbath. But in the very night of his Resurrection, Jesus commanded four angels to lift up the house where Joseph was imprisoned; and coming to him, he embraced him, and took him away to his house in Arimathea. Finally, it is the common belief that Our Lord appeared first of all to the Virgin Mary. The Evangelists, it is true, do not speak of this; but if we were to take their silence for a denial, we

should have to conclude that the risen Christ did not once appear to his mother.

We know that in the time between his Passion and his Resurrection, Christ descended into Limbo, to release the holy fathers, who there awaited his coming. The gospel gives us no word about this descent into Limbo; but we find an account of it (the truth of which is by no means guaranteed) in the gospel of Nicodemus. According to this book, two sons of the aged Simeon, Carinus and Lucius, rose from the dead with Christ, and appeared to Annas, to Caiphas, to Nicodemus, to Joseph of Arimathea, and to Gamaliel. And when they were asked what Our Lord had done in Limbo, they answered, "We were enveloped in darkness with our fathers the patriarchs, when suddenly a golden and purple light surrounded us. Thereupon Adam, the father of humankind, joyously exclaimed, 'This is the light of the Author of all light, Who promised to send us eternal light!' Then Isaias cried, This is the Son of God, the Light of the Father, as I foretold in my lifetime, when I said, the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; to them that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death, light is risen!' Then our father Simeon said, 'Give glory to the Lord, whom as a Child I held in my arms, and of whom I said, the Holy Ghost speaking in me, my eyes have seen thy salvation!' Then a hermit came and said to us, 'I am John, who baptized the Christ, and went before his face to prepare his ways, and pointed him out, and said, behold the Lamb of God! And I have come down to you today to announce that Christ will soon come to you!' . . . And hearing all these things, the patriarchs and the prophets were filled with joy. But Satan, the Prince of Death, said to Hell, 'Make ready to receive Jesus, who boasts that he is the Son of God, and who nonetheless fears death, for he said, My soul is sorrowful even unto death. He has restored hearing to many a man whom I had made deaf, and has made to walk straight many a man whom I had lamed.' To this Hell replied, 'If thou art so puissant, what manner of man is this Jesus, who overcomes thy power?' And Satan said, 'I have tempted him, and incited the people against him, and sharpened the lance which pierced his side, and mixed gall and vinegar for him, and prepared the wood of the cross. And at any moment he is going to die, and I shall bring him to thee soon! Hell responded, 'In the name of thy power and mine, I conjure thee not to bring him to me; for I have already made proof of the power of his word, and but a short time ago he ravished Lazarus from my grasp!' At that moment a voice like a clap of thunder was heard, saying, 'Lift up thy gates, O Hell, and the King of glory shall enter in! At these words, the demons ran to fasten the brazen doors with bars of iron. And David cried out, 'Have I not foretold that the Lord would break the gates of brass, and burst iron bars?' And again the voice resounded, 'Lift up thy gates, O Hell!' Then the King of glory entered in, stretched forth his hand, and took the hand of Adam, saying, 'Peace to thee and to all the just among thy sons!' Then he went forth out of Hell, and all the saints followed him. And Jesus entrusted Adam to the care of the Archangel Michael, who led him into Paradise. And as we all followed after him, we saw two aged men coming toward us, and one of them said, I am Enoch, and this is Elias, who came up hither in a fiery chariot. We twain have not yet tasted death, for we must await the coming of the Antichrist, and fight with him, and be slain with him, and on the third day be taken up into the clouds.' While Enoch was speaking, there came a man carrying the mark of the cross upon his shoulders, and he said to them, 'I was a thief, and was crucified with Jesus, and I believed in him and implored him to remember me in the kingdom of his Father. And he answered, Amen I say to thee, this day shalt thou be with me in Paradise; and he gave me this mark of the cross, and said, "Go with this into Paradise, and, if the angel who guards the gate will not let thee in, show him this sign, and say, 'Christ, Who now is crucified, has sent me!' This I did, and the angel unlocked the gate forthwith, and let me into Paradise, and gave me place on the right side." And when Carinus and Lucius had said these things, they were suddenly transfigured, and were seen no more.

The Ascension of Our Lord

Our Lord's Ascension took place on the fortieth day after his Resurrection. With regard to his Ascension, seven things are to be considered: namely, whence he ascended, why he did not ascend immediately after his Resurrection, but waited so many days, the manner of his Ascension, with whom he ascended, by what merit he ascended, whither he ascended, and for what reasons he ascended.

As to the first question, let us note that Our Lord ascended from Mount Olivet, on the side toward Bethany. The name of this mountain is otherwise translated the mountain of the three lights: for at night it was lighted from the west by the fire of the Temple, since a fire burned continually upon the altar; in the morning it received the first rays of the sun from the east, before the city was lighted by them; and moreover, the mountain bore a great quantity of oil, which is the source of light. Christ therefore commanded the disciples to go upon this mountain: for he appeared to them twice on the day of his Ascension. The first time he appeared to the eleven apostles while they sat at table in the cenacle. For at this time the apostles and the other disciples and the holy women abode in the quarter of Jerusalem which was called Mello, on Mount Zion, where David had built a palace. And in this place there was a large cenacle, or dining room, furnished, in which Our Lord had commanded that the paschal lamb be prepared for him. And in the cenacle the eleven apostles dwelt, while the disciples and the women abode here and there in the various inns. And while they were at table in the cenacle, Our Lord appeared to them, and upbraided them with their incredulity and hardness of heart, and ate with them, and ordered them to go upon Mount Olivet on the side toward Bethany. And there he appeared to them a second time, and answered those who questioned him imprudently, and lifting up his hands, blessed them, and thence ascended into Heaven in the sight of all. Concerning the place of the Ascension, Sulpicius, the bishop of Jerusalem, says, and the Gloss likewise reports, that when at a later time a church was built there, the spot whereon the feet of Christ had rested could not be covered with paving stones. The marble slabs which were laid there broke in pieces, and burst in the faces of those who were setting them. And he says that in the dust where Christ trod the marks of his step can still be seen, and the earth still bears the print of his feet.

As to the second question, namely why Christ did not ascend at once, but waited for forty days after his Resurrection, we may say that he did this for three reasons. The first was in order to give a sure proof of the Resurrection. It was more difficult to prove the Resurrection than to prove his Passion and death: for his death could be proven by the lapse between the first and the third days, but more days were required to prove the Resurrection, and therefore a greater time was needed between the Resurrection and the Ascension than between the Passion and the Resurrection. . . . The second reason was that he might console the apostles, for God's consolations are more abundant than our trials, and as the time of the Passion was a time of trial for the apostles, so the days of consolation were properly more numerous than the days of the Passion. The third reason has to do with the mystical meaning, that we might understand that God's consolations are compared to earthly trials as a year to a day, a day to an hour, an hour to a moment. That they are compared as a year to a day appears from Isaias: "He hath sent me to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God." Thus for a day of tribulation God gives a year of consolation. That they are compared as a day to an hour is manifest from this, that Our Lord lay in the grave for forty hours, which was a time of tribulation, and appeared to his disciples for forty days after his Resurrection, which was a time of consolation. And that they are compared as an hour to a moment is suggested by Isaias: "In a moment of indignation have I hid my face a little while from thee, but with everlasting kindness have I had mercy on thee, said the Lord thy Redeemer."

As to the third question, namely in what manner he ascended. First, with power, because he ascended by his own power. Thus Isaias, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this beautiful one in his robe, walking in the greatness of his strength." So also John, "No man hath ascended into Heaven (that is, by his own power), but he that descended from Heaven,

the Son of man who is in Heaven." And although he was lifted up in a globe of clouds, this was not done because he had need of the help of a cloud, but that it might thereby be made manifest that every creature is ready to serve its Creator. For he ascended by the power of his godhead, and in this is seen his power and lordship. For Enoch was taken by God, and Elias went up into Heaven by a whirlwind, but Jesus ascended by his own power: . . . Secondly, he ascended visibly, in the sight of his disciples, whence it is said, "While they looked on, He was raised up." . . . He willed to ascend in the sight of his disciples, in order that they might be witnesses to his Ascension, and might rejoice that a human being was carried up into Heaven, and might yearn to follow him thither. Thirdly, he ascended joyously, because the angels rejoiced, whence the Psalm says, "God is ascended with jubilee, and the Lord with the sound of trumpet." And Augustine says, "Christ ascends: and the whole heaven trembles, the stars stand in awe, the heavenly hosts applaud, the trumpets resound and mingle their dulcet harmonies with the joyful choirs." Fourthly, he ascended swiftly, as the Psalm says, "He hath rejoiced as a giant to run the way"; and he traversed this great distance as in a moment. . . .

As to the fourth question, namely with whom Christ ascended, let us note that he ascended with a great prey of men and a great multitude of angels. That he ascended with a great prey of men is clear from the words of the Psalm, "Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou hast received gifts in men." And that he ascended with a great multitude of angels appears from the queries which the lesser angels made to the greater when Christ ascended, as we find in Isaias: "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra," whereof the Gloss says that certain angels did not have full knowledge of the mystery of the Incarnation, Passion and Resurrection; and seeing the Lord ascending into Heaven by his own power, with a multitude of angels and of holy men, they wondered at the mystery of the Incarnation and the Passion, and said to the angels who accompanied the Lord, "Who is this that cometh"; and in the Psalm, "Who is this King of glory?"

As to the fifth question, namely by what merit Christ ascended,

we may say that it was by a threefold merit, whereof Saint Jerome writes, "Because of truth, since thou hast accomplished those things which through the prophets thou hadst promised; and because of meekness, since as a lamb thou art immolated for the life of the people; and because of justice, since not by might but by justice hast thou redeemed man, and 'Thy right hand shall conduct thee wonderfully,' that is, thy power and thy virtue shall lead thee to Heaven."

As to the sixth question, namely whither he ascended, let us note that he ascended above all the heavens, as it is written in the epistle to the Ephesians, "He that descended is the same also that ascended above all the heavens, that he might fill all things." . . .

And he mounted above all the material heavens and into the empyrean not as Elias, who went up in a fiery chariot into the sublunar region but did not go beyond it, but was translated to an earthly paradise, which is as high as the sublunar region but not higher. In this empyrean Heaven Christ dwells, and this is the especial and proper dwelling place of Christ and the angels and the saints, and the dwelling well befits the dwellers. For this Heaven excels above the others in dignity, eternity, location, and extent: and therefore it is the fitting dwelling place of Christ, who excels above all the rational and intellectual heavens by his dignity, his eternity, his immutability, and the extent of his power. And fittingly the angels and the saints dwell therein, for this heaven is uniform, immobile, perfect in luminosity, immense in capacity; and the angels and saints were uniform in good works, immobile in love, luminous in faith and knowledge, capacious in receiving the Holy Ghost. And that Christ ascended above all the rational heavens, that is above all the saints, is clear from the words of the Canticle, "Behold He cometh leaping upon the mountains, and skipping over the hills," for the angels are called mountains, and the saints hills. .

As to the seventh question, namely for what reason Christ ascended, we may count nine fruits or benefits of his Ascension. The first is the bringing down of divine love: "For if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send him to you." To this Saint Augustine adds, "If you cling to Me in the flesh,

you shall not be able to receive the Spirit." The second is a better knowledge of God: "If you loved Me, you would indeed be glad, because I go to the Father: for the Father is greater than I." Hence Augustine says, "Therefore I take away this form of a slave, in which the Father is greater than I, in order that you may in another manner see God the Spirit." The third fruit is the merit of faith, whereof Saint Leo says, in his sermon on the Ascension, "Then a more enlightened faith begins to march with the stride of the spirit toward the Son in his equality with the Father, and no longer needs to handle Christ in his corporeal substance, in which he is less than the Father. For it is the strength of great minds to believe without hesitating those things which they do not see with their eyes, and to fix their desire upon that which is hidden from their sight." . . . The fourth fruit is our confidence, for he ascended to be our advocate with the Father; and well may we be confident, when we consider that we have such an advocate with the Father, as Saint John writes, "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the just, and he is the propitiation for our sins." . . . The fifth fruit is our own dignity, which in good sooth has reached its highest point, when our nature is exalted even to the right hand of God. Therefore the angels, seeing this dignity in men, no longer allowed men to adore them, as we read in the Apocalypse, "I fell down before his feet to adore him. And he saith to me, See thou do it not. I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren." . . . The sixth fruit is the firmness of our hope, whereof the epistle to the Hebrews says, "Having therefore a great High Priest that hath passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our confession." . . . The seventh fruit is the pointing out of the way. Hence the prophet Micheas says, "He shall go up that shall open the way before them"; and Augustine says, "The Savior himself is made a way unto thee! Arise and walk, thou knowest the way, be not slothful!" The eighth fruit is the opening of the gates of Heaven, for as the first Adam opened the gates of Hell, so the second opened the gates of Paradise. Hence the Church sings, Tu devicto mortis aculeo, Thou, having conquered the sting of death, hast opened the Kingdom of Heaven to them that believe! The ninth fruit is the preparation of our place in Heaven: "I go to prepare a place for you." And Augustine says, "Lord, prepare what thou preparest; for thou preparest us for thyself and thyself for us, when thou preparest a place for thyself in us and for us in thyself."

The Invention of the Holy Cross

Under the Name of the Invention of the Holy Cross, the Church celebrates the anniversary of the day on which the Cross of Our Lord was rediscovered. Before this time, it had been found by Seth, the son of Adam, in the earthly paradise, as we shall learn below; after that, it was found by Solomon on Lebanon, and again by the queen of Sheba in the Temple of Solomon; thereafter it was found by the Jews in a fish pond, and today by Saint Helena on the Mount of Calvary. This event took place more than two hundred years after the Resurrection of Christ.

We read in the gospel of Nicodemus that one day when the aged Adam was ailing, his son Seth went to the gate of the Garden of Paradise and asked for a few drops of the oil from the tree of mercy, that he might anoint his father's body and thus repair his health. But the Archangel Michael appeared to him and said, "Nor by thy tears nor by the prayers mayest thou obtain the oil of the tree of mercy, for men cannot obtain this oil until five thousand five hundred years have passed," which is to say, after the Passion of Christ. However, it is believed that only five thousand one hundred and ninety years had passed from the time of Adam to the Passion of Christ. Another chronicle relates that nevertheless the Archangel Michael gave to Seth a branch of the miraculous tree, ordering him to plant it on Mount Libanus. Still another history, from the Greek, which is admittedly apocryphal, adds that this tree was the same that had caused Adam to sin; and that when he gave the branch to Seth, the angel told him that on the day when this tree should bear fruit, his father would be made whole. And when Seth came back to his house, he found his father already dead. He planted the branch over Adam's grave, and the branch became a mighty tree, which still flourished in Solomon's time.

Solomon, struck by the beauty of the tree, cut it down in order to use it in the erection of the Temple. But no place could be

found wherein it could be used: for sometimes it appeared to be too long, and at other times too short, and when the builders tried to cut it to the length desired, they discovered that they had cut off too much. Thereupon they became impatient with the tree, and threw it across a pond, to serve as a bridge. But when the queen of Sheba came to Jerusalem to try the wisdom of Solomon with hard questions, she had occasion to cross this pond; and she saw in spirit that the Savior of the world would one day hang upon this tree. She therefore refused to put her foot upon it, but knelt instead to adore it. The Scholastic History says that the queen of Sheba saw the miraculous tree in the Temple, and that upon her return to her own country she wrote to Solomon that upon this tree would one day be hanged the man whose death would put an end to the kingdom of the Jews; whereupon Solomon had the tree taken away, and ordered it to be buried deep in the earth. And at the spot where the tree was buried, the pond called Probatica later welled up; so that it was not only the descent of the angel, but also the power of the tree buried in the earth, which caused the motion of the water and the healing of the sick.

And lastly it is told that when the Passion of Christ drew nigh, the wood of the tree floated to the surface of the water, and that the Jews, seeing it, fashioned Our Lord's Cross from it.

After the Passion of Christ, the precious wood of the Cross remained hidden in the earth for more than two hundred years, and was at last found by Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, in the following circumstances.

At that time an innumerable horde of barbarians was massing on the bank of the Danube, making ready to cross the river, in order to subjugate the entire West. At these tidings, the Emperor Constantine marched forth with his army, and camped on the other bank of the Danube. But when the number of the barbarians continued to increase, and they began to make their way across the river, Constantine was filled with fear at the thought of the battle which he had to undertake. But in the night an angel awoke him, and told him to lift up his head. And Constantine saw in the heavens the image of a cross described in shining light; and above the image was written in letters of gold the legend, *In this sign*

shalt thou conquer! Taking heart at the heavenly vision, he had a wooden cross made, and commanded that it be carried in the van of his army; and then, falling upon the enemy, he cut them to pieces or put them to flight. After this he called together the priests of the various temples, and asked them what god it might be whose sign was a cross. The priests knew not what to respond, until several Christians came, and unfolded to the emperor the mystery of the holy Cross, and the dogma of the Blessed Trinity. And when Constantine heard them, he believed in Christ; and he received baptism at the hands of Pope Eusebius, or, in the opinion of others, from Eusebius the bishop of Caesarea. . . .

It was Helena, the mother of Constantine, who led the search which ended in the Invention of the Holy Cross. Some say that this Helena was an inn servant whom Constantine's father married for her beauty. Others declare that she was the only daughter of Coel, the king of the Britons, and that Constantine's father took her to wife when he went to Britain, and thus became master of the island at the death of Coel. This is also maintained by the Britons, albeit another account states that Helena came from Trier. When she came to Jerusalem, Helena summoned before her all the learned Jews of the land. And these were alarmed, and said to one another, "For what cause does the queen summon us?" Then one of their number, named Judas, said, "I know that she wishes to learn from us where the wood of the Cross upon which Jesus was crucified is to be found. Now here is what my grandsire Zacheus told to my father Simon, who repeated it to me when he lay dying, 'My son, whensoever thou shalt be questioned about the cross of Jesus, do not fail to make known where it is, else thou shalt endure torments without number. And yet that day shall be the end of the kingdom of the Jews, and thenceforth they shall reign who adore the Cross, for verily the man who was crucified was the Son of God!' And I said to my father, 'Father, if our forefathers knew that Jesus was the Son of God, wherefore did they crucify him?' And my father replied, 'God knows that my father Zacheus never lent his approval to what they did. It was the Pharisees who crucified Jesus, because he denounced their vices.

And Jesus rose from the dead on the third day, and ascended to Heaven in the sight of his disciples. And my uncle Stephen believed in him, wherefore the Jews, in their rage, stoned him. Beware then, my son, never to blaspheme against Jesus or His disciples!" However, it does not seem credible to us that the father of this Judas could have been alive at the time of the Passion of Christ, for from his day to the time of Helena two hundred and seventy years had passed, unless, on the other hand, men lived longer in those days than in our time. Thus spake Judas, and the Jews said to him, "Never have we heard the like of this!" But when they came before the queen, and she asked them in what place Jesus had been crucified, all refused to make it known to her; and she therefore ordered them all to be cast into the fire. Then the Jews, affrighted, pointed out Judas to her, saying, "Princess, this man is the son of a prophet, and knows all things better than we; he will reveal to thee all that thou desirest to know." Then the queen dismissed all save Judas, to whom she said, "Choose between life and death! If thou wilt live, show me the place which is called Golgotha, and tell me where I shall discover the Cross of Christ!" Judas made answer, "How should I know this, since two hundred years have passed since then, and I was not even born?" But the queen retorted, "I swear to thee by the Crucified that I shall let thee die of hunger, if thou refusest to tell me the truth!" And thereupon she had Judas thrown into a dry well, and ordered that no food was to be given to him.

On the seventh day, Judas, weak from hunger, asked to be drawn from the well, and promised to reveal the whereabouts of the Cross. And when he came to the place where it lay hidden, he smelled in the air a delightful aroma of spices; and overcome with astonishment, he exclaimed, "In truth, O Lord, thou art the Savior of the world!"

Now at that place there stood a temple of Venus, which had been raised by the Emperor Hadrian, so that whoever should come to adore Christ would appear to adore Venus at the same time. And for this reason the Christians had ceased to visit the place. But Helena had the temple torn down; whereupon Judas himself started to dig into the earth, and twenty feet beneath the surface he found three crosses, which he at once caused to be carried to the queen.

It remained only to distinguish the one to which Christ had been nailed from those of the thieves. All three were set up in an open space; and Judas, seeing the corpse of a young man being borne to the tomb, halted the cortege, and laid first one, then another of the crosses upon the body. But the corpse did not move. Then Judas laid the third cross upon it; and instantly the dead man came to life.

When this had occurred, the Devil cried out aloud, "O Judas, what hast thou done? Thou hast acted quite differently from my Judas. At my behest he betrayed Christ, and thou, against my wishes, hast revealed his Cross. He won over many souls to me, and through thee I shall once more lose them. Through him I was given power over many, and thou wouldst drive me from my kingdom. But I say unto thee: I shall revenge myself, and will raise up a prince against thee who has fallen from his belief in the Crucified, and he will force thee to deny Christ amidst much suffering." Thereby he meant Julian the Apostate who, after Judas had been made bishop of Jerusalem, tortured him and brought him to martyrdom. But when Judas heard the crying and shouting of the Devil, he was not afraid, but cursed him without fear, saying: "May Christ damn thee to the depths of everlasting fire!"

Judas was then baptized, took the name of Cyriacus, and was made bishop of Jerusalem at the death of Macarius. And Saint Helena, wishing to have the nails which had pierced Jesus, prayed the bishop to seek them. Cyriacus again betook himself to Golgotha, and began to pray; and at once the nails came into view, shining like gold out of the earth, and he made haste to carry them to the queen. And she, falling to her knees and bowing her head, adored them piously.

She brought back to her son Constantine a part of the Cross, leaving the other part in the place where she had found it. She also gave her son the nails, which, according to Gregory of Tours, were four in number. Two of the nails were placed in the bridle

which Constantine used in war; a third was set in the statue of Constantine which overlooked the city of Rome. The fourth Helena herself threw into the Adriatic Sea, which until that time had been a perilous whirlpool for mariners. And she it was who ordained that every year the anniversary of the Invention of the Holy Cross should be celebrated with all solemnity.

The holy bishop Cyriacus was later put to death by Julian the Apostate, who sought to destroy the sign of the cross wherever it was found. Before Julian set out to the war against the Persians, he demanded that Cyriacus offer sacrifice to the idols; and when the bishop refused, he ordered his right hand to be cut off, saying, "That hand has written much that has led the people away from the worship of the gods!" But Cyriacus answered, "Mad dog, thou dost me a great service; for this hand has been a scandal to me, since in the past it wrote many letters to the synagogues to turn the Jews away from the worship of Christ!" Then Julian had molten lead poured into the bishop's mouth, and caused him to be laid upon an iron bed, and burning coals to be thrown upon him, together with salt and fat. But through all this Cyriacus remained unmoved. Then Julian said to him, "If thou wilt not sacrifice to the gods, at least declare that thou art not a Christian!" At the saint's refusal, he was thrown into a pit of venomous reptiles; but the serpents perished at once, and the bishop was unscathed. Then he was thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil; and at the moment when he entered it, he entreated God to grant him the second baptism of martyrdom. At this Julian, carried away with anger, ordered the executioners to run him through the breast with swords. And in this manner the holy bishop breathed forth his soul to God.

According to Jerome

According to Jerome, Matthew is figured in the man, because he dwelt chiefly upon the humanity of Christ; Luke is the ox, because he dealt with Christ's priesthood; Mark is the lion, because he wrote of the Resurrection, for it is said that lion cubs lie as if

dead for three days, and then are awakened by the lion's roaring; and John is the eagle, since he flew higher than the others, in writing of the divinity of Christ.



WHOM HE CHOOSES

THE man whom he chooses to make truly godly, he causes to feel himself almost a despairing sinner; whom he chooses to make wise, he makes first a fool; whom he chooses to make strong, he first renders weak; he delivers to death the man whom he means to quicken; he depresses to hell whomsoever he intends to exalt to heaven. . . . This is that Wonderful King who is nearest to those from whom he seems most remote.

LUTHER

WITH BOUGHS OF OLIVES

THEN do we go to meet Christ with boughs of olives, when we exercise the works of mercy and of charity; and with the branch of palm, when we bear away the victory against any temptation; and we strew our garments under the feet of Christ when we lay down our lives for the love of Christ and in the defense of his holy faith.

SAINT BONAVENTURA

IN HIS SCALES

When Christ comes with his scales, thou shalt not be measured with that man; but every man shall be weighed with God.

Donne

NICODEMUS

NICODEMUS was a learned rabbi and member of the Temple council of seventy-one called the Sanhedrin. He visited Jesus on the night Jesus arrived in Jerusalem and, according to John, questioned him. A year or more later Nicodemus appealed to the Sanhedrin on behalf of Jesus. "Doth our law judge any man, before it hear him, and know what he doeth." (John 8:51) It is assumed that Nicodemus became a follower of Jesus, and according to early Christian legend it was he who appeared before Pilate, together with Joseph of Arimathaea, and begged for the body of Jesus. It was Nicodemus who brought "a mixture of myrrh and aloes about a hundred-pound weight . . . and bound Him with linen cloths and spices . . . and placed Him in a new tomb." Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathaea "rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulcher."

All this is contained in the gospel according to Nicodemus which had great currency during the early centuries and the Middle Ages. This gospel influenced the Christian mind and Christian culture of the time. It formed part of the early story of Jesus and was not pronounced apocryphal until a much later date.

The word apocrypha which stems from the Greek word for hidden has passed through several stages of meaning. It first meant literary rolls which were put aside because they were worn and unreadable, or because they contained errors in the text. Such rolls were withdrawn or "hidden" without implying that the authorship or teaching was discredited. Later the word was used to label all books which were intended for a chosen few and which contained "the hidden things" or secrets of nature, wisdom and God. Still later the word took on the meaning of heretical, in conflict with the accepted dogma. And this has led to the meaning as we know it today—lacking in authenticity.

The gospel of Nicodemus, which can be traced back to the third century, was certainly written to bring converts to Christianity. And yet not all of this gospel can be pronounced fictional. It sometimes follows closely the text of our accepted Gospels but here and there it breaks and attempts to fill in missing parts. For instance, it is recorded in Nicodemus that the names of the two thieves who were crucified with Jesus were Dimas and Gestas. Is there any historical foundation to such details? Some scholars say yes while others say no.

Even if we regard this gospel as mostly legend, it still presents to us an example of the mind and zeal of the Christians of the first two centuries, those directly inspired by the Apostles. The Trial and Crucifixion printed below shows how greatly the gospel of Nicodemus varies from our accepted Gospels. Its interest and importance lie in its departures. The translation is by William Wake (1657-1737), Archbishop of Canterbury.

Trial and Crucifixion

THEN Pilate, filled with anger, went out of the hall, and said to the Jews, I call the whole world to witness that I find no fault in that man.

The Jews replied to Pilate, If he had not been a wicked person, we had not brought him before thee.

Pilate said to them, Do ye take him and try him by your law. Then the Jews said, It is not lawful for us to put any one to death.

Pilate said to the Jews, The command, therefore thou shalt not kill, belongs to you, but not to me. And he went again into the hall, and called Jesus by himself, and said to him, Art thou the king of the Jews?

And Jesus answering, said to Pilate, Dost thou speak this of thyself, or did the Jews tell it thee concerning me?

Pilate answering, said to Jesus, Am I a Jew? The whole nation and rulers of the Jews have delivered thee up to me. What hast thou done?

Jesus answering, said, My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, and I should not have been delivered to the Jews; but now my kingdom is not from hence.

Pilate said, Art thou a king then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king: to this end was I born, and for this end came I into the world; and for this purpose I came, that I should bear witness to the truth; and every one who is of the truth, heareth my voice.

Pilate saith to him, What is truth?

Jesus said, Truth is from heaven.

Pilate said, Therefore truth is not on earth.

Jesus said to Pilate, Believe that truth is on earth among those,

who when they have the power of judgment, are governed by truth, and form right judgment.

Then Pilate left Jesus in the hall, and went out to the Jews, and said, I find not any one fault in Jesus.

The Jews say unto him, But he said, I can destroy the temple of God, and in three days build it up again

Pilate saith unto them, What sort of temple is that of which he speaketh?

The Jews say unto him, That which Solomon was forty-six years in building, he said he would destroy, and in three days build up.

Pilate said to them again, I am innocent from the blood of that man; do ye look to it.

The Jews say to him, His blood be upon us and our children. Then Pilate calling together the elders and scribes, priests and Levites, saith to them privately. Do not act thus; I have found nothing in your charge (against him) concerning his curing sick persons, and breaking the sabbath, worthy of death.

The Priests and Levites replied to Pilate, By the life of Caesar, if any one be a blasphemer, he is worthy of death; but this man hath blasphemed against the Lord.

Then the governor again commanded the Jews to depart out of the hall; and calling Jesus, said to him, What shall I do with thee? Jesus answered him, Do according as it is written.

Pilate said to him, How is it written?

Jesus saith to him, Moses and the prophets have prophesied concerning my suffering and resurrection.

The Jews hearing this, were provoked, and said to Pilate, Why wilt thou any longer hear the blasphemy of that man?

Pilate saith to them, If these words seem to you blasphemy, do ye take him, bring him to your court, and try him according to your law.

The Jews reply to Pilate, Our law saith, he shall be obliged to receive nine and thirty stripes, but if after this manner he shall blaspheme against the Lord, he shall be stoned.

Pilate saith unto them, If that speech of his was blasphemy, do ye try him according to your law.

The Jews say to Pilate, Our law commands us not to put any

one to death: we desire that he may be crucified, because he deserves the death of the cross.

Pilate saith to them, It is not fit he should be crucified: let him be only whipped and sent away.

But when the governor looked upon the people that were present and the Jews, he saw many of the Jews in tears, and said to the chief priests of the Jews, All the people do not desire his death.

The elders of the Jews answered to Pilate, We and all the people came hither for this very purpose, that he should die.

Pilate saith to them, Why should he die?

They said to him, Because he declares himself to be the Son of God, and a King.

But Nicodemus, a certain Jew, stood before the governor, and said, I entreat thee, O righteous judge, that thou wouldst favour me with the liberty of speaking a few words.

Pilate said to him, Speak on.

Nicodemus said, I spake to the elders of the Jews, and the scribes, and priests and Levites, and all the multitude of the Jews, in their assembly; What is it ye would do with this man? He is a man who hath wrought many useful and glorious miracles, such as no man on earth ever wrought before, nor will ever work. Let him go, and do him no harm; if he cometh from God, his miracles, (his miraculous cures) will continue; but if from men, they will come to nought.

Thus Moses, when he was sent by God into Egypt, wrought the miracles which God commanded him, before Pharaoh king of Egypt; and though the magicians of that country, Jannes and Jambres, wrought by their magic the same miracles which Moses did, yet they could not work all which he did;

And the miracles which the magicians wrought, were not of God, as ye know, O Scribes and Pharisees; but they who wrought them perished, and all who believed them. And now let this man go; because the very miracles for which ye accuse him, are from God; and he is not worthy of death.

The Jews then said to Nicodemus, Art thou become his disciple, and making speeches in his favor?

Nicodemus said to them, Is the governor become his disciple

also, and does he make speeches for him? Did not Cæsar place him in that high post?

When the Jews heard this they trembled, and gnashed their teeth at Nicodemus, and said to him, Mayest thou receive his doctrine for truth, and have thy lot with Christ!

Nicodemus replied, Amen; I will receive his doctrine, and my lot with him, as ye have said.

Then another certain Jew rose up, and desired leave of the governor to hear him a few words.

And the governor said, Speak what thou hast a mind.

And he said, I lay for thirty-eight years by the sheep-pool at Jerusalem, labouring under a great infirmity, and waiting for a cure which should be wrought by the coming of an angel, who at a certain time troubled the water; and whosoever first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.

And when Jesus saw me languishing there, he said to me, Wilt thou be made whole? And I answered, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool. And he said unto me, Rise, take up thy bed and walk. And I was immediately made whole, and took up my bed and walked.

The Jews then said to Pilate, Our Lord Governor, pray ask him what day it was on which he was cured of his infirmity.

The infirm person replied, It was on the sabbath.

The Jews said to Pilate, Did we not say that he wrought his cures on the sabbath, and cast out devils by the prince of devils?

Then another certain Jew came forth, and said, I was blind, could hear sounds, but could not see any one; and as Jesus was going along, I heard the multitude passing by, and I asked what was there? They told me that Jesus was passing by: then I cried out, saying, Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me. And he stood still, and commanded that I should be brought to him, and said to me, What wilt thou?

I said, Lord, that I may receive my sight. He said to me, Receive thy sight: and presently I saw, and followed him, rejoicing and giving thanks.

Another Jew also came forth, and said, I was a leper, and he

cured me by his word only, saying, I will, be thou clean; and presently I was cleansed from my leprosy.

And another Jew came forth, and said, I was crooked, and he

made me straight by his word.

And a certain woman named Veronica, said, I was afflicted with an issue of blood twelve years, and I touched the hem of his garments, and presently the issue of my blood stopped.

The Jews then said, We have a law, that a woman shall not

be allowed as an evidence.

And, after other things, another Jew said, I saw Jesus invited to a wedding with his disciples, and there was a want of wine in Cana of Galilee. And when the wine was all drank, he commanded the servants that they should fill six pots which were there with water, and they filled them up to the brim, and he blessed them, and turned the water into wine, and all the people drank, being surprised at this miracle.

And another Jew stood forth, and said, I saw Jesus teaching in the synagogue at Capernaum; and there was in the synagogue a certain man who had a devil; and he cried out, saying, let me alone; what have we to do with thee, Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know that thou art the Holy One of God.

And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, unclean spirit, and come out of the man; and presently he came out of him, and did not at all hurt him.

The following things were also said by a Pharisee; I saw that a great company came to Jesus from Galilee and Judaea, and the sea-coast, and many countries about Jordan, and many infirm persons came to him, and he healed them all. And I heard the unclean spirits crying out, and saying, Thou art the Son of God. And Jesus strictly charged them, that they should not make him known.

After this another person, whose name was Centurio, said, I saw Jesus in Capernaum, and I entreated him, saying, Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy. And Jesus said to me, I will come and cure him. But I said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof; but only speak the word, and my servant shall be healed. And Jesus said unto me, Go thy way;

and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And my servant was healed from that same hour.

Then a certain nobleman said, I had a son in Capernaum, who lay at the point of death; and when I heard that Jesus was come into Galilee, I went and besought him that he would come down to my house, and heal my son, for he was at the point of death. He said to me, Go thy way, thy son liveth. And my son was cured from that hour.

Besides these, also many others of the Jews, both men and women, cried out and said, He is truly the Son of God, who cures all diseases only by his word, and to whom the devils are altogether subject. Some of them farther said, This power can proceed from none but God.

Pilate said to the Jews, Why are not the devils subject to your doctors?

Some of them said, The power of subjecting devils cannot proceed but from God.

But others said to Pilate, That he had raised Lazarus from the dead, after he had been four days in his grave.

The governor hearing this, trembling said to the multitude of the Jews, What will it profit you to shed innocent blood?

Then Pilate having called together Nicodemus, and the fifteen men who said that Jesus was not born through fornication, said to them, What shall I do, seeing there is like to be a tumult among the people.

They said unto him, We know not; let them look to it who raise the tumult.

Pilate then called the multitude again, and said to them, Ye know that ye have a custom, that I should release to you one prisoner at the feast of the passover; I have a noted prisoner, a murderer, who is called Barabbas, and Jesus who is called Christ, in whom I find nothing that deserves death; which of them therefore have you a mind that I should release to you?

They all cry out, and say, Release to us Barabbas.

Pilate saith to them, What then shall I do with Jesus who is called Christ?

They all answer, Let him be crucified. Again they cry out and

say to Pilate, You are not the friend of Caesar, if you release this man? for he hath declared that he is the Son of God, and a king. But are you inclined that he should be king, and not Caesar?

Then Pilate filled with anger said to them, Your nation hath always been seditious, and you are always against those who have been serviceable to you?

The Jews replied, Who are those who have been serviceable to us?

Pilate answered them, Your God who delivered you from the hard bondage of the Egyptians, and brought you over the Red Sea as though it had been dry land, and fed you in the wilderness with manna and the flesh of quails, and brought water out of the rock, and gave you a law from heaven. Ye provoked him all ways, and desired for yourselves a molten calf, and worshipped it, and sacrificed to it, and said, These are Thy Gods, O Israel, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt! On account of which your God was inclined to destroy you; but Moses interceded for you, and your God heard him, and forgave your iniquity. Afterwards ye were enraged against, and would have killed your prophets, Moses and Aaron, when they fled to the tabernacle, and ye were always murmuring against God and his prophets.

And arising from his judgment seat, he would have gone out; but the Jews all cried out, We acknowledge Caesar to be king, and not Jesus. Whereas this person, as soon as he was born, the wise men came and offered gifts unto him; which when Herod heard, he was exceedingly troubled, and would have killed him. When his father knew this, he fled with him and his mother Mary into Egypt. Herod, when he heard he was born, would have slain him; and accordingly sent and slew all the children which were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under.

When Pilate heard this account, he was afraid; and commanding silence among the people, who made a noise, he said to Jesus, Art thou therefore a king?

All the Jews replied to Pilate, he is the very person whom Herod sought to have slain.

Then Pilate taking water, washed his hands before the people

and said, I am innocent of the blood of this just person; look ye to it.

The Jews answered and said, His blood be upon us and our children.

Then Pilate commanded Jesus to be brought before him, and spake to him in the following words: Thy own nation hath charged thee as making thyself a king; wherefore I, Pilate, sentence thee to be whipped according to the laws of former governors; and that thou be first bound, then hanged upon a cross in that place where thou art now a prisoner; and also two criminals with thee, whose names are Dimas and Gestas.

Then Jesus went out of the hall, and the two thieves with him. And when they came to the place which is called Golgotha, they stript him of his raiment, and girt him about with a linen cloth, and put a crown of thorns upon his head, and put a reed in his hand. And in like manner did they to the two thieves who were crucified with him, Dimas on his right hand and Gestas on his left.

But Jesus said, My Father, forgive them; For they know not what they do.

And they divided his garments, and upon his vesture they cast lots.

The people in the mean time stood by, and the chief priests and elders of the Jews mocked him, saying, he saved others, let him now save himself if he can; if he be the son of God, let him now come down from the cross.

The soldiers also mocked him, and taking vinegar and gall offered it to him to drink, and said to him, If thou art king of the Jews deliver thyself.

Then Longinus, a certain soldier, taking a spear, pierced his side, and presently there came forth blood and water.

And Pilate wrote the title upon the cross in Hebrew, Latin, and Greek letters, viz. This is the king of the Jews.

But one of the two thieves who were crucified with Jesus, whose name was Gestas, said to Jesus, If thou art the Christ, deliver thyself and us.

But the thief who was crucified on his right hand, whose name was Dimas, answering, rebuked him, and said, Dost not thou fear God, who art condemned to this punishment? We indeed receive rightly and justly the demerit of our actions; but this Jesus, what evil hath he done? After this groaning, he said to Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

Jesus answering, said to him, Verily I say unto thee, that this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.

And it was about the sixth hour, and darkness was upon the face of the whole earth until the ninth hour. And while the sun was eclipsed, behold the vail of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom; and the rocks also were rent, and the graves opened, and many bodies of saints, which slept, arose.

And about the ninth hour Jesus cried out with a loud voice, saying, Hely, Hely, lama zabacthani? which being interpreted, is, My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me? And after these things, Jesus said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; and having said this, he gave up the ghost.

But when the centurion saw that Jesus thus crying out gave up the ghost, he glorified God, and said, Of a truth this was a just man.

And all the people who stood by, were exceedingly troubled at the sight; and reflecting upon what had passed, smote upon their breasts, and then returned to the city of Jerusalem.

The centurion went to the governor, and related to him all that had passed. And when he had heard all these things, he was exceeding sorrowful; and calling the Jews together, said to them, Have ye seen the miracle of the sun's eclipse, and the other things which came to pass, while Jesus was dying?

Which when the Jews heard, they answered to the governor, The eclipse of the sun happened according to its usual custom.

But all those who were the acquaintance of Christ, stood at a distance, as did the women who had followed Jesus from Galilee, observing all these things.

And behold a certain man of Arimathaea, named Joseph, who also was a disciple of Jesus, but not openly so, for fear of the Jews, came to the governor, and entreated the governor that he would give him leave to take away the body of Jesus from the cross. And the governor gave him leave.

And Nicodemus came, bringing with him a mixture of myrrh and aloes about a hundred pound weight; and they took down Jesus from the cross with tears, and bound him with linen cloths with spices, according to the custom of burying among the Jews, and placed him in a new tomb, which Joseph had built, and caused to be cut out of a rock, in which never any man had been put; and they rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre.

When the unjust Jews heard that Joseph had begged and buried the body of Jesus, they sought after Nicodemus; and those fifteen men who had testified before the Governor, that Jesus was not born through fornication, and other good persons who had shewn any good actions towards him. But when they all concealed themselves through fear of the Jews Nicodemus alone shewed himself to them, and said, How can such persons as these enter into the synagogue?

The Jews answered him, But how durst thou enter into the synagogue who wast a confederate with Christ? Let thy lot be along with him in the other world.

Nicodemus answered, Amen; so may it be, that I may have my lot with him in his kingdom.

In like manner Joseph, when he came to the Jews, said to them Why are ye angry with me for desiring the body of Jesus of Pilate? Behold, I have put him in my tomb, and wrapped him up in clean linen, and put a stone at the door of the sepulchre. I have acted rightly towards him; but ye have acted unjustly against that just person, in crucifying him, giving him vinegar to drink, crowning him with thorns, tearing his body with whips, and prayed down the guilt of his blood upon you.

The Jews at the hearing of this were disquieted, and troubled; and they seized Joseph, and commanded him to be put in custody before the sabbath, and kept there till the sabbath was over. And they said to him, Make confession; for at this time it is not lawful to do thee any harm, till the first day of the week come. But we know that thou wilt not be thought worthy of a burial; but we will give thy flesh to the birds of the air, and the beasts of the earth.

Joseph answered, That speech is like the speech of proud Goliath, who reproached the living God in speaking against David.

But ye scribes and doctors know that God saith by the prophet, Vengeance is mine, and I will repay to you evil equal to that which ye have threatened to me. The God whom you have hanged upon the cross, is able to deliver me out of your hands. All your wickedness will return upon you. For the governor, when he washed his hands, said, I am clear from the blood of this just person. But ye answered and cried out, His blood be upon us and our children. According as ye have said, may ye perish for ever.

The elders of the Jews hearing these words, were exceedingly enraged; and seizing Joseph, they put him into a chamber where there was no window; they fastened the door, and put a seal upon the lock. And Annas and Caiaphas placed a guard upon it, and took counsel with the priests and Levites, that they should all meet after the sabbath, and they contrived to what death they should put Joseph. When they had done this, the rulers, Annas and Caiaphas, ordered Joseph to be brought forth.

In this place there is a portion of the Gospel lost or omitted, which cannot be supplied.

When all the assembly heard this, they admired and were astonished, because they found the same seal upon the lock of the chamber, and could not find Joseph.

Then Annas and Caiaphas went forth, and while they were all admiring at Joseph's being gone, behold one of the soldiers, who kept the sepulchre of Jesus, spake in the assembly. That while they were guarding the sepulchre of Jesus, there was an earth-quake; and we saw an angel of God roll away the stone of the sepulchre and sit upon it; and his countenance was like lightning and his garment like snow; and we became through fear like persons dead.

And we heard an angel saying to the women at the sepulchre of Jesus, Do not fear; I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified; he is risen as he foretold. Come and see the place where he was laid; and go presently, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead, and he will go before you into Galilee; there ye shall see him as he told you.

Then the Jews called together all the soldiers who kept the

sepulchre of Jesus, and said to them, Who are those women, to whom the angels spoke? Why did ye not seize them?

The soldiers answered and said, We know not whom the women were; besides we became as dead persons through fear, and how could we seize those women?

The Jews said to them, As the Lord liveth we do not believe you.

The soldiers answering said to the Jews, when ye saw and heard Jesus working so many miracles, and did not believe him, how should ye believe us? Ye well said, As the Lord liveth, for the Lord truly does live. We have heard that ye shut up Joseph, who buried the body of Jesus, in a chamber, under a lock which was sealed; and when ye opened it, found him not there. Do ye then produce Joseph whom ye put under guard in the chamber, and we will produce Jesus whom we guarded in the sepulchre.

The Jews answered and said, We will produce Joseph, do ye produce Jesus. But Joseph is in his own city of Arimathaea.

The soldiers replied, If Joseph be in Arimathaea, and Jesus in Galilee, we heard the angel inform the women.

The Jews hearing this, were afraid, and said among themselves, If by any means these things should become public, then every body will believe in Jesus. Then they gathered a large sum of money, and gave it to the soldiers, saying, Do ye tell the people that the disciples of Jesus came in the night when ye were asleep and stole away the body of Jesus; and if Pilate the governor should hear of this, we will satisfy him and secure you.

The soldiers accordingly took the money, and said as they were instructed by the Jews; and their report was spread abroad among all the people.

But a certain priest Phinees, Ada a schoolmaster, and a Levite, named Ageus, they three came from Galilee to Jerusalem, and told the chief priests and all who were in the synagogues, saying, We have seen Jesus, whom ye crucified, talking with his eleven disciples, and sitting in the midst of them in Mount Olivet, and saying to them, Go forth into the whole world, preach the Gospel to all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the

Son, and the Holy Ghost; and whosoever shall believe and be baptized, shall be saved. And when he had said these things to his disciples, we saw him ascending up to heaven.

When the chief priests, and elders, and Levites heard these things, they said to these three men, Give glory to the God of Israel, and make confession to him, whether those things are true, which ye say ye have seen and heard.

They answering said, As the Lord of our fathers liveth, the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, according as we heard Jesus talking with his disciples, and according as we saw him ascending up to heaven, so we have related the truth to you. And the three men farther answered, and said, adding these words, If we should not own the words which we heard Jesus speak, and that we saw him ascending into heaven, we should be guilty of sin.

Then the chief priests immediately rose up, and holding the book of the law in their hands, conjured these men, saying, Ye shall no more hereafter declare those things which ye have spoke concerning Jesus. And they gave them a large sum of money, and sent other persons along with them, who should conduct them to their own country, that they might not by any means make any stay at Jerusalem.

Then the Jews did assemble all together, and having expressed the most lamentable concern, said, What is this extraordinary thing which is come to pass in Jerusalem? But Annas and Caiaphas comforted them, saying, Why should we believe the soldiers who guarded the sepulchre of Jesus, in telling us, that an angel rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? Perhaps his own disciples told them this, and gave them money that they should say so, and they themselves took away the body of Jesus. Besides, consider this, that there is no credit to be given to foreigners, because they also took a large sum of us, and they have declared to us according to the instructions which we gave them. They must either be faithful to us, or to the disciples of Jesus.

Then Nicodemus arose, and said, Ye say right, O sons of Israel, ye have heard what those three men have sworn by the Law of God, who said, We have seen Jesus speaking with his disciples

upon Mount Olivet, and we saw him ascending up to heaven. And the scripture teacheth us that the blessed prophet Elijah was taken up to heaven; and Elisha being asked by the sons of the prophets, Where is our father Elijah? He said to them, that he is taken up to heaven. And the sons of the prophets said to him, Perhaps the spirit hath carried him into one of the mountains of Israel, there perhaps we shall find him. And they besought Elisha, and he walked about with them three days, and they could not find him. And now hear me, O sons of Israel, and let us send men into the mountains of Israel, lest perhaps the spirit hath carried away Jesus, and there perhaps we shall find him, and be satisfied.

And the counsel of Nicodemus pleased all the people; and they sent forth men who sought for Jesus, but could not find him: and they returning, said, We went all about, but could not find Jesus, but we have found Joseph in his city of Arimathaea.

The rulers hearing this, and all the people, were glad, and praised the God of Israel, because Joseph was found, whom they had shut up in a chamber, and could not find. And when they had formed a large assembly, the chief priests said, By what means shall we bring Joseph to us to speak with him? And taking a piece of paper, they wrote to him, and said, Peace be with thee, and all thy family. We know that we have offended against God and thee. Be pleased to give a visit to us your fathers, for we were perfectly surprised at your escape from prison. We know that it was malicious counsel which we took against thee, and that the Lord took care of thee, and the Lord himself delivered thee from our designs. Peace be unto thee, Joseph, who art honourable among all the people.

And they chose seven of Joseph's friends, and said to them, When ye come to Joseph, salute him in peace, and give him this letter.

Accordingly, when the men came to Joseph, they did salute him in peace, and gave him the letter. And when Joseph had read it, he said, Blessed be the Lord God, who didst deliver me from the Israelites, that they could not shed my blood. Blessed be God, who has protected me under thy wings. And Joseph kissed them, and took them into his house. And on the morrow, Joseph mounted his ass, and went along with them to Jerusalem.

And when all the Jews heard these things, they went out to meet him, and cried out, saying, Peace attend thy coming hither, father Joseph.

To which he answered, Prosperity from the Lord attend all the people.

And they all kissed him; and Nicodemus took them to his house, having prepared a large entertainment.

But on the morrow, being a preparation-day, Annas, and Caiaphas, and Nicodemus, said to Joseph, Make confession to the God of Israel, and answer to us all those questions which we shall ask thee. For we have been very much troubled, that thou didst bury the body of Jesus; and that when we had locked thee in a chamber, we could not find thee; and we have been afraid ever since, till this time of thy appearing among us. Tell us therefore before God, all that came to pass.

Then Joseph answering, said, Ye did indeed put me under confinement, on the day of preparation, till the morning. But while I was standing at prayer in the middle of the night, the house was surrounded with four angels; and I saw Jesus as the brightness of the sun, and fell down upon the earth for fear. But Jesus laying hold on my hand, lifted me from the ground, and the dew was then sprinkled upon me; but he, wiping my face, kissed me, and said unto me, Fear not, Joseph; look upon me, for it is I.

Then I looked upon him, and said, Rabboni Elias! He answered me, I am not Elias, but Jesus of Nazareth, whose body thou didst bury.

I said to him, Shew me the tomb in which I laid thee.

Then Jesus, taking me by the hand, led me unto the place where I laid him, and shewed me the linen clothes, and napkin which I put round his head. Then I knew that it was Jesus, and worshipped him, and said, Blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord.

Jesus again taking me by the hand, led me to Arimathaea to my own house, and said to me, Peace be to thee; but go not out of thy house till the fortieth day; but I must go to my disciples.

Descent Into Hell

THE LEGEND of Christ's Descent into Hell stems from a very early date and is fully recorded in the apocryphal gospel of Nicodemus. The origin of this conception is unknown. It has been given credence by the words of St. Jerome, who died in 398. It was he who according to medieval legend "built his tomb at the mouth of the cave where Our Lord had lain, and was buried there, at the age of ninety-eight years and six months."

While the legend of Christ's Descent into Hell is accepted by some Western Christians it is better known to those brought up in the Greek Orthodox Church and it has for centuries been a popular subject for ikons.

It will be noted that in the previous extracts from the gospel of Nicodemus the Jews are blamed for the crucifixion. In this account the blame is shifted to Satan. The Prince of Hell charges Satan with the crime: "Why didst thou venture, without reason or justice to crucify him. . . ."

The following translation from the gospel of Nicodemus was made by William Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury.

While all the saints were rejoicing, behold Satan, the prince and captain of death, said to the prince of hell, Prepare to receive Jesus of Nazareth himself, who boasted that he was the Son of God, and yet was a man afraid of death, and said, My soul is sorrowful even to death. Besides he did many injuries to me and to many others; for those whom I made blind and lame and those also whom I tormented with several devils, he cured by his word; yea, and those whom I brought dead to thee, he by force takes away from thee.

To this the prince of hell replied to Satan, Who is that sopowerful prince, and yet a man who is afraid of death? For all the potentates of the earth are subject to my power, whom thou broughtest to subjection by thy power. But if he be so powerful in his human nature, I affirm to thee for truth, that he is almighty in his divine nature, and no man can resist his power. When therefore he said he was afraid of death, he designed to ensnare thee, and unhappy it will be to thee for everlasting ages.

Then Satan replying, said to the prince of hell, Why didst thou express a doubt, and wast afraid to receive that Jesus of Nazareth, both thy adversary and mine? As for me, I tempted him and stirred up my old people the Jews with zeal and anger against him? I sharpened the spear for his suffering; I mixed the gall and vinegar, and commanded that he should drink it; I prepared the cross to crucify him, and the nails to pierce through his hands and feet; and now his death is near at hand, I will bring him hither, subject both to thee and me.

Then the prince of hell answering, said, Thou saidst to me just now, that he took away the dead from me by force. They who have been kept here till they should live again upon earth, were taken away hence, not by their own power, but by prayers made to God, and their almighty God took them from me. Who then is that Jesus of Nazareth that by his word hath taken away the dead from me without prayer to God? Perhaps it is the same who took away from me Lazarus, after he had been four days dead, and did both stink and was rotten, and of whom I had possession as a dead person, yet he brought him to life again by his power.

Satan answering, replied to the prince of hell, It is the very

same person, Jesus of Nazareth.

Which when the prince of hell heard, he said to him, I adjure thee by the powers which belong to thee and me, that thou bring him not to me. For when I heard of the power of his word, I trembled for fear, and all my impious company were at the same time disturbed. And we were not able to detain Lazarus, but he gave himself a shake, and with all the signs of malice, he immediately went away from us; and the very earth, in which the dead body of Lazarus was lodged, presently turned him out alive.

And I know now that he is Almighty God who could perform such things, who is mighty in his dominion, and mighty in his human nature, who is the Saviour of mankind. Bring not therefore this person hither, for he will set at liberty all those whom I hold in prison under unbelief, and bound with the fetters of their sins, and will conduct them to everlasting life.

And while Satan and the prince of hell were discoursing thus to each other, on a sudden there was a voice as of thunder and the rushing of winds, saying, Lift up your gates, O ye princes; and be ye lift up, O everlasting gates, and the King of Glory shall come in.

When the prince of hell heard this, he said to Satan, Depart from me, and begone out of my habitations; if thou art a powerful warrior, fight with the King of Glory. But what hast thou to do with him? And he cast him forth from his habitations.

And the prince said to his impious officers, Shut the brass gates of cruelty, and make them fast with iron bars, and fight courageously, lest we be taken captives.

But when all the company of the saints heard this they spake with a loud voice of anger to the prince of hell: Open thy gates that the King of Glory may come in.

And the divine prophet David, cried out saying, Did not I when on earth truly prophesy and say, O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men. For he hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder. He hath taken them because of their iniquity, and because of their unrighteousness they are afflicted.

After this another prophet, namely, holy Isaiah, spake in like manner to all the saints, did not I rightly prophesy to you when I was alive on earth? The dead men shall live, and they shall rise again who are in their graves, and they shall rejoice who are in earth; for the dew which is from the Lord shall bring deliverance to them. And I said in another place, O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?

When all the saints heard these things spoken by Isaiah, they said to the prince of hell, Open now thy gates, and take away thine iron bars; for thou wilt now be bound, and have no power.

Then there was a great voice, as of the sound of thunder saying, Lift up your gates, O princes; and be ye lifted up, ye gates of hell, and the King of Glory will enter in.

The prince of hell perceiving the same voice repeated, cried out as though he had been ignorant, Who is that King of Glory? David replied to the prince of hell, and said, I understand the

words of that voice, because I spake them by his spirit. And now, as I have above said, I say unto thee, the Lord strong and powerful, the Lord mighty in battle: he is the King of Glory, and he is the Lord in heaven and in earth. He hath looked down to hear the groans of the prisoners, and to set loose those that are appointed to death. And now, thou filthy and stinking prince of hell, open thy gates, that the King of Glory may enter in; for he is the Lord of heaven and earth.

While David was saying this, the mighty Lord appeared in the form of a man, and enlightened those places which had ever before been in darkness, and broke asunder the fetters which before could not be broken; and with his invincible power visited those who sate in the deep darkness by iniquity, and the shadow of death by sin.

Impious Death and her cruel officers hearing these things, were seized with fear in their several kingdoms, when they saw the clearness of the light, and Christ himself on a sudden appearing in their habitations; they cried out therefore, and said, We are bound by thee; thou seemest to intend our confusion before the Lord. Who art thou, who hast no sign of corruption, but that bright appearance which is a full proof of thy greatness, of which yet thou seemest to take no notice? Who art thou, so powerful and so weak, so great and so little, a mean and yet a soldier of the first rank, who can command in the form of a servant as a common soldier? The King of Glory, dead and alive, though once slain upon the cross? Who layest dead in the grave, and art come down alive to us, and in thy death all the creatures trembled, and all the stars were moved, and now hast thou thy liberty among the dead, and givest disturbance to our legions?

Who art thou, who dost release the captives that were held in chains by original sin, and bringest them into their former liberty? Who art thou, who dost spread so glorious and divine a light over those who were made blind by the darkness of sin?

In like manner all the legions of devils were seized with the like horror, and with the most submissive fear cried out, and said, Whence comes it, O thou Jesus Christ, that thou art a man so powerful and glorious in majesty, so bright as to have no spot,

and so pure as to have no crime? For that lower world of earth, which was ever till now subject to us, and from whence we received tribute, never sent us such a dead man before, never sent such presents as these to the princes of hell. Who therefore art thou, who with such courage enterest among our abodes, and art not only not afraid to threaten us with the greatest punishments, but also endeavourest to rescue all others from the chains in which we hold them? Perhaps thou art that Jesus, of whom Satan just now spoke to our prince, that by the death of the cross thou wert about to receive the power of death.

Then the King of Glory trampling upon death, seized the prince of hell, deprived him of all his power, and took our earthly father Adam with him to his glory.

Then the prince of hell took Satan, and with great indignation said to him, O thou prince of destruction, author of Beelzebub's defeat and banishment, the scorn of God's angels and loathed by all righteous persons! What inclined thee to act thus? Thou wouldst crucify the King of Glory, and by his destruction, hast made us promises of very large advantages, but as a fool wert ignorant of what thou wast about. For behold now that Jesus of Nazareth, with the brightness of his glorious divinity, puts to flight all the horrid powers of darkness and death. He has broke down our prisons from top to bottom, dismissed all the captives, released all who were bound, and all who were wont formerly to groan under the weight of their torments have now insulted us, and we are like to be defeated by their prayers. Our impious dominions are subdued, and no part of mankind is now left in our subjection, but on the other hand, they all boldly defy us.

Though, before, the dead never durst behave themselves insolently towards us, nor, being prisoners, could ever on any occasion be merry.

O Satan, thou prince of all the wicked, father of the impious and abandoned, why wouldest thou attempt this exploit, seeing our prisoners were hitherto always without the least hopes of salvation and life? But now there is not one of them does ever groan, nor is there the least appearance of a tear in any of their faces.

O prince Satan, thou great keeper of the infernal regions, all thy

advantages which thou didst acquire by the forbidden tree, and the loss of Paradise, thou hast now lost by the wood of the cross. And thy happiness all then expired, when thou didst crucify Jesus Christ the King of Glory. Thou hast acted against thine own interest and mine, as thou wilt presently perceive by those large torments and infinite punishments which thou art about to suffer.

O Satan, prince of all evil, author of death, and source of all pride, thou shouldest first have inquired into the evil crimes of Jesus of Nazareth, and then thou wouldest have found that he was guilty of no fault worthy of death. Why didst thou venture, without either reason or justice, to crucify him, and hast brought down to our regions a person innocent and righteous, and thereby hast lost all the sinners, impious and unrighteous persons in the whole world?

While the prince of hell was thus speaking to Satan, the King of Glory said to Beelzebub, the prince of hell, Satan, the prince shall be subject to thy dominion for ever, in the room of Adam and his righteous sons, who are mine.

Then Jesus stretched forth his hand, and said, Come to me, all ye my saints, who were created in my image, who were condemned by the tree of forbidden fruit, and by the devil and death. Live now by the wood of my cross; the devil, the prince of this world, is overcome, and death is conquered.

Then presently all the saints were joined together under the hand of the most high God; and the Lord Jesus laid hold on Adam's hand and said to him, Peace be to thee, and all thy righteous posterity, which is mine.

Then Adam, casting himself at the feet of Jesus, addressed himself to him, with tears, in humble language, and a loud voice, saying, I will extol thee, O Lord, for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me. O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me. O Lord thou hast brought up my soul from the grave; thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit. Sing unto the Lord, all ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness. For his anger endureth but for a moment; in his favour is life.

In like manner all the saints prostrate at the feet of Jesus, said with one voice, Thou art come, O Redeemer of the world, and hast actually accomplished all things, which thou didst fore-tell by the law and thy holy prophets. Thou hast redeemed the living by thy cross, and art come down to us, that by the death of the cross thou mightest deliver us from hell, and by thy power from death. O, Lord, as thou hast put the ensigns of thy glory in heaven, and hast set up the sign of thy redemption, even thy cross on earth! so, Lord, set the sign of the victory of thy cross in hell, that death may have dominion no longer.

Then the Lord stretching forth his hand, made the sign of the cross upon Adam, and upon all his saints. And taking hold of Adam by his right hand, he ascended from hell, and all the saints of God followed him.

Then the royal prophet David boldly cried, and said, O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things; his right hand and his holy arm have gotten him the victory. The Lord hath made known his salvation, his righteousness hath he openly shewn in the sight of the heathen.

And the whole multitude of saints answered, saying, This honour have all his saints, Amen, Praise ye the Lord.

Afterwards, the prophet Habakkuk cried out, and said, Thou wentest forth for the salvation of thy people, even for the salvation of thy people.

And all the saints said, Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord; for the Lord hath enlightened us. This is our God for ever and ever; he shall reign over us to everlasting ages, Amen.

In like manner all the prophets spake the sacred things of his praise, and followed the Lord.

Then the Lord holding Adam by the hand, delivered him to Michael the archangel; and he led them into Paradise, filled with mercy and glory.

Letters of Herod and Pilate

SEVERAL COPIES of the legendary letters of Herod and Pilate are known to be in existence. One of these copies, a Syriac manuscript dating from the sixth or seventh century, is in the British Museum.

In these letters, which are part of the Christ Legend and which had wide circulation in the Middle Ages, Herod and Pilate confess their guilt and repent, Salome is beheaded and her evil mother made blind.

HEROD TO PONTIUS PILATE THE GOVERNOR OF JERUSALEM: PEACE.

I am in great anxiety. I write these things unto thee, that when thou hast heard them thou mayest be grieved for me. For as my daughter Herodias, who is dear to me, was playing upon a pool of water which had ice upon it, it broke under her, and all her body went down, and her head was cut off and remained on the surface of the ice. And behold, her mother is holding her head upon her knees in her lap, and my whole house is in great sorrow. For I, when I heard of the man Jesus, wished to come to thee, that I might see him alone, and hear his word, whether it was like that of the sons of men. And it is certain that because of the many evil things which were done by me to John the Baptist, and because I mocked the Christ, behold I receive the reward of righteousness, for I have shed much blood of others' children upon the earth. Therefore the judgments of God are righteous; for every man receives according to his thought. But since thou wast worthy to see that God-man, therefore it becometh you to pray for me.

My son Azbonius also is in the agony of the hour of death.

And I too am in affliction and great trial, because I have the dropsy; and am in great distress, because I persecuted the introducer of baptism by water, which was John. Therefore, my brother, the judgments of God are righteous.

And my wife, again, through all her grief for her daughter, is become blind in her left eye, because we desired to blind the Eye of righteousness. There is no peace to the doers of evil, saith the Lord. For already great affliction cometh upon the priests and upon the writers of the law; because they delivered unto thee the Just One. For this is the consummation of the world, that they consented that the Gentiles should become heirs. For the children of light shall be cast out, for they have not observed the things which were preached concerning the Lord, and concerning his Son. Therefore gird up thy loins, and receive righteousness, thou

with thy wife remembering Jesus night and day; and the kingdom shall belong to you Gentiles, for we the (chosen) people have mocked the Righteous One.

Now if there is place for our request, O Pilate, because we were at one time in power, bury my household carefully; for it is right that we should be buried by thee, rather than by the priests, whom, after a little time, as the Scriptures say, at the coming of Jesus Christ, vengeance shall overtake.

Fare thee well, with Procla thy wife.

I send thee the earrings of my daughter and my own ring, that they may be unto thee a memorial of my decease. For already do worms begin to issue from my body, and lo, I am receiving temporal judgment, and I am afraid of the judgment to come. For in both we stand before the works of the living God; but this judgment, which is temporal, is for a time, while that to come is judgment for ever.

PILATE TO HEROD THE TETRARCH: PEACE.

Know and see, that in the day when thou didst deliver Jesus unto me, I took pity on myself, and testified by washing my hands (that I was innocent), concerning him who rose from the grave after three days, and had performed thy pleasure in him, for thou didst desire me to be associated with thee in his crucifixion. But I now learn from the executioners and from the soldiers who watched his sepulchre that he rose from the dead. And I have especially confirmed what was told me, that he appeared bodily in Galilee, in the same form, and with the same voice, and with the same doctrine, and with the same disciples, not having changed in anything, but preaching with boldness his resurrection, and an everlasting kingdom.

And behold, heaven and earth rejoice; and behold, Procla my wife is believing in the visions which appeared unto her, when thou sentest that I should deliver Jesus to the people of Israel, because of the ill-will they had.

Now when Procla, my wife, heard that Jesus was risen, and had appeared in Galilee, she took with her Longinus the centurion and twelve soldiers, the same that had watched at the sepulchre,

and went to greet the face of Christ, as if to a great spectacle, and saw him with his disciples.

Now while they were standing, and wondering, and gazing at him, he looked at them, and said to them, What is it? Do ye believe in me? Procla, know that in the covenant which God gave to the fathers, it is said that every body which had perished should live by means of my death, which ye have seen. And now, ye see that I live, whom ye crucified. And I suffered many things, till that I was laid in the sepulchre. But now, hear me, and believe in my Father—God who is in me. For I loosed the cords of death, and brake the gates of Sheol; and my coming shall be hereafter.

And when Procla my wife and the Romans heard these things, they came and told me, weeping; for they also were against him, when they devised the evils which they had done unto him. So that, I also was on the couch of my bed in affliction, and put on a garment of mourning, and took unto me fifty Romans with my wife and went into Galilee.

And when I was going in the way I testified these things; that Herod did these things by me, that he took counsel with me, and constrained me to arm my hands against him, and to judge him that judgeth all, and to scourge the Just One, Lord of the just. And when we drew nigh to him, O Herod, a great voice was heard from heaven, and dreadful thunder, and the earth trembled, and gave forth a sweet smell, like unto which was never perceived even in the temple of Jerusalem. Now while I stood in the way, our Lord saw me as he stood and talked with his disciples. But I prayed in my heart, for I knew that it was he whom ye delivered unto me, that he was Lord of created things and Creator of all. But we, when we saw him, all of us fell upon our faces before his feet. And I said with a loud voice, I have sinned, O Lord, in that I sat and judged thee, who avengest all in truth. And lo, I know that thou art God, the Son of God, and I beheld thy humanity and not thy divinity. But Herod, with the children of Israel, constrained me to do evil unto thee. Have pity, therefore, upon me, O God of Israel!

And my wife, in great anguish, said, God of heaven and of earth, God of Israel, reward me not according to the deeds of Pontius Pilate, nor according to the will of the children of Israel,

nor according to the thought of the sons of the priests; but remember my husband in thy glory!

Now our Lord drew near and raised up me and my wife, and the Romans; and I looked at him and saw there were on him the scars of his cross. And he said, That which all the righteous fathers hoped to receive, and saw not—in thy time the Lord of Time, the Son of Man, the Son of the Most High, who is for ever, arose from the dead, and is glorified on high by all that he created, and established for ever and ever.

THE LETTER OF PONTIUS PILATE,

WHICH HE WROTE TO THE ROMAN EMPEROR CONCERNING OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

Pontius Pilate to Tiberius Caesar the Emperor—Greeting:

Upon Jesus Christ, whom I fully made known to thee in my last, a bitter punishment hath at length been inflicted by the will of the people, although I was unwilling and apprehensive. In good truth, no age ever had or will have a man so good and strict. But the people made a wonderful effort, and all their scribes, chiefs and elders agreed to crucify this ambassador of truth, their own prophets, like the Sibyls with us, advising the contrary; and when he was hanged supernatural signs appeared, and in the judgment of philosophers menaced the whole world with ruin. His disciples flourish, not belying their master by their behavior and continence of life; nay, in his name they are most beneficent. Had I not feared a sedition might arise among the people, who were almost furious, perhaps this man would have yet been living with us. Although, being rather compelled by fidelity to thy dignity, than led by my own inclination, I did not strive with all my might to prevent the sale and suffering of righteous blood, guiltless of every accusation, unjustly, indeed, through the maliciousness of men, and yet, as the Scriptures interpret, to their own destruction.

Farewell. The 5th of the Calends of April.

MARCO POLO

This oriental legend of the Three Magi related by Marco Polo is found in no other literature. Marco Polo heard this tale from the Fire Worshipers in Persia in the year 1271. The castle mentioned is now in ruins. But a small sect close by still worship fire to this very day. This is the undying fire that took its spark of life from the stone given to the Magi by Christ.

The extract which follows is from the edition of Marco Polo done by Manuel Komroff.

The Three Magi

In persia there is a city which is called Saba, from whence were the three Magi who came to adore Christ in Bethlehem; and the three are buried in that city in a fair sepulchre, and they are all three entire with their beards and hair. One was called Balthasar, the second Jaspar, and the third Melchior. Marco inquired often in that city concerning the three Magi, and nobody could tell him anything about them, except that the three Magi were buried there in ancient times. After three days' journey you come to a castle which is called Cala Ataperistan, which means the Castle of the Fire Worshipers; and it is true that the inhabitants of that castle worship fire, and the following is given as the reason.

The men of that castle say, that anciently three kings of that country went to worship a certain Prophet who was newly born, and carried with them three offerings, namely, gold, frankincense, and myrrh; in order to ascertain whether that Prophet were God, or an earthly king or a physician. For, said they, if he take the gold, then he is an earthly king; if he take the incense he is God; if he take the myrrh, he is a physician.

When these Magi were presented to Christ, the youngest of the three adored him first, and it appeared to him that Christ was of his stature and age. The middle one came next, and then the eldest,

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and to each he seemed to be of their own stature and age. Having compared their observations together, they agreed to go all to worship at once, and then he appeared to them all of his true age.

When they went away, the infant gave them a closed box, which they carried with them for several days, and then becoming curious to see what he had given them, they opened the box and found in it a stone. This was intended for a sign that they should remain as firm as a stone in the faith they had received from him. When, however, they saw the stone, they marveled, and thinking themselves deluded, they threw the stone into a certain pit, and instantly fire burst forth in the pit.

When they saw this, they repented bitterly of what they had done, and taking some of the fire with them they carried it home. And having placed it in one of their churches, they keep it continually burning, and adore that fire as a god, and make all their sacrifices with it. And if ever it happen to be extinguished, they go for more to the original fire in the pit where they threw the stone, which is never extinguished, and they take of none other fire. And therefore the people of that country worship fire.



VOICE OF THE ANGELS

THE angels said, O Mary, verily God sendeth thee good tidings, that thou shalt bear the Word proceeding from himself; his name shall be Christ Jesus, the son of Mary; honorable in this world and in the world to come, and one of those who approach near to the presence of God; and shall speak unto men in the cradle, and when he is grown up; and he shall be one of the righteous.

Mohammed From the Koran

HENRY ADAMS

As a young Man Henry Adams (1838-1918) served as secretary to his father, who was Lincoln's ambassador at St. James's. Soon after his return from England he became professor of medieval history at Harvard. The year was 1870.

After seven years of research in medieval life and law he turned to American history and wrote his great nine-volume work on the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. Then he returned to the study of medieval life in an attempt to find a unifying principle in history. To illustrate the workings of historical forces he chose two separate periods, the period of his own life, which he described in *The Education of Henry Adams*, and a period of medieval history, which he presented in *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*. The selection which follows is from this latter volume.

Christ at Chartres

Some fifty years had passed since the crusaders streamed through Constantinople to Antioch and Jerusalem, and they were daily going and returning. You can see the ideas they brought back with the relics and missals and enamels they bought in Byzantium. Over the central door is the Christ, which might be sculptured after a Byzantine enamel, with its long nimbus or aureole or glory enclosing the whole figure. Over the left door is an Ascension, bearing the same stamp; and over the right door, the seated Virgin, with her crown and her two attendant archangels, is an empress. Here is the Church, the Way, and the Life of the twelfth century that we have undertaken to feel, if not to understand!

First comes the central doorway, and above it is the glory of Christ, as the church at Chartres understood Christ in the year 1150; for the glories of Christ were many, and the Chartres Christ is one. Whatever Christ may have been in other churches,

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here, on this portal, he offers himself to his flock as the herald of salvation alone. Among all the imagery of these three doorways, there is no hint of fear, punishment, or damnation, and this is the note of the whole time. Before 1200, the Church seems not to have felt the need of appealing habitually to terror; the promise of hope and happiness was enough; even the portal at Autun, which displays a Last Judgment, belonged to St. Lazarus, the proof and symbol of resurrection. A hundred years later, every church portal showed Christ not as Savior but as Judge, and he presided over a Last Judgment at Bourges and Amiens, and here on the south portal, where the despair of the damned is the evident joy of the artist, if it is not even sometimes a little his jest, which is worse. At Chartres Christ is identified with his mother, the spirit of love and grace, and his church is the Church Triumphant.

Not only is fear absent; there is not even a suggestion of pain; there is not a martyr with the symbol of his martyrdom; and what is still more striking, in the sculptured life of Christ, from the Nativity to the Ascension, which adorns the capitals of the columns, the single scene that has been omitted is the Crucifixion. There, as everywhere in his portal, the artists seem actually to have gone out of their way in order to avoid a suggestion of suffering. They have pictured Christ and his mother in all the other events of their lives; they have represented evangelists; apostles; the twenty-four old men of the Apocalypse; saints, prophets, kings, queens, and princes, by the score; the signs of the zodiac, and even the seven liberal arts: grammar, rhetoric, dialectics, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music; everything is there except misery.

Perhaps Our Lady of Chartres was known to be peculiarly

Perhaps Our Lady of Chartres was known to be peculiarly gracious and gentle, and this may partially account also for the extreme popularity of her shrine; but whatever the reason, her church was clearly intended to show only this side of her nature, and to impress it on her Son. You can see it in the grave and gracious face and attitude of the Christ, raising His hand to bless you as you enter his kingdom. . . .

C. C. DOBSON

THE MYSTERY of the missing years has defied all scholarly research. Where was Jesus between the ages of twelve and thirty? Theosophists have a theory that Jesus spent some time in India before returning to his native land to enter upon his ministry. Others seem to feel that he spent some years in Egypt, where he absorbed the mystical teachings of the priests.

There is still another theory, and that is that Jesus, as a boy or young man, visited ancient Britain and there lived with the Druids, whose main religious belief was the doctrine of life after death. But what is the evidence of this?

The best published account, gathering the grains of evidence from many obscure corners to support the theory, is by C. C. Dobson, Vicar of Mary-in-the-Castle, Hastings, England. The extract here reprinted contains many little known facts and throws a fresh light on this old and undying legend.

Did Our Lord Visit Britain?

OF ALL the millions of children and adults who have learnt and sung Blake's *Jerusalem* we wonder how many have ever stopped to consider the meaning of its words. Most people have no idea to what they refer, and have never sought to inquire.

Blake was a mystic, and, although part of this poem is even now obscure in meaning, he was here quoting the tradition, so dear to every native of Cornwall and Somerset, that Our Lord visited those parts as a boy or young man, and spent some time in quiet retirement prior to beginning His Ministry.

And did those Feet in ancient time Walk upon England's mountains green? And was the Holy Lamb of God On England's pleasant pastures seen?

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Is this merely a beautiful legend without foundation? Most people would dismiss it as such, in the absence of clear, reliable, written records.

But we must remember that the whole of Britain's history for the first five hundred years of the Christian age is almost entirely blank as regards British written records. Gildas, the first British historian, lived between A.D. 516-570. We glean a few scattered scraps of information from Taliesin and the Welsh bards. Historians are obliged to go for their early information about Britain to Julius Caesar, Dion Cassius, Tacitus and other Roman writers, whom they too often accept as accurate, forgetting that these view Britain through enemy Roman eyes. Caesar's description of Britain as barbaric is taken in the modern sense of the word, but we forget that to the Roman the word applied merely to all who were not Roman, in the same relationship as Gentile to Jew. We now know that Britain possessed in those days a highly developed civilization and culture, and was anything but barbaric in the modern sense of the word.

The general view of Druidism similarly is mainly derived from the account given by Julius Caesar, and is accepted as accurate, forgetful of the fact that he is professedly describing a Gaulish form of Druidism, derived from Britain, the home of the cult, it is true, but corrupted by the pagan influences prevalent in Gaul. . . .

The present writer at first regarded the old Tradition that Our Lord visited Britain as a boy or young man as nothing more than invented legend devoid of any possibility of truth, but, bearing in mind the fact that legends and traditions generally spring from a basis of truth, he came to inquire more closely into the question.

He was startled to discover that perhaps far more lay behind it than met the eye, and, while finding no effective arguments to the contrary, he detected in most unexpected directions touches of confirmation, which were at least worthy of collation and serious consideration. Such touches of confirmation he found both directly or indirectly in sources as varied and authoritative as the Bible, St. Augustine, and the Doomsday Book, etc.

THE TRADITION

We speak of THE tradition, but in point of fact there are no less than four separate and entirely independent traditions with apparently no connection with each other. And yet we shall hope to show that all four fit together and present us with a consecutive story of the visit.

The first is found in Cornwall and is recorded in Baring Gould's Book of Cornwall, where he writes: "Another Cornish story is to the effect that Joseph of Arimathaea came in a boat to Cornwall, and brought the boy Jesus with him, and the latter taught him how to extract tin and purge it from its wolfram. When the tin is flashed then the tinner shouts 'Joseph was in the trade.'"

The second is found in Somerset of the coming of Christ and Joseph in a ship of Tarshish, and how they came to the Summer land, and sojourned in a place called Paradise.

The third tradition is to be found in the little village of Priddy on the top of the Mendip Hills to the effect that Our Lord and Joseph of Arimathaea stayed there.

Finally, traditions associate Our Lord with Glastonbury. It is to be noted that, while one of these traditions is located in Cornwall, and the other three in Somerset, none is found in Devonshire.

These four traditions for the purpose of our investigation may be summarized and expanded as follows:

Joseph of Arimathaea was an uncle of the Virgin Mary, being a younger brother of her father. He gained his wealth as an importer in the tin trade, which existed between Cornwall and Phoenicia. On one of his voyages he took Our Lord with him when a boy. Our Lord either remained in Britain or returned later as a young man, and stayed in quiet retirement at Glastonbury. Here he erected for himself a small house of mud and wattle. Later Joseph of Arimathaea, fleeing from Palestine, settled in the same place and erected a mud and wattle church there.

Every part of these traditions needs separate and careful consideration, both negatively as well as affirmatively. That consideration may take at the outset the form of investigation of the several questions involved.

Was Joseph of Arimathaea a relative of Our Lord?

Did a tin trade exist between Cornwall and Phoenicia? Was Joseph engaged in it?

Did he take Our Lord with him on one of his voyages?

Was Our Lord absent from Palestine before his ministry, and did he stay at Glastonbury?

How far does the subsequent story of Glastonbury confirm the traditions?

WAS JOSEPH OF ARIMATHAEA A RELATIVE OF OUR LORD?

The source of this Eastern tradition the author has been unable to elicit, although he finds it referred to in several works. But while he is unable to quote definite written source of evidence for the tradition, he finds that it may be very distinctly inferred from Biblical records. In fact two important events in the story of Our Lord present problems which are completely solved on this hypothesis, but for which he can otherwise find no solution.

The first of these is the fact that Joseph buried Our Lord in his own private sepulchre in his own garden. Our Lord had been executed as the result of popular demand, and also of that of the rulers. It was thus a national verdict. For anyone to reverence the remains of one thus nationally condemned, and regarded moreover as a criminal, guilty of the most serious crime known to the Jews, that of claiming to be the Messiah and Divine, was to incur the most serious risk of public hostility under ordinary circumstances. Two burying places were reserved for criminals outside Jerusalem. We would have expected the elders to have opposed Our Lord's interment anywhere other than in these. Pilate would hardly have given consent for the private burial at the risk of offending the elders, without first consulting them, but consent was quickly and readily given. One must obviously find some explanation for the fearless confidence with which Joseph made request for the body, and the immediate unhesitating consent of Pilate. A perfect explanation is found if Joseph was a relative of Our Lord. Both Roman and Jewish law laid it down as a duty for the nearest relatives to dispose of the dead irrespective of how they had died. It was under the shelter of this law that the early Christians of Rome were enabled to rescue the remains of their brethren who had died in the arena, and its protection enabled the excavation of the Catacombs, and the immunity of Christians from pursuit when once underground, where they went to bury their dead and worship. Joseph, if a relative, would be obeying the law, both Jewish and Roman, and fulfilling a duty, and Pilate could give ready consent without fear of giving offence.

The relationship of Joseph to Our Lord may again be inferred from the story of Our Lord's first Passover at the age of twelve, although we must admit that Joseph of Arimathaea's name does not appear in the story.

No one can read the story of Our Lord's first Passover at the age of twelve without feeling mystified at some of its features. How came Joseph and Mary to start off home without assuring themselves that he was with their party? How came he to allow them to start without informing them? Where was Jesus staying during the visit? If he was with them until the day of departure, where was he staying during the subsequent three days that intervened before they found him? Who was giving him food and shelter? The enemy would charge Joseph and Mary with callous indifference toward him. That some misunderstanding existed is clear from Our Lord's words "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" This at least indicates that Our Lord believed they knew where he was, and was distressed to hear of their anxiety.

The usual explanation is that the Holy Family had traveled with a party from Nazareth, and believed Jesus was with the younger members, and would join them at the first stopping place. This does not somehow satisfy, nor does it tell us where Jesus actually was staying during the subsequent three days. It would seem obvious that during the whole time, and not merely during the subsequent three days after their departure, he was not staying with them. Had he been with them from the first the misunderstanding would not have arisen. He would have witnessed their departure, and informed them of his desire to follow later. He certainly was not in touch with them when they set out.

May not the whole explanation be found in the reputed relation-

ship between Joseph of Arimathaea and the Holy Family? Before tracing out the details of the story based on this suggestion we should first consider the locality of Arimathaea. Leading authorities identify this place with Ramah. . . . Now Ramah lay about eight miles due north of Jerusalem on the Jerusalem-Nazareth road. It was the first stopping place of caravans traveling North from Jerusalem. It would be the stopping place of the Holy Family, both to and from the city.

Joseph is always spoken of as belonging to Arimathaea, which implies that it was his existing place of residence. He was a wealthy man, and his duties as a councillor would bring him frequently to Jerusalem, where he had also a town residence. He would certainly be in Jerusalem at the time of the feast. The whole story now becomes clear.

As an uncle of the Virgin Mary he probably knew all about the wondrous story of Our Lord's birth. Year by year, when Joseph and Mary attended the feast, he would inquire about the mysterious child. He would eagerly look forward to his first visit. Probably Joseph and Mary would stay at his house on their annual visit. At last the day arrived for this first visit. . . .

The full period of the feast lasted seven days, but many only stayed for the first three or four days, and Joseph and Mary apparently set out on the fourth day for their return journey. They probably planned to stay a couple of nights at their uncle's house at Arimathaea. This would give time for all members of their party to gather, some of whom perhaps desired to remain more than four days at the feast. Jesus, in the safe keeping of Joseph, their uncle, would, they thought, in due course join them here before resuming their journey. . . .

Such would appear to be the simple explanation of the whole story, if indeed Joseph of Arimathaea were a relative of the Virgin Mary, as seems so probable.

WAS THERE A TIN TRADE BETWEEN CORNWALL AND PHOENICIA, AND WAS JOSEPH ENGAGED IN IT?

That such a trade existed is too well attested to need proof. Herodotus as early as 445 B.C. speaks of the British Isles as the

Tin Islands or Cassiterides. Pytheas 352-323 B.C. mentions the tin trade, as does also Polybius (circa 160.) Diodorus Siculus gives a detailed description of the trade. He tells us that the tin was mined, beaten into squares, and carried to an island called Ictis, joined to the mainland at low tide, which is generally held to be Mount St. Michael in Cornwall, although some have identified it with Falmouth. Thence it was shipped to Morlaix, and transported across France on pack horses to Marseilles. From Marseilles it was again shipped to Phoenicia. Innumerable ancient workings in Cornwall still attest the trade, and tin is still mined there today. Lord Avebury and Sir John Evans held the opinion that the trade existed as early as 1500 B.C., and Sir Edward Creasy in his History of England writes: "The British mines mainly supplied the glorious adornment of Solomon's Temple."

Associated with the mines of Cornwall was the mining of lead, copper and other metals in the Mendips, which formed alloys with tin. An ancient pig of lead has been found bearing the stamp of Britannicus, the son of Claudius, thus showing that mining of lead was being pursued in the time of Our Lord. The tin mines of Cornwall were the source of the world's supply in those days, and its export to Phoenicia provided the most suitable outlet for its use in the civilized Grecian world.

Was Joseph engaged in this tin trade?

There is a persistent tradition in Cornwall to this effect, and tin miners were wont to sing a quaint song, the refrain of which ran "Joseph was in the tin trade." Mendip traditions of Somerset confirm this. The Rev. L. S. Lewis, Vicar of Glastonbury, tells us the tradition also lingers in Gloucester and the west of Ireland. It is also a Gallican tradition. While the claim that Joseph was actually engaged in the tin trade is thus only tradition, and fairly widespread, it would appear to receive strong support from subsequent events. That Joseph of Arimathaea subsequently came to Cornwall and settled in Glastonbury is so strongly and widely attested, as we shall hope to show later, that it may be practically regarded as an established fact. If he had been engaged in the tin trade we have an explanation of his selection of Cornwall for his place of retreat when forced to fly from Palestine.

DID OUR LORD COME TO BRITAIN WITH JOSEPH, AND DID HE LATER RESIDE IN QUIET AT GLASTONBURY BEFORE HIS MINISTRY?

We have no definite documentary evidence to support this claim, although statements in various documents may be interpreted to this effect, nor should we expect to find it. The very fact that such a stay at Glastonbury would be strictly private, and at a time before he had proclaimed himself would preclude the existence of written records, and in any case written records of British History of those times simply do not exist. But we are not left, however, to conclude it to be merely vague unsupported legend, for there are weighty considerations which bear upon it, and supply inferential support.

If Our Lord spent some time in Britain prior to his ministry then we may negatively look for evidences of his absence from Palestine. In dealing with this point we note first that there is the argument of silence. Not one single reliable piece of information exists otherwise of Our Lord's life between the ages of twelve and thirty. History is an absolute blank. Two distinct implications are, however, to be found in the Bible that he was absent from Palestine for part of the time, which form an interesting Biblical study.

We notice first St. John the Baptist's attitude toward Our Lord, when first they meet at the beginning of Our Lord's ministry. It is rather as strangers that they do so. St. John exhibits a perplexity about him which we should not expect. He seems to know him, and yet later shows uncertainty about him. When Jesus first comes to John for baptism John clearly testifies to him. "Behold the Lamb of God." "This is He of whom I spake." Yet in Luke 7 he sends two of his disciples with the perplexing question: "Art Thou He that should come or look we for another?" There are, of course, ways of reconciling this apparent inconsistency, but perhaps the best explanation is that his whole attitude would be consistent with the suggestion that they had not met for some years. Now had Our Lord been in Palestine during the years prior to the commencement of his ministry, they must certainly have met regularly at least three times a year, for the Mosaic Law enjoined attendance at the three great feasts. They would certainly both have attended these feasts, and being cousins would have met. On such occasions they would talk much of the destiny which each was conscious he was to fulfil. We should certainly not have found St. John exhibiting an imperfect knowledge or uncertainty as implied in his question.

We cannot help feeling too that Our Lord's ministry would begin more effectively if he came as a stranger after an absence of some years.

But while the association between St. John and Our Lord suggests Our Lord's absence from Palestine, another incident certainly strongly implies it.

In Matthew 17:24, when Our Lord arrives at Capernaum, his domicile, to which we know that the Virgin Mary had moved earlier, St. Peter is asked by the tax gatherer whether his Master paid the tax. From Our Lord's subsequent remarks it is clear that it was the stranger's tax which was in question.

It is strange how some commentators assume that the tax in question was the Temple tax levied by the rabbis of half a shekel. Peter was asked "Doth your Master pay the didrachma?" This was certainly worth half a shekel, but the word is used probably because it was the commonest coin in use. If the Temple tax was meant why did he not say "shekel" in which this tax had to be paid? Our Lord asks: "Of whom do the kings of the earth take custom or tribute? Of their own children or strangers?" Custom here is the "octroi," a tax levied on import or export goods passing through the town. The "tribute" is the Roman poll tax. Why should Our Lord begin talking about the government taxes? He is obviously referring to the tax in question, which could not, therefore, be the Temple tax. Merchants and traders at Capernaum were all taxed as strangers. Had it been the Temple tax how could the children be free? Again, Our Lord in the eyes of the law was: liable to the Temple tax. No agent of the rabbis would have asked him. To do so would be an insult as implying a doubt as to his nationality. Finally, the coin found in the fish's mouth was the stater, a Greek coin. The Temple tax had to be paid with a Jewish shekel. Would Our Lord have provided a Greek coin for the purpose?

The question asked of St. Peter implies an uncertainty as to whether it was due. It is not demanded of Our Lord. The question would seem to imply that the tax gatherers knew that Our Lord was a native of the city, but absence for some time could be regarded as making him liable.

Our Lord's words to St. Peter may be paraphrased: "It is only strangers who must needs pay this tax. Residents of the town are exempt. However, as I have been absent for some years, there are some grounds for regarding me a stranger, therefore to avoid giving offence I will pay."

We may thus infer from this incident and Our Lord's intercourse with St. John the Baptist that prior to his ministry Our Lord was absent from Palestine. It is, however, one thing to say that Our Lord was absent from Palestine, but quite another to say that he was at Glastonbury. To support this latter suggestion we must not only seek for some definite evidence for the fact, but some reason must also be looked for to account for the selection of a place of retreat so far removed from Palestine as Glastonbury.

The story of such a visit may be stated as follows: As a boy he was brought merely for a visit by Joseph of Arimathaea on one of his voyages. Later as a young man he returned and settled at Glastonbury for the purpose of quiet study, prayer, and meditation. Here he erected for himself a small house of mud and wattles.

If Our Lord was brought as a boy by Joseph of Arimathaea on one of his voyages to Cornwall it is perhaps natural to seek some explanation or pretext for his doing so.

Most authorities agree that the Virgin Mary became widowed while Our Lord was still a youth, and that the Holy Family moved from Nazareth to Capernaum. By Roman law, and we believe also by Jewish law, guardianship of a fatherless son devolved upon an uncle. If Joseph of Arimathaea was an uncle of the Virgin Mary, then he would be the one upon whom the guardianship would be most likely to rest. This fact would provide a simple explanation for his taking Our Lord with him to Britain on one of his voyages.

Subsequent to his passion Joseph of Arimathaea sought the same place of retreat, already hallowed by the residence of Our

Lord. The small house Our Lord had erected was consecrated by Joseph to serve as a private chapel, for himself and his eleven companions. He then erected the mud and wattles church for preaching to the people.

[William of Malmesbury, the famous British historian of the early twelfth century . . . points out that, after writing his Acts of the Kings of Britain containing his lengthy chapter on Glastonbury, the monks invited him to come and write a further book at Glastonbury. He went and stayed there, actually becoming an adopted brother, and it is said, precentor. At Glastonbury he had the use of the wonderful library, which was a kind of British Museum library of those days. Here he found a new mass of valuable documents, which supplied him with much information, lacking when he wrote his earlier work. He now tells us that the party of disciples of Christ who built the old church were a band of twelve sent over from France by Philip, and led by Joseph of Arimathaea.]

A stay in Glastonbury of this description by Our Lord would attract little attention. The residents would only look upon him as a quiet reserved man living somewhat as a hermit. No account of his visit would be written. He would depart as quietly as he came. In after days when Joseph of Arimathaea settled in the same place, and told the wonderful story he had brought with him, Our Lord's stay in their midst would be recalled, and memories of that stay would cluster round the spot. The little building would become sacred in the eyes of the inhabitants. No doubt local written records would have recorded the facts. But no written records have survived. The famous library covering a thousand years of the story of Glastonbury was lost in the great fire that destroyed the huge Abbey in the twelfth century. All we could hope to find would be scattered references in the works of ordinary Historians, and such scattered references are not wanting.

First there is a very remarkable statement in a letter written by St. Augustine to Pope Gregory: "In the Western confines of Britain there is a certain royal island of large extent, surrounded by water, abounding in all the beauties of nature and necessaries of life. In it

the first Neophites of Catholic Law, God beforehand acquainting them, found a Church constructed by no human art, but divinely constructed, or by the hands of Christ himself, for the salvation of his people. The Almighty has made it manifest by many miracles and mysterious visitations that he continues to watch over it as sacred to himself, and to Mary, the Mother of God."

We must remember that St. Augustine arrived in A.D. 597 believing the whole island to be pagan. He found however, that only the eastern parts, which the Saxons had invaded, and where they had settled, were pagan, and that in western parts into which the Britons had been driven there existed a powerful British Church with its own bishops.

The island to which he referred is no doubt Glastonbury, and by the first neophites (i.e. converts or ministers) of Catholic law he is obviously referring to Joseph and his companions. He calls it a Royal Island, which confirms independent evidence that Joseph and his companions settled there and were granted land under royal patronage. His statement that the church was dedicated to the Virgin Mary is confirmed by Maelgwyn of Llandaff, *circa* A.D. 450, William of Malmesbury, etc.

But what does he mean by the statement "Found a church constructed by no human art, but by the hands of Christ himself, for the salvation of his people"? Are we precluded from taking this literally? The statement in any case makes it clear that a church of some sort was already standing on the arrival of Joseph and his companions. Who erected it? The use of the word constructed shows that it is a material, not a spiritual church that is referred to. One cannot spiritualize a material object. The church they found was a building and had been materially erected by divine hands.

William of Malmesbury in his article on the Church at Glastonbury (Acts of the Kings of Britain) records that Paulinus the companion of St. Augustine, covered the old church, built of wattle, with a protective covering of boards, with the purpose of its preservation.

This certainly shows a very marked reverence on the part of St. Augustine and his mission for the old church. What cause had he

for showing such high reverence, when he might quite well have regarded it as a rival to his mission. Does not his letter to Gregory supply the reason, and the fact confirm the letter?

It is perhaps more natural to spiritualize an even earlier statement by Gildas, the first British historian, A.D. 516-570: "Christ, the True Sun, afforded his Light, the knowledge of his precepts, to our island during the height of, or the last year of the reign of Tiberius Caesar."

Tiberius Caesar died in A.D. 37. Our Lord's crucifixion we may take as having occurred in A.D. 30. And his suggested visit to Britain would be concluded before A.D. 27, when he began his ministry. It was in this year that Tiberius retired from Rome to Caprae.

Gildas' statement is commonly regarded as referring to the coming and preaching of Joseph of Arimathaea and his companions, subsequent to the Resurrection.

But Gildas' statement explicitly refers to an event during the reign of Tiberius, in whatever way the word "summo" is translated, and could, therefore, hardly refer to Joseph of Arimathaea.

In view of what St. Augustine says it may well be taken literally, as implying that Our Lord actually himself taught "the knowledge of his Precepts." This view gains added force when we remember that Gildas spent the closing years of his life at Glastonbury.

But these do not exhaust support from early writings. Taliesin, circa A.D. 550, the Prince-Bard and Druid, says: "Christ, the word from the beginning, was from the beginning our Teacher, and we never lost his teaching."

Again we ask, are we precluded from taking this literally? If Our Lord indeed stayed at Glastonbury then his words can only be literal, and the expression "we never lost his teaching" would refer to the later work of Joseph, who would recall to the inhabitants what Christ had personally taught them while residing in their midst.

Finally, we have a significant statement in no less an authority than the Doomsday Book, A.D. 1086: "The Domus Dei, in the great Monastery of Glastinbury, called the Secret of The Lord.

This Glastinbury church possesses in its own Villa xII hides of land which have never paid tax."

The twelve hides of land referred to correspond to those originally assigned to Joseph of Arimathaea and his eleven companions.

We have suggested from Gildas' statement, and also from Taliesin's remark, "Christ was from the beginning our Teacher, and we never lost his teaching," that Our Lord, staying in quiet retirement at Glastonbury, did not altogether shut himself up like a hermit, but carried on some quiet work as a teacher, "of his precepts." The nature of this teaching would probably be twofold. To the ordinary natives, and those living in the two adjacent marsh wattle-hut villages of Meare and Godney, His message would be the simple principles given later on in Palestine in the Sermon on the Mount. But Glastonbury was a leading Druid center, and he would meet these Druids, and tell them of the principles of his own Jewish religion. He would compare the two, and point out the main similarity, namely, that both looked forward to a coming Savior under the same name, Hesus the Druid form, and Jesus, the Jewish. He would point out the remarkable similarity between the dress of the Archdruid and the Jewish high priest. If this indeed was his line of teaching it certainly later bore fruit, for as Taliesin said "We never lost his teaching," for Druidism never opposed Christianity and was quietly merged with it subsequently.

There is some unexpectedly strong support for the suggestion that Jesus did preach his precepts to be found in the writings of William of Malmesbury. The passage forms part of the famous charter given to Glastonbury by King Ina in circa A.D. 700, which is given in full by William of Malmsbury. It reads:

". . . To the ancient Church, situate in the place called Glastonbury (which Church the Great High Priest and Chiefest Minister formerly through his own ministry, and that of angels, sanctified by many an unheard-of miracle to himself and the ever-virgin Mary, as was formerly revealed to St. David) do grant . . . etc."

The Great High Priest and Chiefest Minister are clearly a reference to Our Lord himself, and it thus asserts that he personally

ministered there. The reference to St. David is to a vision which St. David is said to have had, also recorded by William of Malmesbury, who is very cautious in repeating unsubstantiated legends, in his later work on Glastonbury. St. David proposed to carry out a public re-consecration of the Church, but was checked by a vision in which Our Lord appeared to him and told him that this must not be done because he had himself already consecrated it to his mother's (the virgin Mary's) memory.

Thus King Ina in his famous charter records the belief then commonly held that Our Lord himself had resided there and ministered. This is certainly a confirmation of our interpretation of Gildas' statement that Christ "afforded His Light and a knowledge of His precepts."

Finally we turn to the consideration of what light is thrown upon our theme by the Doomsday Book.

In previous editions of our work we quote the following: "The Domus Dei, in the great Monastery of Glastinbury, called the secret of the Lord. This Glastinbury Church possesses in its own Villa xII hides of land which have never paid tax." We give it as being found in the Doomsday Book.

This quotation is taken verbatim from Morgan's St. Paul in Britain, page 125. He has a footnote giving the original Latin for the quotation, and the reference, Domesday Survey, fol., page 449.

Archbishop Ussher in his famous work Britannicarum Ecclesiarum Antiquitates, Chap. 2, gives the same quotation, but the first part of it is in the form of a footnote, with reference folio 249b. i.e. "The Home of God: in the great register of the Monastery of Glastonbury which is called the Secret of the Lord." This footnote is not his own since he gives the reference but is in the folio from which he is quoting.

Thus both Ussher and Morgan are both quoting from some early Doomsday Survey folios, or a folio, in which both parts of the full quotation are to be found. Such folios we know existed. What is more likely than that Glastonbury had a Doomsday Survey, which contained fuller information about their twelve hides of land, than did ordinary copies of the Doomsday Survey. Ussher, who is writing about Joseph of Arimathaea and Glastonbury, gives the quotation

about the twelve hides of lands contained in ordinary copies, and then adds as a footnote the additional quotation contained in the Glastonbury copy.

But what do we learn from these facts?

First, that the Doomsday Book bears witness to the fact that the Church of Glastonbury has twelve hides of land attached to it which have never paid tax. Early records tell us of a royal grant of twelve hides of land made to Joseph and his eleven companions at Glastonbury. That this grant should have remained inviolate for over one thousand years in possession of the Church is not only a strong witness to the coming of Joseph to Glastonbury, but also that special sanctity and reverence was attached to the gift.

Secondly, that the expression "Secret of the Lord" was commonly attached to the Glastonbury foundation. With regard to the expression "Domus Dei" or "Home of God," various views have been put forward in explanation. Some in the fourteenth century regarded it as a corruption of the word "Domesday" or "Doomsday." In his excellent work Christ in Cornwall, 2nd edit., 1946, Rev. H. A. Lewis exhaustively studies the origin and meaning of both the expressions "Home of God," and "Secret of the Lord" . . . We agree with him that little importance need be attached to the various mediaevel explanations that have been advanced, and that the plain obvious meanings of both are correct. There can be little doubt but that both were attached to and associated with the Church at Glastonbury.

But why were they thus attached to Glastonbury?

The Vicar of Glastonbury suggests that the latter title has reference to the old tradition that Joseph buried there the Holy Grail.

We suggest that the two titles reflect the old tradition, which we have seen survives even today that Our Lord himself stayed there. We do not know otherwise why it should be called the "Home of God," and the expression "Secret of the Lord" is exactly the term we should find applied if Our Lord had made a private residence there.

The foregoing investigations have brought us to the following inferences: The tradition exists, and is found in four different places. The Bible implies Our Lord's absence from Palestine prior

to his ministry. The traditions regarding Joseph, in so far as we have examined them, provide an explanation as to how that visit of Our Lord can have come about, and finally it is possible to trace what may be references to the tradition in early writings.

We next turn to a consideration of the question of the visit, or as it would appear of the two visits, when a boy and later just prior to his ministry.

LOCATION OF THE TRADITIONS

The Cornish Tradition is not difficult to locate. The island of Ictis, which Diodorus Siculus gives as the port of export of Cornish tin, is generally identified with Mount St. Michael. Some, however, identify it with Falmouth. They are near to each other, and it is immaterial to our purpose as to which is correct.

In Somerset we have the tradition at Priddy, a little village lying at the top of the Mendip Hills, right in the center of what was the ancient lead and copper mining area.

In Somerset also is the tradition that they "came in a ship of Tarshish to the Summer land and sojourned in a place called Paradise." The summerland is clearly Somerset. It was probably known as the land of the summer, the land where the summer lingers. Hence Summerset or Somerset.

At the mouth of the Brue River, which runs down from Glaston-bury, lies Burnham, and old ordnance survey maps give the name of the area round Burnham as "Paradise." It is still known by this name, and there is still a Paradise Farm and a Paradise House. How early the name became attached to this area is not known. . . . About a mile from Glastonbury lies the village of Godney, from which in ancient times river boats went down to Burnham. Godney means God-marsh-island. At Godney a whole village of mud and wattle houses was excavated, and here was found an ancient British riverboat intact, which is preserved in the Glastonbury Museum.

The Glastonbury Traditions are mainly concerned with the suggested visit of Our Lord when a man, prior to his ministry. But, if indeed Glastonbury was the Celtic Paradise then the visit as a boy included this place.

Now lead and copper were mined all round Priddy, and the ore was transported apparently by two main routes. It was taken by the river Axe to what is now Uphill, and thence by coastal ships down to Mount St. Michael or Falmouth to be combined with the export trade of tin.

Another route was by river boat from Godney to Burnham down the Brue and thence by coastal ship.

OUR LORD'S TRADITIONAL VISIT WHEN A BOY

We are now in a position to reconstruct the whole story of this traditional visit.

Joseph of Arimathaea comes on a business visit in connection with the import of tin, lead and copper into Phoenicia. Having recently become guardian of Our Lord, he takes him with him. They follow the trade route described by Diodorus Siculus and arrive at Mount St. Michael in Cornwall. But his business requires a visit to the lead and copper area in the Mendips. They take a coastal boat round to the Somerset coast ("a ship of Tarshish to the summer land") and land either at Burnham or Uphill. If at Burnham they make their way up by river boat to Godney or Glastonbury and on to Priddy. If at Uphill they go up the Axe to Priddy and down to Glastonbury. The Paradise at which they sojourn is either Glastonbury or Burnham. The return journey would be by the alternate route.

Such is the story of the journey. It is certainly significant that all four traditions are entirely independent and yet are found to synchronize, and it is equally significant that no tradition exists in Devonshire, the reason for which has now become evident, since the metal trade route does not touch this county.

At the mouth of the Camel where a large natural harbor exists is an ancient well known as Jesus Well. In ancient times it was regarded as a Holy Well and was believed to have healing powers. For centuries many resorted to it, and a chapel was erected over it, the remains of which are still traceable. Records of its existence go back to the thirteenth century, but the date and origin of its name are quite unknown. The present writer ventures a suggestion. This inlet of the sea would form a natural stopping place of ships for

water and supplies. Here quite close to the shore was this ancient well. Is it possible that the name Jesus Well became attached to it together with its traditional healing powers because hallowed by a visit of Our Lord either when a boy or a man when sailing past?

With regard to the visit to Glastonbury, the port of export, we have the strange hints about a church built by Our Lord himself, and the present author has ventured to suggest that this refers to a second later visit. Having been taken as a boy by Joseph on this voyage and visited Glastonbury, Our Lord noticed the beauty and quiet of this island. Seeking a quiet retreat in which to spend some years alone before his ministry he returned here as a young man, erected his own small hermitage of mud and wattles, of which houses were erected in the neighborhood, and then in prayer and meditation prepared for his work and Passion. This house afterward may have been used by Joseph and his eleven companions as a private chapel.

But can we find any reason other than the mere natural beauty of the locality, so vividly described by St. Augustine to account for the selection of Glastonbury as Our Lord's place of retreat for study and meditation?

The reason may perhaps be found in Druidism, and Glastonbury appears not only to have been itself a center for this cult, but also within reach of several of its chief centers, such as Caerleon, Salisbury, Bristol, Bath, Dorchester.

A remarkable description of Druidism is to be found in R. W. Morgan's St. Paul in Britain, pages 48-59, which certainly revolutionizes generally conceived ideas of this cult. Whether his views be accepted in their entirety or not, certain fundamental conclusions appear to be undeniable.

Druidism was regarded by the Romans as its greatest religious opponent, partly because its headquarters was Britain, and partly because of its very widespread influence definitely opposed to Roman and Greek mythology. This influence might be summed up in the words of the historian Hume, "No religion has ever swayed the minds of men like the Druidic." In the time of Our Lord it could claim a past history of at least 2,000 years. A familiar triad

summarized its principles: "Three duties of every man: Worship God; be just to all men; die for your country."

The Roman attitude toward it is evinced by the edicts of Augustus and Tiberius which proscribed it, and made the exercise of the functions of a Druid priest a treasonable offence. There is little doubt but that the Roman invasions under Julius Caesar and Claudius were largely influenced by a desire to exterminate a cult which had for so long proved the rival of that of Roman civilization, and the determined and successful resistance of the Britons under Caractacus, Arviragus, and Boadicea were an evidence of the hold that Druidism had on the people.

The basic Druid belief was in a Trinity. It was not polytheistic. The Godhead he called Duw, the one without darkness who pervaded the universe. Three golden rays of Light were the emblem of Druidism, representing the three aspects or persons of the Trinity emanating from the Godhead. They were known as Beli, the Creator as regards the past, Taran, the controlling providence of the present, and Yesu the Coming Savior of the future. The Oak was the sacred tree representing the Godhead, and the mistletoe with its three white berries growing out of the parent oak represented the three persons of the Trinity. It was, however, especially associated with the coming Savior Yesu, and was known as the "All Heal."

Druidism thus anticipated Christianity, and pointed to the coming Savior under the very name by which Christ was called. The more Druidism is studied the more apparent is its relationship to the revealed religion of the Mosaic Law. Whether they had a common origin, or whether Druidism was an offshoot by early migration from the East is a subject beyond our scope, but the more that is known of Druidism the more is the relationship confirmed. Druidism was never committed to writing. Its tenets were sacredly guarded, and orally communicated. Masonic secrets are not today more jealously guarded than were those of Druidism. The description by Julius Caesar of its supposed principles are only those of a Gaulish form corrupted by close association with Roman paganism. But Julius Caesar does give us one remarkable truth about it when

he says: "The Druids teach that by no other way than the ransoming of Man's life by the life of man is reconciliation with the Divine Justice of the Immortal Gods possible." Thus Druidism not only proclaimed a coming Savior by the name of "Yesu," but the doctrine of the Atonement was its very basic principle.

Do we wonder at the selection of Glastonbury as the place for retreat and study by Our Lord? Britain we recall was a highly civilized land. Caesar's description of it as "barbarian" is to be taken, not in the modern sense, but in the Roman, which described every one as such who was not a Roman citizen.

Morgan in his St. Paul in Britain, p. 64, tells us that in Britain, south of the Clyde, there were forty Druidic universities which were the capitals of the forty tribes, the originals of our modern counties, and they contained at times as many as 60,000 students, the nobility of the country. It required twenty years to master the full cycle of Druidic knowledge, which included the study of natural philosophy, astronomy, arithmetic, geometry, jurisprudence, medicine, poetry, and oratory.

Here was an island unconquered by the Romans, and remote from Roman influence and authority. The attempt to conquer it by Julius Caesar had proved abortive. Here was a faith propagated by profound oral teaching, enshrining the truth, proclaiming the coming Christ under the very name Jesu and the principle of the Atonement. Do we wonder that Jesus came to reside in a land thus ripe to receive his truth? When Joseph of Arimathaea subsequently came to proclaim the Saviour under the very name familiar to every Druid, and as having fulfilled in the atonement their basic principle, we do not wonder that he received a welcome at the hands of the Druids. It is a remarkable fact that Druidism never opposed Christianity, and eventually became voluntarily merged in it.

In John 7:15, we read: "And the Jews marveled, saying, How knoweth this man letters having never learned?" May it not have been that Our Lord, bringing with him the Mosaic Law, and studying it in conjunction with the oral secrets of Druidism, prepared to give forth his message, which occasioned so much wonderment among the Jewish elders?

In Britain he would be free from the tyranny of Roman oppres-

sion, the superstition of rabbinical misinterpretation, and the grossness of pagan idolatry, and its bestial, immoral customs. In Druid Britain he would live among people dominated by the highest and purest ideals, the very ideals he had come to proclaim.

THE HOME AT GLASTONBURY

We may well visualize the life in that quiet retreat. At the foot of Glastonbury Tor, the isolated hill, which stands up like a monument in the surrounding flat country and is crowned by the remains of the ancient St. Michael's Church, said to have been built by St. Patrick, is a mystery well of water fed by an invisible spring of great copiousness and of the purest crystal water. Many traditions and legends linger around it. It is known as the Chalice Well from a tradition that Joseph dropped the Holy Chalice into it. It was by tradition the spot round which Joseph and his eleven companions erected their houses.

Here, too, we may well think Our Lord erected his humble abode, the well of pure crystal water from which he drank supplied from its invisible source, a symbol of that well of living water which he came to give to the world. . . .

Some ten years later there came a band of refugees, Joseph and his eleven companions, to find a quiet retreat in the place which they knew had already been hallowed by the presence of their Master. They erected their own dwellings around the well, as tradition tells us. The small dwelling of Our Lord became their church, in which they met for prayer.

But they came as missionaries, to spread the message of the Savior Yesu, and proclaim to the Druids the fulfilment of their ancient expectations. This message was welcomed. The King, Arviragus, granted them twelve hides of land, and some of their first converts were members of the Royal Family, children of Caractacus, cousin of Arviragus, King of Siluria or South Wales across the Bristol Channel.

That they erected a mud and wattle church is no longer a mere tradition, for two royal charters are still extant which were actually signed in this "Lignea Basilica," one by King Ina, A.D. 704, and the other by King Cnut, A.D. 1032.

Maelgwyn of Llandaff, A.D. 450, records that Joseph and his eleven companions were buried here. "He lies in the Southern angle of the bifurcated line of the Oratorium of the Adorable Virgin." The epitaph on his grave reads as follows: "I came to the Britons after I buried Christ. I taught. I rest."

The Vicar of Glastonbury tells us that Joseph's body remained buried here until A.D. 1345, when Edward III gave his licence to John Bloom of London to dig for it, and the abbot and monks consented. There is the statement of a Lincolnshire monk in 1367 that his body was found. They placed it in a silver casket let into a stone sarcophagus, which was placed in the east end of Joseph's chapel, and it became a place of pilgrimage. There is a written record of the sarcophagus being still in position in 1662 when the chapel had become partially ruined. Owing to fear of puritan fanaticism prevalent at the time it was secretly removed by night into the parish churchyard, and its identity was concealed by the pretence that the initials on it, J. A., stood for John Allen. In 1928 the present Vicar of Glastonbury found it half buried in the soil, and had it removed into the church, and its construction bears out the accounts of a silver casket which could be raised and lowered, and shows other marks of identity.

The whole story of the subsequent journey of Joseph and his eleven companions from Palestine to Glastonbury has been convincingly traced out by J. W. Taylor, F.R.C.S., in his *The Coming of the Saints*, and he shows that, driven from Palestine at the time of the persecution which resulted in Stephen's martyrdom, he followed the exact route of the tin trade described by Diodorus Siculus, and already familiar to him, and at every main stopping place along that route Taylor shows that traditions of his visit still remain.

HOW FAR DOES THE SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF GLASTONBURY SUPPORT THE CLAIM THAT BOTH OUR LORD AND JOSEPH OF ARIMATHAEA RESIDED THERE?

Perhaps no spot in Christendom has a more remarkable story than the spot still today known as Joseph's Chapel, and that story fully testifies to the veneration in which it was held.

The wattle church as built by Joseph was sixty feet in length and twenty-six feet in breadth, and is said to have approximated those of the Tabernacle. The greatest efforts were made in after times to preserve it intact as if every particle of mud and wattle were sacred. We read of its being encased in boards covered with lead. Then we read of a stone church being erected over it, the old church being thus preserved intact inside. Then St. David in A.D. 546 erected a large church, but was careful that this should be an addition at the east end by way of a chancel. That no mistake should in time to come be made as to the exact point at which the old church ended and his began, St. David was careful to erect a stone pillar bearing a brass tablet recording the fact. This pillar was still standing at the time of the dissolution of the monastery under Henry VIII. Its base was actually found and excavated through Dean Armitage Robinson as recently as 1921. Here grew up the mighty monastery, the ruins of which are still the source of wonderment of all who visit the spot. For a thousand years all the greatest kings, bishops, saints, martyrs, and heroes of the British race were interred here. Royal charters were solemnly signed in the wattle church inside the stone covering. Maelgwyn, who about A.D. 450 described the position of Joseph's grave as given above, was an uncle of St. David, who erected the additional church.

In 1184 everything, including the abbey buildings, was burnt to the ground, and the old wattle church suffered destruction with the rest; but immediately afterward a royal charter was issued by Henry II to rebuild Glastonbury as "the Mother and burying place of the Saints, founded by the very Disciples of Our Lord."

In 1186 the new Norman Chapel of St. Joseph, on the site of the old, was completed, and today, amid the ruins of the mighty abbey, those of this chapel are the best preserved.

What, we ask, caused this spot to become enveloped in so great an air of sanctity, and surrounded by so many ancient traditions? Was it only because of the claim that Joseph resided there and it became the cradle of British Christianity? We suggest that some deeper cause for sanctity lay at Glastonbury, and that cause lay in the fact that it had been hallowed by the presence of Our Lord himself.



In the Early Ages

In the early ages of Christianity, there was little care taken to analyze character. One momentous question was heard over the whole world: "Dost thou believe in the Lord with all thine heart?" There was but one division among men,—the great unatonable division between the disciple and the adversary. . . .

And so it is in all writings of the apostles: their manner of exhortation, and the kind of conduct they press, vary according to the persons they address, and the feeling of the moment at which they write, and never show attempt at logical precision. And although the words of their Master are not thus irregularly uttered, but are weighed like fine gold, yet, even in his teaching, there is no detailed or organized system of morality, but the command only of that faith and love which were to embrace the whole being of man: "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Here and there an incidental warning against this or that more dangerous form of vice or error, "Take heed and beware of covetousness," "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees"; here and there a plain example of the meaning of Christian love, as in the parables of the Samaritan and the prodigal, and his own perpetual example,—these were the elements of Christ's constant teachings; for the Beatitudes, which are the only approximation to any thing like a systematic statement, belong to different conditions and characters of individual men, not to abstract virtues. And all early Christians taught in the same manner. They never cared to expound the nature of this or that virtue; for they knew that the believer who had Christ, had all. Did he need fortitude? Christ was his rock. Equity? Christ was his righteousness. Holiness? Christ was his sanctification. Liberty? Christ was his redemption. Temperance? Christ was his ruler. Wisdom? Christ was his light. Fruitfulness? Christ was the truth. Charity? Christ was love.

Ruskin

III CHRIST IN LITERATURE

FEODOR DOSTOEVSKI

FEODOR DOSTOEVSKI (1821-81), the most devout of all modern novelists, was in his youth a skeptic and atheist. But, as he confesses in one of his letters, this was a phase of existence through which he had to pass before he could arrive at a deep faith.

At the age of twenty-eight he was condemned to death for revolutionary activities. The sentence was commuted to hard labor in Siberia only at the last moment as he stood before the firing squad.

His exile and hard apprenticeship to life gave him compassion and deep understanding. More than any other novelist of our age he is able to penetrate into the dark and lonely heart of man. He lays bare the human spirit. And this spiritual side of his nature is of the utmost significance in his fiction.

In his first important novel, Crime and Punishment, Dostoevski boldly confronts the loathsome murderer Raskolnikov with the spirit of Christ. The weight of his evil deed, the killing of the woman money-lender, Lizaveta, begins to drag down Raskolnikov. His own conscience threatens to destroy him. In a half-mad mood he visits Sonia, a prostitute, and in her poverty-stricken room finds a ray of hope when he sees a copy of the Bible. "Where is the story of Lazarus?" he asks. "Where is the rising of Lazarus? Find it for me, Sonia."

He begs her to read the text, the full text. And this she does. The harlot reads to the murderer. As they approach the moment when Christ orders the stone to be removed from the tomb, Sonia's voice becomes loud—"rang out as a bell"—and she trembles with ecstasy. For her a new life is possible. But not for Raskolnikov. He is not yet spiritually ready.

In Dostoevski's famous novel *The Idiot* the spiritual side is stressed still further. Here the author presents his hero, Prince Myshkin, as a most Christlike character. But it is in his last and greatest novel, *The Brothers Karamazov*, that Dostoevski boldly brings Christ into one of his chapters. This chapter, charged with symbolism and philosophy, is an important part of the novel and is certainly one of the most daring conceptions in all literature.

The Grand Inquisitor

"Even this must have a preface—that is, a literary preface," laughed Ivan, "and I am a poor hand at making one. You see, my action takes place in the sixteenth century, and at that time, as you probably learned at school, it was customary in poetry to

bring down heavenly powers on earth. . . .

"And behold, He deigned to appear for a moment to the people, to the tortured, suffering people, sunk in iniquity, but loving Him like children. My story is laid in Spain, in Seville, in the most terrible time of the Inquisition, when fires were lighted every day to the glory of God, and 'in the splendid auto da fé the wicked heretics were burned.' Oh, of course, this was not the coming in which He will appear according to His promise at the end of time in all His heavenly glory, and which will be sudden 'as lightning flashing from east to west.' No, He visited His children only for a moment, and there where the flames were crackling round the heretics. In His infinite mercy He came once more among men in that human shape in which He walked among men for three years fifteen centuries ago. He came down to the 'hot pavement' of the southern town in which on the day before almost a hundred heretics had, ad majorem gloriam Dei, been burned by the cardinal, the Grand Inquisitor, in a magnificent auto da fé, in the presence of the king, the court, the knights, the cardinals, the most charming ladies of the court, and the whole population of Seville.

"He came softly, unobserved, and yet, strange to say, every one recognized Him. That might be one of the best passages in the poem. I mean, why they recognized Him. The people are irresistibly drawn to Him, they surround Him, they flock about Him, follow Him. He moves silently in their midst with a gentle smile of infinite compassion. The sun of love burns in His heart, light and power shine from His eyes, and their radiance, shed on the people, stirs their hearts with responsive love. He holds out His hands to them, blesses them, and a healing virtue comes from contact with Him, even with His garments. An old man in the crowd, blind from childhood, cries out, 'O Lord, heal me and I shall see Thee!' and, as it were, scales fall from his eyes and the blind man sees

Him. The crowd weeps and kisses the earth under His feet. Children throw flowers before Him, sing, and cry hosannah. 'It is He -it is He!' all repeat. 'It must be He, it can be no one but Him!' He stops at the steps of the Seville cathedral at the moment when the weeping mourners are bringing in a little open white coffin. In it lies a child of seven, the only daughter of a prominent citizen. The dead child lies hidden in flowers. 'He will raise your child,' the crowd shouts to the weeping mother. The priest, coming to meet the coffin, looks perplexed, and frowns, but the mother of the dead child throws herself at His feet with a wail. If it is Thou, raise my child!' she cries, holding out her hands to Him. The procession halts, the coffin is laid on the steps at His feet. He looks with compassion, and His lips once more softly pronounce, 'Maiden, arise!' and the maiden arises. The little girl sits up in the coffin and looks round, smiling with wide-open wondering eyes, holding a bunch of white roses they had put in her hand.

"There are cries, sobs, confusion among the people, and at that moment the cardinal himself, the Grand Inquisitor, passes by the cathedral. He is an old man, almost ninety, tall and erect, with a withered face and sunken eyes, in which there is still a gleam of light. He is not dressed in his gorgeous cardinal's robes, as he was the day before, when he was burning the enemies of the Roman Church—at that moment he was wearing his coarse, old, monk's cassock. At a distance behind him come his gloomy assistants and slaves and the 'holy guard.' He stops at the sight of the crowd and watches it from a distance. He sees everything; he sees them set the coffin down at His feet, sees the child rise up, and his face darkens. He knits his thick gray brows and his eyes gleam with a sinister fire. He holds out his finger and bids the guards take Him. And such is his power, so completely are the people cowed into submission and trembling obedience to him, that the crowd immediately make way for the guards, and in the midst of deathlike silence they lay hands on Him and lead Him away. The crowd instantly bows down to the earth, like one man, before the old inquisitor. He blesses the people in silence and passes on. The guards lead their prisoner to the close, gloomy vaulted prison in the ancient palace of the Holy Inquisition and shut Him in it. The day passes and is followed by the dark, burning 'breathless' night of Seville. The air is 'fragrant with laurel and lemon.' In the pitch darkness the iron door of the prison is suddenly opened and the Grand Inquisitor himself comes in with a light in his hand. He is alone; the door is closed at once behind him. He stands in the doorway and for a minute or two gazes into His face. At last he

goes up slowly, sets the light on the table and speaks.

"'Is it Thou? Thou?' but receiving no answer, he adds at once, 'Don't answer, be silent. What canst Thou say, indeed? I know too well what Thou wouldst say. And Thou has no right to add anything to what Thou hadst said of old. Why, then, art Thou come to hinder us? For Thou hast come to hinder us, and Thou knowest that. But dost Thou know what will be tomorrow? I know not who Thou art and care not to know whether it is Thou or only a semblance of Him, but tomorrow I shall condemn Thee and burn Thee at the stake as the worst of heretics. And the very people who have today kissed Thy feet, tomorrow at the faintest sign from me will rush to heap up the embers of Thy fire. Knowest Thou that? Yes, maybe Thou knowest it,' he added with thoughtful penetration, never for a moment taking his eyes off the Prisoner."

"I don't quite understand, Ivan. What does it mean?" Alyosha, who had been listening in silence, said with a smile, "Is it simply a wild fantasy, or a mistake on the part of the old man—some im-

possible quiproquo?"

"Take it as the last," said Ivan, laughing, "if you are so corrupted by modern realism and can't stand anything fantastic. If you like it to be a case of mistaken identity, let it be so. It is true," he went on, laughing, "the old man was ninety, and he might well be crazy over his set idea. He might have been struck by the appearance of the Prisoner. It might, in fact, be simply his ravings, the delusion of an old man of ninety, overexcited by the auto dafé of a hundred heretics the day before. But does it matter to us after all whether it was a mistake of identity or a wild fantasy? All that matters is that the old man should speak out, should speak openly of what he has thought in silence for ninety years."

"And the Prisoner too is silent? Does He look at him and not say a word?"

"That's inevitable in any case," Ivan laughed again. "The old man has told Him He hasn't the right to add anything to what He has said of old." . . .

"How does your poem end?" he asked. . . .

"I meant to end it like this. When the Inquisitor ceased speaking he waited some time for his Prisoner to answer him. His silence weighed down upon him. He saw that the Prisoner had listened intently all the time, looking gently in his face and evidently not wishing to reply. The old man longed for Him to say something, however bitter and terrible. But He suddenly approached the old man in silence and softly kissed him on his bloodless aged lips. That was all his answer. The old man shuddered. His lips moved. He went to the door, opened it, and said to Him: 'Go, and come no more. . . . come not at all, never, never!' And he let Him out into the dark alleys of the town. The Prisoner went away."

"And the old man?"

"The kiss glows in his heart. . . ."



THE BIRD OF DAWNING

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,* The bird of dawning singeth all night long; And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad; The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike, No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Shakespeare hamlet Act I, Sc. I

^{*} Note: The only use of the word Savior in all Shakespeare's plays.

DANIEL DEFOE

Daniel Defoe (1660-1731) was almost sixty years old when he wrote his best-known book Robinson Crusoe. Moll Flanders, A Journal of the Plague Year and Roxana followed several years later.

Robinson Crusoe, the sailor who was miraculously saved from the shipwreck and cast up on a desert island, spends much time in loneliness. He probes his heart: "I had lived a dreadful life, perfectly destitute of the knowledge and fear of God."

Through a footprint in the sand he discovers a savage whom he names Friday. And it now seems of the utmost importance to Robinson Crusoe that he should instruct this savage in the doctrine of the Gospel and the meaning of Christ.

Robinson Crusoe, the Savage and Christ

During the long time that Friday had now been with me, and that he began to speak to me, and understand me, I was not wanting to lay a foundation of religious knowledge in his mind; particularly I asked him one time, who made him? The poor creature did not understand me at all, but thought I had asked who was his father; but I took it by another handle and asked him who made the sea, the ground we walked on, and the hills and woods. . . .

From these things I began to instruct him in the knowledge of the true God. I told him that the great Maker of all things lived up there, pointing up toward Heaven. That he governs the world by the same Power and Providence by which he made it. That he was omnipotent, could do everything for us, give everything to us, take everything from us; and thus by degrees I opened his eyes. He listened with great attention, and received with pleasure the notion of Jesus Christ being sent to redeem us, and of the manner of making our prayers to God, and his being able to hear us, even into Heaven. . . .

After this, I had been telling him how the Devil was God's enemy in the hearts of men and used all his malice and skill to defeat the good designs of Providence and to ruin the kingdom of Christ in the world, and the like. "Well," says Friday, "but you

say, God is so strong, so great; is he not much strong, much might as the Devil?" "Yes, yes," says I, "Friday, God is stronger than the Devil, God is above the Devil, and therefore we pray to God to tread him down under our feet and enable us to resist his temptations and quench his fiery darts." "But," says he again, "if God much strong, much might as the Devil, why God no kill the Devil, so make him no more do wicked?"

I was strangely surprised at his question, and after all, though I was now an old man, yet I was but a young doctor, and ill enough qualified for a casuist, or a solver of difficulties. And at first I could not tell what to say, so I pretended not to hear him, and asked him what he said. But he was too earnest for an answer to forget his question; so that he repeated it in the very same broken words as above. . . . Nothing but Divine revelation can form the knowledge of Jesus Christ and of a redemption purchased for us. . . I say, nothing but a revelation from Heaven can form these in the soul; and that therefore the Gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, I mean, the Word of God and the Spirit of God promised for the guide and sanctifier of his people are the absolutely necessary instructors of the souls of men, in the saving knowledge of God, and the means of salvation.

I seriously prayed to God that he would enable me to instruct savingly this poor savage, assisting by his Spirit the heart of the poor ignorant creature to receive the light of the knowledge of God in Christ, reconciling him to himself, and would guide me to speak so to him from the Word of God as his conscience might be convinced, his eyes opened, and his soul saved. When he came again to me, I entered into a long discourse with him upon the subject of the redemption of man by the Savior of the world, and of the doctrine of the Gospel preached from Heaven, viz., of repentance toward God, and faith in our blessed Lord Jesus. I then explained to him, as well as I could, why our blessed Redeemer took not on him the nature of angels but the seed of Abraham, and how for that reason the fallen angels had no share in the redemption; that he came only to the lost sheep of the House of Israel, and the like.

My grief set lighter upon me, my habitation grew comfortable to me beyond measure; and when I reflected that in this solitary life which I had been confined to I had not only been moved my-self to look up to Heaven and to seek to the Hand that had brought me there; but was now to be made an instrument under Providence to save the life and, for aught I knew, the soul of a poor savage, and bring him to the true knowledge of religion, and of the Christian doctrine, that he might know Christ Jesus, to know whom is life eternal; I say, when I reflected upon all these things, a secret joy run through every part of my soul, and I frequently rejoiced that ever I was brought to this place, which I had so often thought the most dreadful of all afflictions that could possibly have befallen me. . . .

I always applied myself in reading the Scripture to let him know, as well as I could, the meaning of what I read; and he again, by his serious inquiries and questionings, made me . . . a much better scholar in the Scripture knowledge than I should ever have been by my own private mere reading. Another thing I cannot refrain from observing here also, from experience in this retired part of my life, viz., how infinite and inexpressible a blessing it is that the knowledge of God and of the doctrine of salvation by Christ Jesus is so plainly laid down in the Word of God, so easy to be received and understood, that as the bare reading the Scripture made me capable of understanding enough of my duty to carry me directly on to the great work of sincere repentance for my sins, and laying hold of a Savior for life and salvation, to a stated reformation in practice, and obedience to all God's commands, and this without any teacher or instructor, I mean, human; so the same plain instruction sufficiently served to the enlightening this savage creature and bringing him to be such a Christian as I have known few equal to him in my life.



THE truest of all men was the Man of Sorrows. . . .

GIOVANNI PAPINI

GIOVANNI PAPINI was born in Florence in 1881. He was converted to Roman Catholicism in 1920. A year later he produced his well-known *Life of Christ.* The English translation, done by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, was published in 1923. It was a sensational best-seller both here and in Europe.

His Words

JESUS seems at first sight secretive. He orders those affected by miracles to say to no man who has cured them; he wishes prayers and charity to be done secretly; when the disciples recognize that he is the Christ, He charges them not to repeat it; after the Transfiguration he bids the three keep silence. . . .

On further thought, on really considering the matter, it is apparent that Jesus has nothing of the esoteric. He has no secret doctrine to impart to a few acolytes. His words are public and open. He always speaks in the public squares of cities, on the beaches of lakes, in the Synagogue, in the midst of the people. He forbids speaking of his miracles in order that he may not be confused with wizards and exorcists; he commands to do good secretly in order to keep vainglory from destroying merit; he does not wish the Twelve to proclaim him the Christ before his entry into Jerusalem, the public inauguration of his messiahship; and he speaks in parables to be better understood by the simple who listen more willingly to a story than to a sermon, and remember a narration better than an argument.

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SHOLEM ASCH

THE DISTINGUISHED JEWISH NOVELIST, Sholem Asch, was born in Poland in 1880 and came to settle in America in 1914. His novels have

been translated into many languages.

In his *The Nazarene*, the days of Christ are brought vividly before us. We walk the streets of Jerusalem with the followers of Jesus. We see the traditional customs of the ancient Jews and Romans, and we hear the quibbling arguments of the priests. Through all this the figure of Jesus emerges as that of a great spiritual leader. This work, informed by modern scholarship, is most reverent and inspired. It presents one of the best pictures of Christ in all modern literature.

With the Poor

AND THE WAY of our Rabbi is on this wise: he is not like other learned men who stay within the four ells of their commandments and preach the law in the study houses to their disciples who sit at their feet; but he is like a brimming well which standeth at the wayside so that all who pass may come and draw of its living waters. My Rabbi goeth about among the common people and guideth them into the right path. In the weekdays he goeth out to the port, where the fishers bring in the nets with the fish and the porters carry their burdens to the ships. Many folk are assembled there, for they come hither to sell the merchants the labor of their hands. And our Rabbi standeth there among the folk and teacheth them of the kingdom of heaven through beautiful parables, and this one he comforteth with a word and the other he healeth of a sickness. On the Sabbath he cometh to the synagogue and sometimes he preacheth on a text from the Torah, and sometimes he doth not so. But the Rabbi spreadeth his doctrine not only in the city of K'far Nahum, but he leadeth us through the towns and villages round about, and he showeth us how the modest people live and biddeth us take their example. Ofttimes it chanceth that as we come to a city the eventide encountereth us and the sky encloseth the earth in faith, and from the houses goeth up smoke Reprinted from The Nazarene, by Sholem Asch; copyright 1939 by Sholem Asch; used by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Inc., New York.

where the bread is a-baking which labor hath earned. Then the man cometh home from the field or from his work to the house, and the goodwife waiteth at the door with the lamp in her hand, on the threshold of the house. And when the Rabbi cometh to the city, he goeth not to the house of study to the learned, but he turneth aside to the houses of the poor, and he stationeth himself at a door till that they bid him enter. He bringeth peace with him, he blesseth the house and sitteth with the folk to eat the bread of the poor, and saith a benediction thereon and praiseth the goodwife to the husband. And when they have eaten he calleth the children to him and inquireth of them concerning their lessons, and every child telleth him his text. Then he blesseth the children and saith, "May your like multiply in Israel," and the mothers sit on the thresholds of the doors, and when they hear that the Rabbi praiseth the fruit of their womb and maketh them beloved of their husbands, so they say to each other, It cannot be but that this is a man of God, for he bringeth peace with him into the house. . . .

And when we come a second time unto this place, then the folk come of themselves to welcome us, and the women stand on the thresholds of their houses and they call unto the Rabbi, "Let the Rabbi stay with me, let him lay his head under my roof and let my house be blessed for his sake." And the children likewise run forth to greet him, and they make a circle about him and they seize his robe and they tell him the texts which they have learned that day in the school. And when we the disciples do sometimes speak angrily to the children and bid them begone from molesting the Rabbi, he will not have it so, but saith unto us: "Suffer the little ones to come unto me, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." And thus he goeth into the town with the children all about him, and the men come forth to greet him and they call unto him:

"Come, thou blessed of God."

And when eventide cometh he calleth them together in the house or the yard of one of them, and they come bearing their lamps. And the Rabbi sitteth with them, and breaketh bread, and telleth them of the kingdom of heaven, and the people turn back to God. And the name of the Rabbi spreadeth like an ointment through the land.

With the Outcasts

AND the Rabbi asked Levi, the collector of taxes:

"Are there many like thee in Israel?"

And he answered the Rabbi and said:

"There be many in the city which have been thrust out from Israel even as I was, for they are accounted sinners. I entreat thee, come and I will lead thee to them, that they may be comforted of thee as I have been comforted."

And the Rabbi said:

"Bring me to them."

Then when it was the evening of that day Levi the tax collector made a feast for the Rabbi, and he gathered many tax collectors and sinners into his house, such as come not into the congregation of Israel. For there were among them such as doubted of God in their hearts, and others that are not received in marriage because of suspicion of bastardy; there were likewise among them robbers by the wayside, and dove catchers, who may not be called as witnesses in the courts, and those who betray Jews to the government and who should be torn like a fish, also women of ill repute, harlots that lead men from the right path. And the Rabbi sat down with them at one table, and he bade us also sit down with them and be friendly with them. And this was a hard thing, yea, as hard as the splitting of the Red Sea; and we that were scholars did feel then as if we were serving the golden calf. But the hand of the Rabbi was heavy upon us, and we broke bread, and ate, without that we had washed, and the Rabbi only said a prayer and uttered the blessing over the bread. Simon bar Jonah did stand and serve them, likewise the brothers Zebedee. For them it was not a hard thing.

And the Rabbi did speak to each one separately and comforted them and turned their hearts toward goodness and told them what to do if they wished to win eternal life. And they listened to his words and said, "We will obey and hearken!"

And the people said one to the other, "Who hath ever spoken to us such words of comfort? The learned thrust us away from them, and they thrust us out of the congregation as a sick sheep is

thrust out of the fold. And see how this one cometh and taketh us to his heart, as a father taketh to his heart his beloved son."

And the Rabbi took Levi, the tax collector, and placed him in our midst, and put his hands upon him and said unto us, "From this day forth he shall be a brother unto you and a son to Abraham."

And this thing was hard for us. Should we be a brother unto a tax collector? And should we consort with harlots? For until now this hath not been heard in Israel, that a sinner shall be a disciple unto a Rabbi.

And when the Rabbi saw that we were greatly astonished he said unto us:

"Why say ye unto me Lord, Lord, and ye will not obey my words? The disciple shall not be higher than his master, he shall be content to be as his Rabbi. Why seest thou the mote in thy brother's eye and seest not the beam in thine own? These people are nigh unto God. He hath seen their broken hearts and he hath drawn them nigh unto himself, and ye shall not thrust off afar that which God draweth nigh." And he told them a beautiful parable: "To what may the kingdom of heaven be likened? The kingdom of heaven may be likened unto a man that soweth seed in the earth," and he told us other parables until he had taken over our spirits and made them obedient unto him. For we perceived that God was with him.

But on the morrow when we came to the synagogue to pray we were surrounded by the learned men, the Pharisees and the disciples of Jochanan the Baptist, and they said unto us:

"What are these things that are told concerning your Rabbi? And what paths hath he chosen to walk in? Is there lack of that which needeth mending in Israel that he must go to tax collectors and sinners? Who hath heard of such a thing that a Rabbi shall sit at one table with them and eat bread with unwashed hands? Who hath ever heard that a Rabbi shall consort with harlots? For the breath of their mouths maketh impure, and the look of their eyes is full of sin. And the voice of a woman is uncleanliness and the touch of her hand is whoredom. The bread of the man-of-theearth is unclean and forbidden, for he taketh not tribute from the

dough and delivereth not to God his heave offering and tithe; and his bed is unclean, and a *chaver* may not lie in it, for they know not how to guard themselves in what pertaineth to purity. And their table shall be contemned, for it is covered with pots, and their food is like the flesh of corpses. And tax collectors may not bear witness in the courts and they are not accounted of the congregation of Israel. And with such your Rabbi consorteth, and he eateth and swilleth with them. Hath not the harp of Israel sung: 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful'? And your Rabbi doeth contrariwise."

We brought the words of these people to the ears of our Rabbi, and we said:

"The wise men murmur that we sit at one table with tax gatherers, and we know not what to answer them."

Then the Rabbi gathered us about him that same evening in the booth which was on the roof, and we pressed close about him and he spoke to us by the light of the lamp and declared the matter unto us:

"Who of you, if he possesseth a hundred sheep and loseth one of them, will not leave the ninety-nine sheep and go in search of the lost sheep until he find it? And will he not bear it on his shoulders, and rejoice therewith, and call together his neighbors and friends and say unto them, 'Rejoice with me, for the sheep which I have lost is found.' And I say unto you: so shall your rejoicing over one sinner that repenteth be greater than for ninety-nine just that have no need of repentance."

And he told us further a beautiful parable of a man who had two sons. . . And it came to pass that when he told this parable Simon bar Jonah stood and his face was shining with joy, and the tears ran down his shining cheeks into his beard. And he said, "Whatsoever he biddeth me do, that will I do, though it be to sit with tax gatherers and to serve them. For all that he doth is for the sake of heaven." And these words the twelve disciples all said. And the women that stood by the door and listened to the words of the Rabbi cracked their fingers and puffed their cheeks and swallowed his words and cried out with the joy that filled their breast

as the wine filleth a grape when it is ripe. And we thanked God and praised him that he had been gracious and brought us night to this man of God.

I am Faith

THEN the Rabbi said unto us, "Go now, take shelter in the ruin, and I will go on up yonder hill to pray alone; then I will come to you." And Simon asked him, "Shall I not accompany thee, Rabbi?" And the Rabbi said, "Nay, go thou with the others."

And the disciples came into the ruin and laid themselves on the ground, and covered themselves with their cloaks, and a deep sleep fell upon them, for they were awearied with the labor of the day. But sleep came not to visit mine eyelids, and I found not rest.

And many cares were in my heart, and I asked of myself, "Now how cometh it that among all the disciples of the Rabbi God hath chosen me alone to cover mine eyes with a covering, that I shall not see the wonders of my Rabbi. . . . Then I prayed to my father in heaven: "Open my eyes and give understanding to my heart, that I may see and feel like the others.". . .

And I went forth in the night and I perceived that my Rabbi stood alone on the hill, and the whiteness of his garment was covered with light, and his arms were uplifted as he prayed alone. And it was with me as if the shadow had fallen from mine eyes, and I saw my Rabbi as if he were an angel of heaven, and I fell at the foot of the hill, and lifted my hands to him and cried, "Rabbi! Rabbi! Help me!" And my Rabbi said to me, "Judah, come to me up the hill; it is for thee that I send my prayers to heaven." And I arose to ascend the hill. But the ascent of the hill was filled with bushes and thorns, and there were many hindrances. And I wandered this way and that and could not come to my Rabbi. He was lost from before mine eyes, and I remained alone in the night in a wood of thorns, and the thorns stretched out their spears to me, and hands that would seize me. And I called, "Rabbi, where art thou?" And I heard his voice, but him I saw not. But when a time had passed he appeared before me and took my hand and ascended with me, and I stood near my Rabbi and the heavens above were spread out wide and covered with light. And the Rabbi said unto me:

"Judah, thy heart is restless; it is like a lost ship in a stormy sea. Why canst thou not find rest, like my other disciples?"

And I answered, saying:

"Rabbi, perform now one of thy wonders and strengthen my faith in thee." And my Rabbi answered: "Even for this did I pray now, Judah, for thou couldst have been my most beloved disciple."

And he took my hand and led me down to the ruin, and we entered and saw the disciples of the Rabbi sleeping in a corner, their heads resting upon the stones, their bodies covered with their mantles; and the light of the stars fell upon their faces and beards and poured out its mercy upon them, and they slept the sleep of the just, even as Jacob our forefather slept in Beth El.

And the Rabbi said, "I thank thee, O father in heaven, that thou hast hidden the thing from the wise and understanding, and hast unveiled it to children and the innocent." But I found daring in my heart and said, "They who hold in their hands the thread which was given to us by our fathers cannot sleep; they are not at peace with themselves, for they fear to let the thread drop from their hands. For if they lose it, what shall they do? They will not find another to hold to, and then will they not wander lost in the night of their lives?"

Thereupon my Rabbi answered:

"Thou art left but one which holdeth the treasure in his hand, but not they that hold the treasure have it; only they that think they have lost it and continue to search. . . ."

"Rabbi, I understand thee not."

Thereupon he answered, "He that seeketh to save his soul from me shall lose it. But he that loseth his soul for me shall find it."

And I bowed myself before him and said:

"It is a great thing thou askest of me. Behold, I will not leave thee till thou tellest me who thou art."

But my Rabbi answered, saying:

"Judah, I am only he who sitteth in thy heart. I am faith. I

dwell in each heart in that measure in which the heart can hold me."

But I threw myself at his feet and cried:

"Rabbi, I know who thou art. Only he can speak thus who hath been given the power thereto." But my Rabbi lifted me up, and pointed to the sleeping disciples and said, "Go, Judah, and lay thee down among them, let thy heart find peace."

And I lay down among the others, and I slept with them in the ruin by Bet Zeida.

With Elijah and Moses

AND the Rabbi said, "Here shall I pray." And he enfolded himself in a *tallit*, and he took with him Simon and the sons of Zebedee and ascended with them to the summit of the mount to pray, for the hour was auspicious. And the other disciples remained at the foot of the mount. . . .

And when half the night had passed and the second watch was gone, and we were deep sunken in sleep, we wakened, hearing a mighty voice from the mount. And when we opened our eyes, we were astonished by the whiteness of the night, for the land was steeped in light, and the mount whereon our Rabbi had gone to pray was covered with a cloud, which was like the wing of an angel; and it was as if the snows of Hermon had come hither to cover the mount.

And Simon came out of the cloud and his face was pale, and his hair disarrayed by the wind, and his eyes were large, and wide open with fear, and he trembled with a great trembling. And after him came the brothers Zebedee, Jochanan first with swift and certain steps, his arms outstretched, and his brother Jacob after him. And they likewise were terrified and distraught, even like Simon bar Jonah. And we, the other disciples, arose and went to meet them, for we said unto ourselves that a thing of great import had come to pass. And we said to them, "Now tell us what hath chanced that ye be so shaken as if the storm had passed through you." And Simon called, "We have seen Elijah the prophet, him that we sought so long." And the brothers Zebedee testified like-

wise. And we asked Simon further, "When? And where?" And he answered, "There, on the mount, whither the Rabbi went to pray. Elijah the prophet standeth there even now with the Rabbi, and Moses a third with them." And we were filled with astonishment by these words and we said, "Simon, tell us how this thing was, for it importeth greatly in our lives." And Simon related:

"Behold, we were upon the mount, and the Rabbi said unto us, 'Tarry here awhile, I will go to yonder place to pray alone.' And he drew off from us a space, and stood where we saw the light of heaven falling upon his tallit. And his arms were stretched out to his father on high, and he prayed. And as we stood thus and beheld him in the light of heaven, there fell upon us the terror of God. For his raiment ceased not from growing whiter and whiter, and there was a flickering about him as of the amber wings of the cherubs standing between him and us. And we heard the noise of footsteps that approached but we beheld no man. And it was as though a wind were driving upon us. And then on a sudden we beheld two old men in white raiment, and they stood with the Rabbi and held converse with him. And in yet a little while they all vanished in a white cloud, as though the snow had fallen on the three. And out of the cloud there came a voice, which testified concerning our Rabbi in the words of the prophets. And then the white cloud disappeared, and our Rabbi stood there alone, and we asked him, 'Who were they that were with thee?' And the Rabbi answered, 'The first of these was Elijah the prophet, whom ye seek, and the other was Moses our teacher.' And I called out to my Rabbi, 'My lord, it is good to tarry upon this hill. And if it seemeth well to thee, let us put up three booths, one for thee, and one for Moses and one for Elijah the prophet. For I would not that the Rabbi go up to Jerusalem, because of that which awaiteth us there."

And Jacob and Jochanan testified according to the words of Simon.

And as we stood there in great astonishment, we saw the Rabbi coming down the mount, and his raiment was whiter than the hand of man could wash it; and the glory of God was upon his face, and his feet were naked and it was as if he trod not upon the

earth in his going. And there was a cloud about him, and we trembled.

And the Rabbi drew close and touched us with his hands and said, "Arise, and fear not." And he bade us reveal this thing to no one, until the time came.

With His Mother

And the word going about that our Rabbi had returned from the land of the gentiles and that he abode in K'far Nahum, the talk and the rumor concerning him increased mightily. And the noise thereof came to the ears of his mother who was in Nazareth. And she gathered her children, and she came with them to K'far Nahum, in order that they might persuade the Rabbi to return to the house of his mother, for she feared for his life. And it came to pass that the Rabbi sat in the house of Simon's mother-in-law, and they that followed him were gathered with him. And his mother came to the door and she looked upon him; and there was compassion in her face and her eyes were red with weeping. And tears fell upon her face and clung in the folds thereof. And she stretched out her arms to him and said, "My child, what misfortune bringest thou upon thy head? For that which I feared hath come to pass. In the nights I sleep not, because of thee. The sword of the government hangeth over thee, and the people quarrel because of thee. Return now to thy mother's house; thy father's work waiteth for thee, and thou shalt find rest in the bosom of thy family. For this is a dangerous thing which thou hast taken upon thyself." And she spoke more in this wise, even as a mother speaketh to her son that goeth in bad ways.

And the Rabbi sat among us and heard not the words of his mother. For she could not approach him through the press of the people. And one called to the Rabbi, saying, "Behold, thy mother standeth at the door." But the Rabbi answered, "Who is my mother? Who are my brothers? They that do the will of our father in heaven, they are my brothers and my mother." And when her children heard these words, they led her forth with a great weeping.

GEORGE BORROW

George Borrow (1803-81) had no intention of becoming a hero missionary. He was by inclination a linguist and spent his youthful years traveling through France, Germany, Russia, Spain and the Near East studying the language of each country. He, also, engaged in literary tasks. At one time he assisted in compiling the famous Newgate Calendar.

When he was almost thirty years of age, however, he was called away from his peaceful life of scholarship. The British and Foreign Bible Society sent him on a mission first to Russia and then to Spain. His mission to Spain was not an easy one. He was to translate the scriptures into Spanish and Portuguese and also into the Gypsy language. These translations he was to publish against the opposition of local authorities. Then when the Bibles were ready he was to go about the country and sell them to the people. All this he was asked to accomplish alone.

His battle to bring the teachings and words of Christ to the people of Spain is a most heroic one. No wonder he described himself as "a fellow who rides upon the clouds and is occasionally whisked away by a gust of wind."

The Bible in Spain is charged with picaresque excitement and a beautiful quixotic spirit.

Bringing the Word of Christ to Spain

The christians of england had already made considerable sacrifices, in the hope of disseminating the word of God largely amongst the Spaniards, and it was now necessary to spare no exertion to prevent that hope becoming abortive. Before the book [the New Testament in Spanish] was ready, I had begun to make preparations for putting a plan into execution, which had occupied my thoughts occasionally during my former visit to Spain, and which I had never subsequently abandoned. I had mused on it when off Cape Finisterre in the tempest; in the cutthroat passes of the Morena; and on the plains of La Mancha, as I jogged along a little way ahead of the Contrabandista.

I had determined, after depositing a certain number of copies in the shops of the booksellers of Madrid, to ride forth, Testament

in hand, and endeavor to circulate the word of God among the Spaniards, not only of the towns but of the villages; among the children not only of the plains but of the hills and mountains. I intended to visit Old Castile, and to traverse the whole of Galicia and the Asturias-to establish Scripture depots in the principal towns, and to visit the people in secret and secluded spots—to talk to them of Christ, to explain to them the nature of his book, and to place that book in the hands of those whom I should deem capable of deriving benefit from it. I was aware that such a journey would be attended with considerable danger, and very possibly the fate of St. Stephen might overtake me; but does the man deserve the name of a follower of Christ who would shrink from danger of any kind in the cause of him whom he calls his Master? "He who loses his life for My sake, shall find it," are words which the Lord himself uttered. These words were fraught with consolation to me, as they doubtless are to every one engaged in propagating the gospel in sincerity of heart, in savage and barbarian lands.

During my stay at Salamanca, I took measures that the word of God might become generally known in this celebrated city. The principal bookseller of the town, Blanco, a man of great wealth and respectability, consented to become my agent here, and I in consequence deposited in his shop a certain number of New Testaments. He was the proprietor of a small printing press, where the official bulletin of the place was published. For this bulletin I prepared an advertisement of the work, in which, amongst other things, I said that the New Testament was the only guide to salvation; I also spoke of the Bible Society, and the great pecuniary sacrifices which it was making with the view of proclaiming Christ crucified, and of making his doctrine known. This step will perhaps be considered by some as too bold, but I was not aware that I could take any more calculated to arouse the attention of the people—a considerable point. I also ordered numbers of the same advertisement to be struck off in the shape of bills, which I caused to be stuck up in various parts of the town. I had great hope that by means of these a considerable number of New

Testaments would be sold. I intended to repeat this experiment in Valladolid, Leon, St. Jago, and all the principal towns which I visited, and to distribute them likewise as I rode along: the children of Spain would thus be brought to know that such a work as the New Testament is in existence, a fact of which not five in one hundred were then aware, notwithstanding their so frequently repeated boasts of their Catholicity and Christianity.

The scene was delightful. The sun was rolling high in the firmament, casting from its orb of fire the most glorious rays, so that the atmosphere was flickering with their splendor, but their fierceness was either warded off by the shadow of the trees or rendered innocuous by the refreshing coolness which rose from the waters, or by the gentle breezes which murmured at intervals over the meadows, "fanning the cheek or raising the hair" of the wanderer. The hills gradually receded, till at last we entered a plain where tall grass was waving, and mighty chestnut trees, in full blossom, spread out their giant and umbrageous boughs. Beneath many stood cars, the tired oxen prostrate on the ground, the crossbar of the poll which they support pressing heavily on their heads, while their drivers were either employed in cooking, or were enjoying a delicious siesta in the grass and shade. I went up to one of the largest of these groups and demanded of the individuals whether they were in need of the Testament of Jesus Christ. They stared at one another, and then at me, till at last a young man, who was dangling a long gun in his hands as he reclined, demanded of me what it was, at the same time inquiring whether I was a Catalan, "For you speak hoarse," said he, "and are tall and fair like that family." I sat down among them and said that I was no Catalan, but that I came from a spot in the Western Sea, many leagues distant, to sell that book at half the price it cost; and that their souls' welfare depended on their being acquainted with it. I then explained to them the nature of the New Testament, and read to them the parable of the Sower. They stared at each other again, but said that they were poor and could not buy books. I rose, mounted, and was going away, saying to them, "Peace bide with you." Whereupon the young man with the gun rose, and saying, "Caspita! this is odd," snatched the book from my hand and gave me the price I had demanded.

On my return to Madrid, I found the despacho still open: various Testaments had been sold, though the number was by no means considerable: the work had to labor under great disadvantage, from the ignorance of the people at large with respect to its tenor and contents. It was no wonder, then, that little interest was felt respecting it. To call, however, public attention to the despacho, I printed three thousand advertisements on paper, yellow, blue, and crimson, with which I almost covered the sides of the streets, and besides this, inserted an account of it in all the journals and periodicals; the consequence was, that in a short time almost every person in Madrid was aware of its existence. Such exertions in London or Paris would probably have insured the sale of the entire edition of the New Testament within a few days. In Madrid, however, the result was not quite so flattering; for after the establishment had been open an entire month the copies disposed of barely amounted to one hundred.

These proceedings of mine did not fail to cause a great sensation, the priests and their partisans were teeming with malice and fury, which, for some time, they thought proper to exhibit only in words; it being their opinion that I was favored by the ambassador and by the British government; but there was no attempt, however atrocious, that might not be expected from their malignity; and were it right and seemly for me, the most insignificant of worms, to make such a comparison, I might say, like Paul at Ephesus, I was fighting with wild beasts.

About the middle of January a swoop was made upon me by my enemies, in the shape of a peremptory prohibition from the political governor of Madrid to sell any more New Testaments. This measure by no means took me by surprise, as I had for some time previously been expecting something of the kind, on account of the political sentiments of the ministers then in power. . . .

Matters were going on very well before this check. The demand for Testaments was becoming considerable, so much so,

that the clergy were alarmed, and this step was the consequence. But they had previously recourse to another, well worthy of them, they attempted to act upon my fears. One of the ruffians of Madrid, called Manolos, came up to me one night, in a dark street, and told me that unless I discontinued selling my "Jewish books," I should have a knife "nailed in my heart"; but I told him to go home, say his prayers, and tell his employers that I pitied them; whereupon he turned away with an oath. A few days after, I received an order to send two copies of the Testament to the office of the political governor, with which I complied, and in less than twenty-four hours an alguazil arrived at the shop with a notice prohibiting the further sale of the work.

One circumstance rejoiced me. Singular as it may appear, the authorities took no measures to cause my little despacho to be closed, and I received no prohibition respecting the sale of any work but the New Testament, and as the Gospel of St. Luke, in Romany and Basque, would within a short time be ready for delivery, I hoped to carry on matters in a small way till better times should arrive.

I was advised to erase from the shop windows the words, "Despacho of the British and Foreign Bible Society." This, however, I refused to do. Those words had tended very much to call attention, which was my grand object. Had I attempted to conduct things in an underhand manner, I should, at the time of which I am speaking, scarcely have sold thirty copies in Madrid, instead of nearly three hundred. People who know me not, may be disposed to call me rash; but I am far from being so, as I never adopt a venturous course when any other is open to me. I am not, however, a person to be terrified by any danger, when I see that braving it is the only way to achieve an object.

The booksellers were unwilling to sell my work; I was compelled to establish a shop of my own. Every shop in Madrid has a name. What name could I give it but the true one? I was not ashamed of my cause or my colors. I hoisted them, and fought beneath them not without success.

The priestly party in Madrid, in the meantime, spared no effort to vilify me. They started a publication, called "The Friend of the Christian Religion," in which a stupid but furious attack upon me appeared, which I, however, treated with the contempt it deserved. But not satisfied with this, they endeavored to incite the populace against me, by telling them that I was a sorcerer, and a companion of gypsies and witches, and their agents even called me so in the streets. That I was an associate of gypsies and fortunetellers I do not deny. Why should I be ashamed of their company when my Master mingled with publicans and thieves? Many of the gypsy race came frequently to visit me; received instruction, and heard parts of the Gospel read to them in their own language, and when they were hungry and faint, I gave them to eat and drink. This might be deemed sorcery in Spain, but I am not without hope that it will be otherwise estimated in England, . . .

In the meantime I endeavored to enter into negotiations with the ministry, for the purpose of obtaining permission to sell the New Testament in Madrid, and the nullification of the prohibition. I experienced, however, great opposition, which I was unable to surmount. Several of the ultra-popish bishops, then resident in Madrid, had denounced the Bible, the Bible Society, and myself. Nevertheless, notwithstanding their powerful and united efforts, they were unable to effect their principal object, namely, my expulsion from Madrid and Spain. The Count Ofalia, notwithstanding he had permitted himself to be made the instrument, to a certain extent, of these people, would not consent to be pushed to such a length. . . .

At the desire of Sir George Villiers, I drew up a brief account of the Bible Society, and an exposition of its views, especially in respect to Spain, which he presented with his own hand to the Count. . . . Ofalia, on reading it, said, "What a pity that this is a Protestant society, and that all its members are not Catholics."

A few days subsequently, to my great astonishment, he sent a message to me by a friend, requesting that I would send him a copy of my Gypsy Gospel. I may as well here state, that the fame of this work, though not yet published, had already spread like wildfire through Madrid, and every person was passionately eager to possess a copy; indeed, several grandees of Spain sent mes-

sages with similar requests, all of which I however denied. I insages with similar requests, all of which I however denied. I instantly resolved to take advantage of this overture on the part of Count Ofalia, and to call on him myself. I therefore caused a copy of the Gospel to be handsomely bound, and proceeding to the palace, was instantly admitted to him. He was a dusky, diminutive person, between fifty and sixty years of age, with false hair and teeth, but exceedingly gentlemanly manners. He received me with great affability, and thanked me for my present; but on my proceeding to speak of the New Testament he told me that the subject was surrounded with difficulties, and that the great body of the clergy had taken up the matter against me; he conjured me of the clergy had taken up the matter against me; he conjured me, however, to be patient and peaceable, in which case he said he would endeavour to devise some plan to satisfy me. Among other things, he observed that the bishops hated a sectarian more than an atheist. Whereupon I replied, that like the Pharisees of old, they cared more for the gold of the temple than the temple itself. Throughout the whole of our interview, he evidently labored under great four and was continuedly labored had in a being had in a second and a second a second and a second I hroughout the whole of our interview, he evidently labored under great fear, and was continually looking behind and around him, seemingly in dread of being overheard, which brought to my mind an expression of a friend of mine, that if there be any truth in metempsychosis, the soul of Count Ofalia must have originally belonged to a mouse. We parted in kindness, and I went away, wondering by what strange chance this poor man had become prime minister of a country like Spain.

At length the Gospel of St. Luke in the Gypsy language was in a state of readiness. I therefore deposited a certain number of copies in the despacho, and announced them for sale. The Basque, which was by this time also printed, was likewise advertised. For this last work there was little demand. Not so, however, for the Gypsy Luke, of which I could have easily disposed of the whole edition in less than a fortnight. Long, however, before this period had expired the clergy were up in arms. "Sorcery!" said one bishop. "There is more in this than we can dive into," exclaimed a second. "He will convert all Spain by means of the Gypsy language," cried a third. And then came the usual chorus on such occasions, of Que infamial Que picardial At last, having con-

sulted together, away they hurried to their tool the corregidor, or, according to the modern term, the jefe politico of Madrid. I have forgotten the name of this worthy, of whom I had myself no personal knowledge whatever. Judging from his actions, however, and from common report, I should say that he was a stupid wrongheaded creature, savage withal—a melange of borrico, mule, and wolf. Having an inveterate antipathy to all foreigners, he lent a willing ear to the complaint of my accusers, and forthwith gave orders to make a seizure of all the copies of the Gypsy Gospel which could be found in the despacho. The consequence was, that a numerous body of alguazils directed their steps to the Calle del principe; some thirty copies of the book were pounced upon, and about the same number of St. Luke in Basque. With this spoil these satellites returned in triumph to the jefatura politica, where they divided the copies of the Gypsy volume amongst themselves, selling subsequently the greater number at a large price, the book being in the greatest demand, and thus becoming unintentionally agents of an heretical society. But everyone must live by his trade, say these people, and they lose no opportunity of making their words good, by disposing to the best advantage of any booty which falls into their hands.

All the villages within the distance of four leagues to the east of Madrid, were visited in less than a fortnight, and Testaments to the number of nearly two hundred disposed of. These villages for the most part are very small, some of them consisting of not more than a dozen houses, or I should rather say miserable cabins. . . .

The first village at which I made an attempt was Cobenna, about three leagues from Madrid. I was dressed in the fashion of the peasants in the neighborhood of Segovia, in Old Castile; namely, I had on my head a species of leather helmet or montera, with a jacket and trousers of the same material. I had the appearance of a person between sixty and seventy years of age, and drove before me a borrico with a sack of Testaments lying across its back. On nearing the village, I met a genteel-looking young woman leading a little boy by the hand: as I was about to pass her with the customary salutation of vaya usted con Dios, she stopped, and

after looking at me for a moment, she said, "Uncle (Tio), what is that you have got on your borrico? Is it soap?"
"Yes," I replied; "it is soap to wash souls clean."

She demanded what I meant; whereupon I told her that I carried cheap and godly books for sale. On her requesting to see one, I produced a copy from my pocket and handed it to her. She instantly commenced reading with a loud voice, and continued so for at least ten minutes, occasionally exclaiming, "Que lectura tan bonita, que lectura tan linda! What beautiful, what charming reading!" At last, on my informing her that I was in a hurry, and could not wait any longer, she said, "True, true!" and asked me the price of the book: I told her "but three reals," whereupon she said, that though what I asked was very little, it was more than she could afford to give, as there was little or no money in those parts. I said I was sorry for it, but that I could not dispose of the books for less than I had demanded, and accordingly, resuming it, wished her farewell, and left her. I had not, however, proceeded thirty yards, when the boy came running behind me, shouting, out of breath, "Stop, uncle, the book, the book!" Upon overtaking me, he delivered the three reals in copper, and seizing the Testament, ran back to her, who I suppose was his sister, flourishing the book over his head with great glee.

On arriving at the village, I directed my steps to a house, around the door of which I saw several people gathered, chiefly women. On my displaying my books, their curiosity was instantly aroused, and every person had speedily one in his hand, many reading aloud; however, after waiting nearly an hour, I had disposed of but one copy, all complaining bitterly of the distress of the times, and the almost total want of money, though, at the same time, they acknowledged that the books were wonderfully cheap, and appeared to be very good and Christian-like. I was about to gather up my merchandise and depart, when on a sudden the curate of the place made his appearance. After having examined the books for some time with considerable attention, he asked me the price of a copy, and upon my informing him that it was three reals, he replied that the binding was worth more, and that he was much afraid that I had stolen the books, and that it

was perhaps his duty to send me to prison as a suspicious character; but added, that the books were good books, however they might be obtained, and concluded by purchasing two copies. The poor people no sooner heard their curate recommend the volumes, than all were eager to secure one, and hurried here and there for the purpose of procuring money, so that between twenty and thirty copies were sold almost in an instant. This adventure not only affords an instance of the power still possessed by the Spanish clergy over the minds of the people, but proves that such influence is not always exerted in a manner favorable to the maintenance of ignorance and superstition.

In another village, on my showing a Testament to a woman, she said that she had a child at school for whom she should like to purchase one, but that she must first know whether the book was calculated to be of service to him. She then went away, and presently returned with the schoolmaster, followed by all the children under his care; she then, showing the schoolmaster a book, inquired if it would answer for her son. The schoolmaster called her a simpleton for asking such a question, and said that he knew the book well, and there was not its equal in the world (no hay otro en el mundo). He instantly purchased five copies for his pupils, regretting that he had no more money, "For if I had," said he, "I would buy the whole cargo." Upon hearing this, the woman purchased four copies, namely, one for her living son, another for her deceased husband, a third for herself, and a fourth for her brother, whom she said she was expecting home that night from Madrid.

In this manner we proceeded; not, however, with uniform success. In some villages the people were so poor and needy that they had literally no money; even in these, however, we managed to dispose of a few copies in exchange for barley or refreshments.

FRANCOIS MAURIAC

François Mauriac (1885-), one of the most distinguished writers of France, has been called the dean of Catholic novelists. Several of his hauntingly beautiful novels are translated into English.

In the preface to his *Life of Jesus* he writes, "But I wished to prove or demonstrate nothing save that the Lord, as he appears to us through the Synoptics and the fourth Gospel, is someone with human and consistent traits, a character in the most terrestrial sense of the word."

Simple Hearts

ALL JESUS' WORDS, during the last weeks of his life, betrayed this preference for simple hearts, capable of excess. He who was so harsh with the doctors and the Pharisees, allowed himself to unbend with the humble. It was not by humility nor the spirit of sacrifice that he remained in their midst. He preferred them, or rather he hated the world and gave himself to those who were not of the world. Herod, whom he called "that fox," was the only being of whom he spoke with contempt. It was but a game for him to fight the wise men on their own ground; but he cared nothing about reducing the foolish dialecticians to silence! His real joy was to reveal himself to the poor men crushed under their habitual sins and to open under their feet an abyss of mercy and of pardon.

Thus he compared himself to the shepherd of the sheep who abandons ninety-nine to go after the hundredth which is lost; and who brings it back in his arms. In listening to this parable, everyone must have thought: "He is speaking of me . . ." For which one of them had not weighed, with all his fleshly weight, on the sacred shoulders? They had been gathered up, they had been held up and, covered with mud, they had been pressed against that breast. "So shall there be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, rather than over ninety-nine just."

Reprinted from Life of Jesus, by François Mauriac, translated by Julie Kernan; used by permission of David McKay Company, Inc., New York, and Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., London.

IVAN TURGENEV

IVAN TURGENEV (1818-83) began his literary career with his Sportsman's Sketches. This book gave a most sympathetic picture of those born in serfdom and had the same effect on slavery in Russia as Uncle Tom's Cabin had in America. Oddly enough both books were published in the same year. Serfdom was abolished in Russia in the year that the War Between the States began.

As champion of the lowly and the disinherited, it is not surprising that Turgenev should, in *Poems in Prose*, attempt to describe the emotion he once felt on seeing the face of the Lord.

Christ

ONCE when I was a lad, scarcely more than a boy, I happened to be in a lovely village church. The thin wax candles glowed like red points before the pictures of the saints.

A rainbow-colored glow surrounded each flame. It was dim and dark in the church, but many people were there standing in front of me.

They were all brown-haired peasants' heads, which moved up and down in a wave-like motion, rising and falling like ripe ears of wheat when tossing in the summer wind.

Suddenly some one stepped in behind me, and placed himself near me.

I did not turn, but had nevertheless a feeling that this manwas Christ.

I was overcome by emotion, curiosity, and fright all at once. I controlled myself, and looked at my neighbors.

He had a countenance like other people's;—a countenance like any other man's face. The eyes were looking softly and attentively upward. The lips were closed, but not compressed; the upper lip seemed to rest on the lower. His beard was not long and was parted at the chin. His hands were folded and motionless. Even his dress was like that of others.

Can this be Christ? I thought—such an unpretending, perfectly simple person? It is not possible.

I turned away, but scarcely had I withdrawn my glance from this plain man when it seemed to me that he who was standing by me must really be Christ.

I looked at him once more, and again I saw the same face that looked like the faces of all other men; the same every-day though unfamiliar features.

At last I became uncomfortable, and collected myself. Then it suddenly became clear to me that Christ had really just such a common human face.

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KING OF MEN'S SPIRITS

Do you think he came, the true and perfect king, only to go away again, and leave this world as it was before, without a law, a ruler, a heavenly kingdom? God forbid! Jesus is the same yesterday, today, and forever. What he was then, when he rode in triumph into Jerusalem, that is he now to us this day—a king, meek and lowly, and having salvation, the head and founder of a kingdom which can never be moved. . . .

He came not only to assert his own power, to redeem his own world, but to set his people, the children of men, an example, that they should follow in his steps. Herein, too, he is the perfect king. He leads his subjects, he sets a perfect example to his own, and inspires them with the power of following that example, as, if you will think, a perfect ruler ought to be able to do.

Jesus, the perfect king, is king of men's spirits, as well as of their bodies. He can turn the heart, he can renew the soul. None so ignorant, none so sinful, none so crushed down with evil habits, but the Lord can and will forgive him, raise him up, enlighten, strengthen him, if he will but claim his share in his king's mercy, his citizenship in the heavenly kingdom, and so put himself in tune again with himself, and with heaven and earth, and all therein.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

LEW WALLACE

AFTER A MILITARY CAREER, which included action in the Mexican War and the War Between the States, General Lew Wallace returned to his home in Indiana to practice law and to write. Ben-Hur, A Tale of Christ, his most famous novel, was published in 1880 while he was serving as territorial governor of New Mexico. It has sold over two million copies.

Soon after the publication of *Ben-Hur*, General Wallace became minister to Turkey and his years in the Near East inspired him to write *The Prince of India*, a tale based on the legend of the Wandering Jew. But this novel did not capture the imagination of the public. *Ben-Hur* was to remain his most important book.

Ben-Hur and the Nazarene

An HOUR or thereabouts after the scene upon the roof, Balthasar and Simonides, the latter attended by Esther, met in the great chamber of the palace; and while they were talking, Ben-Hur and Iras came in together.

The young Jew, advancing in front of his companion, walked first to Balthasar, and saluted him, and received his reply; then he turned to Simonides, but paused at sight of Esther. . . .

When seated, after some other conversation, he addressed himself to the men.

"I have come to tell you of the Nazarene."

The two became instantly attentive.

"For many days now I have followed him with such watchfulness as one may give another upon whom he is waiting so anxiously. I have seen him under all circumstances said to be trials and tests of men; and while I am certain he is a man as I am, not less certain am I that he is something more."

"What more?" asked Simonides. . . .

"I fear to answer the question asked me about the Nazarene without first telling you some of the things I have seen him do; and to that I am the more inclined, my friends, because tomorrow he will come to the city, and go up into the Temple, which he

calls his father's house, where, it is further said, he will proclaim himself. So, whether you are right, O Balthasar, or you, Simonides, we and Israel shall know tomorrow."

Balthasar rubbed his hands tremulously together, and asked, "Where shall I go to see him?"

"The pressure of the crowd will be very great. Better, I think, that you all go upon the roof above the cloisters—say upon the porch of Solomon."

"Can you be with us?"

"No," said Ben-Hur, "my friends will require me, perhaps, in the procession."

"Procession!" exclaimed Simonides. "Does he travel in state?" Ben-Hur saw the argument in mind.

"He brings twelve men with him, fishermen, tillers of the soil, one a publican, all of the humbler class; and he and they make their journeys on foot, careless of wind, cold, rain, or sun. Seeing them stop by the wayside at nightfall to break bread or lie down to sleep, I have been reminded of a party of shepherds going back to their flocks from market, not of nobles and kings. Only when he lifts the corners of his handkerchief to look at someone or shake the dust from his head, I am made know he is their teacher as well as their companion—their superior not less than their friend.

"You are shrewd men," Ben-Hur resumed, after a pause. "You know what creatures of certain master motives we are, and that it has become little less than a law of our nature to spend life in eager pursuit of certain objects; now, appealing to that law as something by which we may know ourselves, what would you say of a man who could be rich by making gold of the stones under his feet, yet is poor of choice?"

"The Greeks would call him a philosopher," said Iras.

"Nay, daughter," said Balthasar, "the philosophers had never the power to do such thing."

"How know you this man has?"

Ben-Hur answered quickly, "I saw him turn water into wine." "Very strange, very strange," said Simonides; "but it is not so strange to me as that he should prefer to live poor when he could be so rich. Is he so poor?"

"He owns nothing, and envies nobody his owning. He pities the rich. But passing that, what would you say to see a man multiply seven loaves and two fishes, all his store, into enough to feed five thousand people, and have full baskets over? That I saw the Nazarene do."

"You saw it?" exclaimed Simonides.

"Aye, and ate of the bread and fish."

"More marvelous still," Ben-Hur continued, "what would you say of a man in whom there is such healing virtue that the sick have but to touch the hem of his garment to be cured, or cry to him afar? That, too, I witnessed, not once, but many times. As we came out of Jericho two blind men by the wayside called to the Nazarene, and he touched their eyes, and they saw. So they brought a palsied man to him, and he said merely, 'Go unto thy house,' and the man went away well. What say you to these things?"

The merchant had no answer.

"Think you now, as I have heard others argue, that what I have told you are tricks of jugglery? Let me answer by recalling greater things which I have seen him do. Look first to that curse of God—comfortless, as you all know, except by death—leprosy."

At these words Amrah dropped her hands to the floor, and in her eagerness to hear him half arose.

"What would you say," said Ben-Hur, with increased earnestness—"what would you say to have seen that I now tell you? A leper came to the Nazarene while I was with him down in Galilee, and said, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.' He heard the cry, and touched the outcast with his hand, saying, 'Be thou clean'; and forthwith the man was himself again, healthful as any of us who beheld the cure, and we were a multitude."

Here Amrah arose, and with her gaunt fingers held the wiry locks from her eyes. The brain of the poor creature had long since gone to heart, and she was troubled to follow the speech.

"Then, again," said Ben-Hur, without stop, "ten lepers came to him one day in a body, and, falling at his feet, called out—I saw and heard it all—called out, 'Master, Master, have mercy upon us!' He told them, 'Go, show yourselves to the priest, as the

law requires; and before you are come there ye shall be healed." "And were they?"

"Yes. On the road going their infirmity left them, so that there was nothing to remind us of it except their polluted clothes."

"Such thing was never heard before-never in all Israel!" said Simonides, in undertone.

And then, while he was speaking, Amrah turned away, and walked noiselessly to the door, and went out; and none of the company saw her go.

"The thoughts stirred by such things done under my eyes I leave you to imagine," said Ben-Hur, continuing; "but my doubts, my misgivings, my amazement, were not yet at the full. The people of Galilee are, as you know, impetuous and rash; after years of waiting their swords burned their hands; nothing would do them but action. 'He is slow to declare himself; let us force him,' they cried to me. And I too became impatient. If he is to be king, why not now? The legions are ready. So as he was once teaching by the seaside we would have crowned him whether or not; but he disappeared, and was next seen on a ship departing from the shore. Good Simonides, the desires that make other men mad-riches, power, even kingships offered out of great love by a great peoplemove this one not at all. What say you?"

The merchant's chin was low upon his breast; raising his head, he replied, resolutely, "The Lord liveth, and so do the words of the prophets. Time is in the green yet; let tomorrow answer."

"Be it so," said Balthasar, smiling.

And Ben-Hur said, "Be it so." Then he went on: "But I have not yet done. From these things, not too great to be above suspicion by such as did not see them in performance as I did, let me carry you now to others infinitely greater, acknowledged since the world began to be past the power of man. Tell me, has any one to your knowledge ever reached out and taken from Death what Death has made his own? Who ever gave again the breath of a life lost? Who but-"

"God!" said Balthasar, reverently.

Ben-Hur bowed.

"O wise Egyptian! I may not refuse the name you lend me. What would you—or you, Simonides—what would you either or both have said had you seen as I did, a man, with few words and no ceremony, without effort more than a mother's when she speaks to wake her child asleep, undo the work of Death? It was down at Nain. We were about going into the gate, when a company came out bearing a dead man. The Nazarene stopped to let the train pass. There was a woman among them crying. I saw his face soften with pity. He spoke to her, then went and touched the bier, and said to him who lay upon it dressed for burial, 'Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!' And instantly the dead sat up and talked."

"God only is so great," said Balthasar to Simonides.

"Mark you," Ben-Hur proceeded, "I do but tell you things of which I was a witness, together with a cloud of other men. On the way hither I saw another act still more mighty. In Bethany there was a man named Lazarus, who died and was buried: and after he had lain four days in a tomb, shut in by a great stone, the Nazarene was shown to the place. Upon rolling the stone away, we beheld the man lying inside bound and rotting. There were many people standing by, and we all heard what the Nazarene said, for he spoke in a loud voice: 'Lazarus, come forth!' I cannot tell you my feelings when in answer, as it were, the man arose and came out to us with all his cerements about him. 'Loose him,' said the Nazarene next-'loose him, and let him go.' And when the napkin was taken from the face of the resurrected, lo, my friends! the blood ran anew through the wasted body, and he was exactly as he had been in life before the sickness that took him off. He lives yet, and is hourly seen and spoken to. You may go see him tomorrow. And now, as nothing more is needed for the purpose, I ask you that which I came to ask, it being but a repetition of what you asked me, O Simonides, What more than a man is this Nazarene?"

The question was put solemnly, and long after midnight the company sat and debated it; Simonides being yet unwilling to give up his understanding of the sayings of the prophets, and Ben-Hur

contending that the elder disputants were both right—that the Nazarene was the Redeemer, as claimed by Balthasar, and also the destined king the merchant would have.

"Tomorrow we will see. Peace to you all."

So saying, Ben-Hur took his leave, intending to return to Bethany.

During the third hour the road in front of the resting place of the lepers became gradually more and more frequented by people going in the direction of Bethphage and Bethany; now, however, about the commencement of the fourth hour, a great crowd appeared over the crest of Olivet, and as it defiled down the road thousands in number, the two watchers noticed with wonder that every one in it carried a palm branch freshly cut. As they sat absorbed by the novelty, the noise of another multitude approaching from the east drew their eyes that way. Then the mother awoke Tirzah.

"What is the meaning of it all?" the latter asked.

"He is coming," answered the mother. . . .

Meantime the people in the east came up slowly. When at length the foremost of them were in sight, the gaze of the lepers fixed upon a man riding in the midst of what seemed a chosen company which sang and danced about him in extravagance of joy. The rider was bareheaded and clad all in white. When he was in distance to be more clearly observed, these, looking anxiously, saw an olive-hued face shaded by long chestnut hair slightly sunburned and parted in the middle. He looked neither to the right nor left. In the noisy abandon of his followers he appeared to have no part; nor did their favor disturb him in the least, or raise him out of the profound melancholy into which, as his countenance showed, he was plunged. The sun beat upon the back of his head, and lighting up the floating hair gave it a delicate likeness to a golden nimbus. Behind him the irregular procession, pouring forward with continuous singing and shouting, extended out of view. There was no need of any one to tell the lepers that this was he—the wonderful Nazarene!

"He is here, Tirzah," the mother said; "he is here. Come, my child."

As she spoke she glided in front of the white rock and fell upon her knees.

Directly the daughter and servant were by her side. Then at sight of the procession in the west, the thousands from the city halted, and began to wave their green branches, shouting, or rather chanting (for it was all in one voice),

"Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

And all the thousands who were of the rider's company, both those near and those afar, replied so the air shook with the sound, which was as a great wind threshing the side of the hill. Amidst the din, the cries of the poor lepers were not more than the twittering of dazed sparrows.

The moment of the meeting of the hosts was come, and with it the opportunity the sufferers were seeking; if not taken, it would be lost forever, and they would be lost as well.

"Nearer, my child—let us get nearer. He cannot hear us," said the mother.

She arose, and staggered forward. Her ghastly hands were up, and she screamed with horrible shrillness. The people saw her—saw her hideous face, and stopped awe-struck—an effect for which extreme human misery, visible as in this instance, is as potent as majesty in purple and gold. Tirzah, behind her a little way, fell down too faint and frightened to follow farther.

"The lepers! the lepers!"

"Stone them!"

"The accursed of God! Kill them!"

These, with other yells of like import, broke in upon the hosannas of the part of the multitude too far removed to see and understand the cause of the interruption. Some there were, however, near by familiar with the nature of the man to whom the unfortunates were appealing—some who, by long intercourse with him, had caught somewhat of his divine compassion: they gazed at him, and were silent while, in fair view, he rode up and stopped

in front of the woman. She also beheld his face—calm, pitiful, and of exceeding beauty, the large eyes tender with benignant purpose.

And this was the colloquy that ensued:

"O Master, Master! Thou seest our need; thou canst make us clean. Have mercy upon us—mercy!"

"Believest thou I am able to do this?" he asked.

"Thou art he of whom the prophets spake—thou art the Messiah!" she replied.

His eyes grew radiant, his manner confident.

"Woman," he said, "great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

He lingered an instant after, apparently unconscious of the presence of the throng—an instant—then he rode away.

To the heart divinely original, yet so human in all the better elements of humanity, going with sure prevision to a death of all the inventions of men the foulest and most cruel, breathing even then in the forecast shadow of the awful event, and still as hungry and thirsty for love and faith as in the beginning, how precious and ineffably soothing the farewell exclamation of the grateful woman:

"To God in the highest, glory! Blessed, thrice blessed, the Son whom he hath given us!"

Immediately both the hosts, that from the city and that from Bethphage, closed around him with their joyous demonstrations, with hosannas and waving of palms, and so he passed from the lepers forever. Covering her head, the elder hastened to Tirzah, and folded her in her arms, crying, "Daughter, look up! I have his promise; he is indeed the Messiah. We are saved—saved!" And the two remained kneeling while the procession, slowly going, disappeared over the mount. When the noise of its singing afar was a sound scarcely heard the miracle began.

There was first in the hearts of the lepers a freshening of the blood; then it flowed faster and stronger, thrilling their wasted bodies with an infinitely sweet sense of painless healing. Each felt the scourge going from her; their strength revived; they were returning to be themselves. Directly, as if to make the purification

complete, from body to spirit the quickening ran, exalting them to a very fervor of ecstasy. The power possessing them to this good end was most nearly that of a draught of swift and happy effect; yet it was unlike and superior in that its healing and cleansing were absolute, and not merely a delicious consciousness while in progress, but the planting, growing, and maturing all at once of a recollection so singular and so holy that the simple thought of it should be of itself ever after a formless yet perfect thanksgiving. To this transformation—for such it may be called quite as

To this transformation—for such it may be called quite as properly as a cure—there was a witness other than Amrah. The reader will remember the constancy with which Ben-Hur had followed the Nazarene throughout his wanderings; and now, recalling the conversation of the night before, there will be little surprise at learning that the young Jew was present when the leprous woman appeared in the path of the pilgrims. He heard her prayer, and saw her disfigured face; he heard the answer also, and was not so accustomed to incidents of the kind, frequent as they had been, as to have lost interest in them. Had such thing been possible with him, still the bitter disputation always excited by the simplest display of the Master's curative gift would have sufficed to keep his curiosity alive. Besides that, if not above it as an incentive, his hope to satisfy himself upon the vexed question of the mission of the mysterious man was still upon him strong as in the beginning; we might indeed say even stronger, because of a belief that now quickly, before the sun went down, the man himself would make all known by public proclamation. At the close of the scene, consequently, Ben-Hur had withdrawn from the procession, and seated himself upon a stone to wait its passage.

It being Passover night, the valves of the gate stood open. The keepers were off somewhere feasting. In front of the procession as it passed out unchallenged was the deep gorge of the Cedron, with Olivet beyond, its dressing of cedar and olive trees darker because of the moonlight silvering all the heavens. Two roads met and merged into the street at the gate—one from the northeast, the other from Bethany. Ere Ben-Hur could finish wondering whether he were to go farther, and if so, which road was to be taken, he was led off

down into the gorge. And still no hint of the purpose of the midnight march.

Down the gorge and over the bridge at the bottom of it. There was a great clatter on the floor as the crowd, now a straggling rabble, passed over beating and pounding with their clubs and staves. A little farther, and they turned off to the left in the direction of an olive orchard enclosed by a stone wall in view from the road. Ben-Hur knew there was nothing in the place but old gnarled trees, the grass, and a trough hewn out of a rock for the treading of oil after the fashion of the country. While, yet more wonder-struck, he was thinking what could bring such a company at such an hour to a quarter so lonesome, they were all brought to a standstill. Voices called out excitedly in front; a chill sensation ran from man to man; there was a rapid falling back and a blind stumbling over each other. The soldiers alone kept their order.

It took Ben-Hur but a moment to disengage himself from the mob and run forward. There he found a gateway without a gate admitting to the orchard, and he halted to take in the scene.

A man in white clothes, and bareheaded, was standing outside the entrance, his hands crossed before him—a slender, stooping figure, with long hair and thin face—in an attitude of resignation and waiting.

It was the Nazarene!

Behind him, next the gateway, were the disciples in a group; they were excited, but no man was ever calmer than he. The torchlight beat redly upon him, giving his hair a tint ruddier than was natural to it; yet the expression of the countenance was as usual all gentleness and pity.

Opposite this most unmartial figure stood the rabble, gaping, silent, awed, cowering—ready at a sign of anger from him to break and run. And from him to them—then at Judas, conspicuous in their midst—Ben-Hur looked—one quick glance, and the object of the visit lay open to his understanding. Here was the betrayer, there the betrayed; and these with clubs and staves, and the legionaries, were brought to take him.

A man may not always tell what he will do until the trial is upon him. This was the emergency for which Ben-Hur had been for years preparing. The man to whose security he had devoted himself, and upon whose life he had been building so largely, was in personal peril; yet he stood still. Such contradictions are there in human nature! To say truth, O reader, he was not entirely recovered from the picture of the Christ before the Gate Beautiful as it had been given by the Egyptian; and besides that, the very calmness with which the mysterious person confronted the mob held him in restraint by suggesting the possession of a power in reserve more than sufficient for the peril. Peace and good will, and love and nonresistance, had been the burden of the Nazarene's teaching; would he put his preaching into practice? He was master of life; he could restore it when lost; he could take it at pleasure. What use would he make of the power now? Defend himself? And how? A word—a breath—a thought were sufficient. That there would be some signal exhibition of astonishing force beyond the natural Ben-Hur believed, and in that faith waited. And in all this he was still measuring the Nazarene by himself—by the human standard.

Presently the clear voice of the Christ arose.

"Whom seek ye?"

"Jesus of Nazareth," the priest replied.

"I am he."

At these simplest of words, spoken without passion or alarm, the assailants fell back several steps, the timid among them cowering to the ground; and they might have let him alone and gone away had not Judas walked over to him.

"Hail, master!"

With this friendly speech, he kissed him.

"Judas," said the Nazarene, mildly, "betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss? Wherefore art thou come?"

Receiving no reply, the Master spoke to the crowd again.

"Whom seek ye?"

"Jesus of Nazareth."

"I have told you that I am he. If, therefore, you seek me, let these go their way."

At these words of entreaty the rabbis advanced upon him; and, seeing their intent, some of the disciples for whom he interceded

drew nearer; one of them cut off a man's ear, but without saving the Master from being taken. And yet Ben-Hur stood still! Nay, while the officers were making ready with their ropes the Nazarene was doing his greatest charity—not the greatest in deed, but the very greatest in illustration of his forbearance, so far surpassing that of men.

"Suffer ye thus far," he said to the wounded man, and healed

him with a touch.

Both friends and enemies were confounded—one side that he could do such a thing, the other that he would do it under the circumstances.

"Surely he will not allow them to bind him!"

Thus thought Ben-Hur.

"Put up thy sword into the sheath; the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" From the offending follower, the Nazarene turned to his captors. "Are you come out as against a thief, with swords and staves to take me? I was daily with you in the Temple, and you took me not; but this is your hour, and the power of darkness."

The posse plucked up courage and closed about him; and when Ben-Hur looked for the faithful they were gone—not one of them remained.

The crowd about the deserted man seemed very busy, with tongue, hand, and foot. Over their heads, between the torchsticks, through the smoke, sometimes in openings between the restless men, Ben-Hur caught momentary glimpses of the prisoner. Never had anything struck him as so piteous, so unfriended, so forsaken! Yet, he thought, the man could have defended himself—he could have slain his enemies with a breath, but he would not. What was the cup his father had given him to drink? And who was the father to be so obeyed? Mystery upon mystery—not one, but many.

Directly the mob started in return to the city, the soldiers in the lead. Ben-Hur became anxious; he was not satisfied with himself. Where the torches were in the midst of the rabble he knew the Nazarene was to be found. Suddenly he resolved to see him again. He would ask him one question.

Taking off his long outer garment and the handkerchief from his head, he threw them upon the orchard wall, and started after the posse, which he boldly joined. Through the stragglers he made way, and by littles at length reached the man who carried the ends of the rope with which the prisoner was bound.

The Nazarene was walking slowly, his head down, his hands bound behind him; the hair fell thickly over his face, and he stooped more than usual; apparently he was oblivious to all going on around him. In advance a few steps were priests and elders talking and occasionally looking back. When, at length, they were all near the bridge in the gorge, Ben-Hur took the rope from the servant who had it, and stepped past him.

"Master, master!" he said, hurriedly, speaking close to the Nazarene's ear. "Dost thou hear, master? A word—one word. Tell me—"

The fellow from whom he had taken the rope now claimed it. "Tell me," Ben-Hur continued, "goest thou with these of thine own accord?"

The people were come up now, and in his own ears asking angrily, "Who art thou, man?"

"O master," Ben-Hur made haste to say, his voice sharp with anxiety, "I am thy friend and lover. Tell me, I pray thee, if I bring rescue, wilt thou accept it?"

The Nazarene never so much as looked up or allowed the slightest sign of recognition; yet the something which when we are suffering is always telling it to such as look at us, though they be strangers, failed not now. "Let him alone," it seemed to say; "he has been abandoned by his friends; the world has denied him; in bitterness of spirit, he has taken farewell of men; he is going he knows not where, and he cares not. Let him alone."

And to that Ben-Hur was now driven. A dozen hands were upon him, and from all sides there was shouting, "He is one of them. Bring him along; club him—kill him!"

With a gust of passion which gave him many times his ordinary force, Ben-Hur raised himself, turned once about with his arms outstretched, shook the hands off, and rushed through the circle which was fast hemming him in. The hands snatching at him as he passed tore his garments from his back, so he ran off the road naked; and the gorge, in keeping of the friendly darkness, darker there than elsewhere, received him safe.

"See!" said Ben-Hur, bitterly; "that which cometh now is Jerusalem."

The advance was in possession of an army of boys, hooting and screaming, "The King of the Jews! Room, room for the King of the Jews!"

Simonides watched them as they whirled and danced along, like a cloud of summer insects, and said, gravely, "When these come to their inheritance, son of Hur, alas for the city of Solomon!"

A band of legionaries fully armed followed next, marching in sturdy indifference, the glory of burnished brass about them the while.

Then came the Nazarene!

He was nearly dead. Every few steps he staggered as if he would fall. A stained gown badly torn hung from his shoulders over a seamless undertunic. His bare feet left red splotches upon the stones. An inscription on a board was tied to his neck. A crown of thorns had been crushed hard down upon his head, making cruel wounds from which streams of blood, now dry and blackened, had run over his face and neck. The long hair, tangled in the thorns, was clotted thick. The skin, where it could be seen, was ghastly white. His hands were tied before him. Back somewhere in the city he had fallen exhausted under the transverse beam of his cross, which, as a condemned person, custom required him to bear to the place of execution; now a countryman carried the burden in his stead. Four soldiers went with him as a guard against the mob, who sometimes, nevertheless, broke through, and struck him with sticks, and spit upon him. Yet no sound escaped him, neither remonstrance nor groan; nor did he look up until he was nearly in front of the house sheltering Ben-Hur and his friends, all of whom were moved with quick compassion. Esther clung to her father; and he, strong of will as he was, trembled. Balthasar fell down speechless. Even Ben-Hur cried out, "O my God! my God!" Then, as if he divined their feelings or heard

the exclamation, the Nazarene turned his wan face toward the party, and looked at them each one, so they carried the look in memory through life. They could see he was thinking of them, not himself, and the dying eyes gave them the blessing he was not permitted to speak.



WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

AND I read the story of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and whom robbers left half-dead by the roadside. A Samaritan, in other words a foreigner, with whom the Jews did not mix and whose religious beliefs were different from theirs, recognized his neighbor in that man by having pity on him; whereas a doctor of the law and a priest, going on their way with closed hearts, by so doing excluded themselves from neighborship with men. The mysterious words of Christ on this matter mean that it is up to us really to become the neighbor of any man, by loving him and having pity on him. It is not community of race, of class, or of nation; it is the love of charity that makes us what we ought to be, members of the family of God, of the only community where each person, drawn out from his fundamental loneliness, truly communicates with others and truly makes them his brothers, by giving himself to them and in a certain sense dying for them. Nothing that has ever been said points out more profoundly the mystery and dignity of the human person. Who is my neighbor? The man of my blood? Of my party? The man who does me good? No. It is the man to whom \hat{I} show mercy, the man to whom is transmitted through me the universal gift and love of God, who makes the rain from heaven fall upon both the good and the wicked.

JACQUES MARITAIN

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BENVENUTO CELLINI

THE MASTER ARTIST, Benvenuto Cellini, pictures himself in his autobiography as one of the heroes of the Renaissance. Without shame he admits to being boastful, vindictive, a bad enemy, vain, spiteful, a braggart, and disloyal to the point of treason. He also admits to having murdered several men and to having severely wounded several others. His fiery nature and violent fits of temper could not have produced much less. He was constantly in trouble. Still he was liked and greatly admired. The Pope was once questioned for excusing him too easily. To this he replied, "Laws were not designed for such as he."

At one time, however, Cellini was imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome. He was charged with having stolen crown jewels while redesigning the crown for Pope Clement VII. In time he was able to prove his innocence.

During his long dungeon imprisonment, he saw the vision here recorded.

A Dungeon Vision

I MEANWHILE continued to pray as usual, and to write my Capitolo, and every night I was visited with the gladdest and most pleasant dreams that could be possibly imagined. It seemed to me while dreaming that I was always in the visible company of that being whose voice and touch, while he was still invisible, I had so often felt. To him I made but one request, and this I urged most earnestly, namely, that he would bring me where I could behold the sun. I told him that this was the sole desire I had, and that if I could but see the sun once only, I should die contented. All the disagreeable circumstances of my prison had become, as it were, to me friendly and companionable; not one of them gave me annovance. .

Thus then, while I spent many hours a day in prayer with deep emotion of the spirit toward Christ, I used always to say: "Ah, very Son of God! I pray thee by thy birth, by thy death upon the cross, and by thy glorious resurrection, that thou wilt deign to let me see the sun, if not otherwise, at least in dreams. But if thou wilt grant me to behold it with these mortal eyes of mine, I engage myself to come and visit thee at thy holy sepulchre." This vow and these my greatest prayers to God I made upon the second of October in the year 1539. Upon the following morning, which was the third of October, I woke at daybreak, perhaps an hour before the rising of the sun. Dragging myself from the miserable lair in which I lay, I put some clothes on, for it had begun to be cold; then I prayed more devoutly than ever I had done in the past, fervently imploring Christ that he would at least grant me the favor of knowing by divine inspiration what sin I was so sorely expiating; and since His Divine Majesty had not deemed me worthy of beholding the sun even in a dream, I besought him to let me know the cause of my punishment.

I had barely uttered these words, when that invisible being, like a whirlwind, caught me up and bore me away into a large room, where he made himself visible to my eyes in human form, appearing like a young man whose beard is just growing, with a face of indescribable beauty, but austere, not wanton. He bade me look around the room, and said, "The crowd of men thou seest in this place are all those who up to this day have been born and afterwards have died upon the earth." Thereupon I asked him why he brought me hither, and he answered, "Come with me and thou shalt soon behold." In my hand I had a poniard, and upon my back a coat of mail; and so he led me through that vast hall, pointing out the people who were walking by innumerable thousands up and down, this way and that. He led me onward, and went forth in front of me through a little low door into a place which looked like a narrow street; and when he drew me after him into the street, at the moment of leaving the hall, behold I was disarmed and clothed in a white shirt, with nothing on my head, and I was walking on the right hand of my companion. Finding myself in this condition, I was seized with wonder, because I did not recognize the street; and when I lifted my eyes, I discerned that the splendor of the sun was striking on a wall, as it were a housefront, just above my head. Then I said, "Oh, my friend; what must I do in order to be able to ascend so high that I may gaze upon the sphere of the sun himself?" He pointed out some huge stairs which were on my right hand, and said to me, "Go up thither by thyself." Quitting his side, I ascended the stairs backwards, and gradually began to come within the region of the sunlight. Then I hastened my steps, and went on, always walking backwards as I have described, until I discovered the whole sphere of the sun. The strength of his rays, as is their wont, first made me close my eyes; but becoming aware of my misdoing, I opened them wide, and gazing steadfastly at the sun, exclaimed, "Oh, my sun, for whom I have so passionately yearned! Albeit your rays may blind me, I do not wish to look on anything again but this!" So I stayed awhile with my eyes fixed steadily on him; and after a brief space beheld in one moment the whole might of those great burning rays fling themselves upon the left side of the sun; so that the orb remained quite clear without its rays, and I was able to contemplate it with vast delight. It seemed to me something marvelous that the rays should be removed in that manner. Then I reflected what divine grace it was which God had granted me that morning, and cried aloud, "Oh, wonderful Thy power! Oh, glorious Thy virtue! How far greater is the grace which Thou art granting me than that which I expected!" The sun without his rays appeared to me to be a bath of the purest molten gold, neither more nor less. While I stood contemplating this wondrous thing, I noticed that the middle of the sphere began to swell, and the swollen surface grew, and suddenly a Christ upon the cross formed itself out of the same substance as the sun. He bore the aspect of divine benignity, with such fair grace that the mind of man could not conceive the thousandth part of it; and while I gazed in ecstasy, I shouted, "A miracle! a miracle! O God! O clemency Divine! O immeasurable Goodness! what is it Thou hast deigned this day to show me!" While I was gazing and exclaiming thus, the Christ moved toward that part where his rays were settled, and the middle of the sun once more bulged out as it had done before; the boss expanded, and suddenly transformed itself into the shape of a most beautiful Madonna, who appeared to be sitting enthroned on high, holding her child in her arms with an attitude of the greatest charm and a smile upon her face. On each side of her was an angel, whose beauty far surpasses man's

imagination. I also saw within the rondure of the sun, upon the right hand, a figure robed like a priest; this turned its back to me, and kept its face directed to the Madonna and the Christ. All these things I beheld, actual, clear, and vivid, and kept returning thanks to the glory of God as loud as I was able. The marvelous apparition remained before me little more than half a quarter of an hour; then it dissolved, and I was carried back to my dark lair.

I began at once to shout aloud, "The virtue of God hath deigned to show me all his glory, the which perchance no mortal eye hath ever seen before. Therefore I know surely that I am free and fortunate and in the grace of God; but you miscreants shall be miscreants still, accursed, and in the wrath of God. Mark this, for I am certain of it, that on the day of All Saints, the day upon which I was born in 1500, on the first of November, at four hours after nightfall, on that day which is coming you will be forced to lead me from this gloomy dungeon; less than this you will not be able to do, because I have seen it with these eyes of mine and in that throne of God. The priest who kept his face turned to God and his back to me, that priest was St. Peter, pleading my cause, for the shame he felt that such foul wrongs should be done to Christians in his own house. You may go and tell it to whom you like; for none on earth has the power to do me harm henceforward; and tell that lord who keeps me here, that if he will give me wax or paper and the means of portraying this glory of God which was revealed to me, most assuredly shall I convince him of that which now perhaps he holds in doubt."



MOST TENDER HEART

AH! if the purest morality, and the most tender heart—if a life spent in removing the errors, and relieving the sufferings of mankind, are attributes of the divinity, who can deny that Jesus Christ is God?

EUGÈNE DELACROIX

THE EXTRACTS which follow are from *The Journals of Eugène Dalacroix*, translated from the French by the American art critic, Walter Pach. Dalacroix lived and worked between the years of 1798 and 1863.

Through the Eyes of the Artist

HE [Poussin] was never able to paint the head of Christ, nor the body either; that body which must be treated with such tenderness, that head which tells us of his grace toward humanity and his sympathy with its suffering. When painting his Christs, he thought rather of Jupiter, or even of Apollo. He understood the Virgin no better; he did not catch a glimpse of that personality, full of the divine and the mysterious. He does not express the attention which the infant Jesus awakens in men when they are caught by his grace, and in the animals which the Gospel tells us of as attending the birth of the divine child. The ox and the ass are not shown near the cradle of the God who has just been born on the same straw where they lie; the rustic appearance of the shepherds who come to adore him is a bit touched up from memories of figures from the antique; the Magi have a little stiffness and the economy of draperies and accoutrements which one notices in statues; I do not find those mantles of silk or of velvet, covered with gems, worn by slaves and dragging on the floor of the stable at the feet of the Master of nature which a supernatural power announces to them. Where are those dromedaries, those censers, all that pomp? They are needed to give their admirable contrast with the humble refuse.

I saw the Feast in the House of Simon, an engraving that is reproduced and highly esteemed. Could anything be colder than the action in it! The Magdalene, planted in profile before the

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Christ, literally wiping his feet with the big ribbons that hang from her head and that the engraver offers us as hair. Nothing of the unction that such a subject carries with it! Nothing of the wanton repenting her luxury and her beauty, which she lays at the feet of Christ, who ought, at least by his manner, to show her some appreciation, or at all events to look upon her with indulgence and kindness; the spectators as cold, as dull as the two capital figures. They are all separated from one another, as if such an extraordinary spectacle would not bring them together in a group, to see from closer by, or to communicate to one another what they think. There is one of them, the nearest to the Christ, making a gesture that is ridiculous and without purpose. He seems to be embracing the table with just one of his arms. His arm seems wider than the whole table, and this incorrection, which nothing explains and which occurs in the most conspicuous part of the picture, increases the stupidity of all the rest. Compare this foolish representation of the most touching subject in the Gospel, the one richest in tender and elevated sentiments, in picturesque contrasts arising from the different natures that are brought into contact—that beautiful creature in the flower of her youth and her health, those old men and those mature men, in whose presence she does not fear to humiliate her beauty and to confess her errors—compare, I say, what the divine Raphael has made of all that with what Rubens made of it. He did not fail with any element of the characterization. The scene takes place in the house of a rich man: numerous servitors surround the table; the Christ, in the most prominent place, has a befitting serenity. The Magdalene, in the effusion of her feeling, drags in the dust her brocaded robes, her veils and her jewels; her golden hair streaming over her shoulders and spread in confusion over the feet of the Christ is not an accessory, vain and without interest. The vase of perfumes is the richest that he could imagine; nothing is too beautiful or too rich to be laid at the feet of the master of nature, who has become an indulgent master toward our errors and toward our weaknesses. And can the spectators look on with indifference at the sight of such beauty, prostrate and in tears, at such shoulders, at such a bosom, at such eyes, glistening and gently raised? The people speak to each other, they point to each other,

they look upon the whole scene with animated gestures, some with an air of astonishment or of respect, others with a surprise in which malice is mingled. There is nature, and there is the painter!



INFINITE MARVEL

I BELIEVE there is nothing lovelier, deeper, more sympathetic and more perfect than the Savior; I say to myself with jealous love that not only is there no one else like him, but that there could be no one. I would say even more. If any one could prove to me that Christ is outside the truth, and if the truth really did exclude Christ, I should prefer to stay with Christ and not with truth. There is in the world only one figure of absolute beauty: Christ. That infinitely lovely figure is as a matter of course an infinite marvel.

Dostoevski

EVENING PRAYER

O God, who has made everything, and is so kind and merciful to everything he has made, who tries to be good and to deserve it; God bless my dear Papa and Mamma, Brothers and Sisters and all my Relations and Friends. Make me a good little child, and let me never be naughty and tell a lie, which is a mean and shameful thing. Make me kind to my nurses and servants, and to all beggars and poor people, and let me never be cruel to any dumb creatures, for if I am cruel to anything, even to a poor little fly, God, who is so good, will never love me. And pray God to bless and preserve us all, this night, and forevermore, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

DICKENS

THE works of a good painter attract men so much that while looking at them they become entranced and so absorbed in ecstasy as to forget everything around them. Even so, the love of Jesus Christ fills the soul to the exclusion of all else.

SAVONAROLA

IV WISDOM

THROUGH HIS OWN WORDS

THROUGH His own words the Man is made known to us. These words reveal his teachings, his philosophy and his spirit. In the Parables and the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus gives us those moral precepts which have helped shape the destiny of Western man.

It is through the Parables that the personality of Christ as a teacher is clearly displayed. Through this form of symbolism he was able to communicate the inner realities of life to a large number of simple people.

"Why speakest thou unto them in parables?" asked his disciples.

He answered and said unto them, "Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given. . . . Therefore speak I to them in parables: because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand." (Matt. 13: 10-13)

One striking characteristic of Jesus' handling of parables is the use of them in pairs. Important lessons are told twice with variation. Thus "The Mustard Seed" and "The Leaven" both illustrate the same truth. "The Treasure" and "The Pearl" are a pair, as are also "The Talents" and "The Ten Pounds." In one case He has used three parables to convey a single important message: "The Lost Sheep," "The Lost Piece of Silver" and "The Prodigal Son." By repetition was truth thus firmly implanted.

In the Sermon on the Mount, the most important sermon ever delivered, Jesus conveyed his moral precepts directly, without symbolism. While similar ideas and words are to be found in early Hebrew and Greek literature, they do not detract from the unique significance of the words spoken by Jesus in his famous sermon. His words are notable for their purity, penetration and nobility. They reach the heart of man with simple directness.

Of the Sermon on the Mount, Tolstoy once wrote: "Of all the other portions of the Gospels, the Sermon on the Mount always had for me an exceptional importance. I now read it more frequently than ever. Nowhere does Jesus speak with greater solemnity, nowhere does he propound moral rules more definitely and practically, nor do these rules in any other form awaken more readily an echo in the human heart; nowhere else does he address himself to a larger multitude of the common people."

The Sermon on the Mount

And seeing the multitude, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of

heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, That except your right-

eousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: but I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement: but I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King.

Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father

which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye

shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek): for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a ser-

pent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it. And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

THE PARABLES

The Sower

And when much people were gathered together, and were come to him out of every city, he spake by a parable.

A sower went out to sow his seed: and as he sowed, some fell by the way side; and it was trodden down, and the fowls of the air devoured it. And some fell upon a rock; and as soon as it was sprung up, it withered away, because it lacked moisture. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up with it, and choked it. And other fell on good ground, and sprang up, and bare fruit a hundredfold.

And when he had said these things, he cried, He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

And his disciples asked him, saying, What might this parable be?

And he said, Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God: but to others in parables; that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand. Now the parable is this: The seed is the word of God. Those by the way side are they that hear; then cometh the devil, and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved. They on the rock are they, which, when they hear, receive the word with joy; and these have no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away. And that which fell among thorns are they, which, when they have heard, go forth, and are choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection.

But that on the good ground are they, which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience.

The Tares

Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field: but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way. But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also.

So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath

it tares?

He said unto them, An enemy hath done this.

The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up?

But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn.

The Mustard Seed

Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field: which indeed is the least of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.

The Leaven

Another parable spake he unto them; The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened.

The Candle

No MAN, when he hath lighted a candle, covereth it with a vessel, or putteth it under a bed; but setteth it on a candlestick, that they which enter in may see the light. For nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest; neither anything hid, that shall not be known and come abroad.

Take heed therefore how ye hear: for whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have.

The Treasure

Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.

The Pearl

Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman, seeking goodly pearls: who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.

The Net

Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net, that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind: which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away.

So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

The Bridegroom

THEN came to him the disciples of John, saying, Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but thy disciples fast not?

And Jesus said unto them, Can the children of the bridechamber mourn, as long as the bridegroom is with them? but the days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast.

New Cloth and New Wine

No MAN putteth a piece of new cloth unto an old garment; for that which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse.

Neither do men put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved.

The Leaven of the Pharisees

And when his disciples were come to the other side, they had forgotten to take bread.

Then Jesus said unto them, Take heed and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees.

And they reasoned among themselves, saying, It is because we have taken no bread.

Which when Jesus perceived, he said unto them, O ye of little faith, why reason ye among yourselves, because ye have brought no bread? Do ye not yet understand, neither remember the five loaves of the five thousand, and how many baskets ye took up? Neither the seven loaves of the four thousand, and how many baskets ye took up? How is it that ye do not understand that I spake it not to you concerning bread, that ye should beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees?

Then understood they how that he bade them not beware of the leaven of bread, but of the doctrine of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees.

The Unmerciful Servant

THEREFORE is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents. But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made.

The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.

But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow servants, which owed him a hundred pence: and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest.

And his fellow servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt.

So when his fellow servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done.

Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me: shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee? And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him.

So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.

The Good Samaritan

And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and

when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

The Importunity of a Friend

And he said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves; for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him?

And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.

I say unto you, Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your

children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?

The Great Supper

THEN said he also to him that bade him, When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

And when one of them that sat at meat with him heard these things, he said unto him, Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God.

Then said he unto him, A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse.

The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.

So that servant came, and shewed his lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.

And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.

And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.

The Lost Sheep and the Lost Piece of Silver

THEN drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him.

And the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.

And he spake this parable unto them, saying, What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.

Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbours together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost.

Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

The Prodigal Son

And he said, A certain man had two sons: And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his sub-

stance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.

And he was angry, and would not go in: therefore came his father out, and entreated him.

And he answering said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and

be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

The Unjust Steward

And he said also unto his disciples, There was a certain rich man, which had a steward; and the same was accused unto him that he had wasted his goods. And he called him, and said unto him, How is it that I hear this of thee? Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward.

Then the steward said within himself, What shall I do? For my lord taketh away from me the stewardship: I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed. I am resolved what to do, that, when I am put out of the stewardship, they may receive me into their houses.

So he called every one of his lord's debtors unto him, and said unto the first, How much owest thou unto my lord?

And he said, A hundred measures of oil. And he said unto him, Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write fifty.

Then said he to another, And how much owest thou? And he said, A hundred measures of wheat. And he said unto them, Take thy bill, and write fourscore.

And the lord commended the unjust steward, because he had done wisely: for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

And I say unto you, Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations. He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much: and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much. If therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches? And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another man's, who shall give you that which is your own?

No servant can serve two masters: for either will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

And the Pharisees also, who were covetous, heard all these things: and they derided him.

And he said unto them, Ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts: for that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God. . . .

The Rich Man and the Beggar

THERE was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day: and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.

And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame.

But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.

Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment.

Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them.

And he said, Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent.

And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

The Troublesome Widow

And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint; saying, There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man: and there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, Avenge me of mine adversary.

And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man; yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me.

And the Lord said, Hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?

I tell you that he will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?

The Pharisee and the Publican

And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others: Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.

The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

The Rich Young Man

AND, behold, one came and said unto him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?

And he said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.

He saith unto him, Which?

Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Honor thy father and thy mother: and, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

The young man saith unto him, All these things have I kept from my youth up: what lack I yet?

Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me.

But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.

Then said Jesus unto his disciples, Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

When his disciples heard it, they were exceedingly amazed, saying, Who then can be saved?

But Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.

The Laborers in the Vineyard

For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard. And when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard.

And he went out about the third hour, and saw others standing

idle in the marketplace, And said unto them; Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you. And they went their way. Again he went out about the sixth and ninth hour, and did likewise. And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle?

They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive.

So when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the laborers, and give them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first.

And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny. But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny.

And when they had received it, they murmured against the goodman of the house, saying, These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.

But he answered one of them, and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong: didst not thou agree with me for a penny? Take that thine is, and go thy way: I will give unto this last, even as unto thee. Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil, because I am good? So the last shall be first, and the first last: for many be called, but few chosen.

The Ten Pounds

A CERTAIN NOBLEMAN went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return. And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come.

But his citizens hated him, and sent a message after him, saying, We will not have this man to reign over us.

And it came to pass, that when he was returned, having received

the kingdom, then he commanded these servants to be called unto him, to whom he had given the money, that he might know how much every man had gained by trading.

Then came the first, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained ten

pounds.

And he said unto him, Well, thou good servant: because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities.

And the second came, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained five pounds.

And he said likewise to him, Be thou also over five cities.

And another came, saying, Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin: for I feared thee, because thou art an austere man: thou takest up that thou layedst not down, and reapest that thou didst not sow.

And he saith unto him, Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant. Thou knewest that I was an austere man, taking up that I laid not down, and reaping that I did not sow: wherefore then gavest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have required mine own with usury? And he said unto them that stood by, Take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds. (And they said unto him, Lord, he hath ten pounds.) For I say unto you, That unto every one which hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him. But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me.

Marriage of the King's Son

And Jesus answered and spake unto them again by parables, and said, The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage for his son, And sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding: and they would not come.

Again, he sent forth other servants, saying, Tell them which are bidden, Behold, I have prepared my dinner: my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready: come unto the mar-

riage. But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise: And the remnant took his servants, and entreated them spitefully, and slew them.

But when the king heard thereof, he was wroth: and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city.

Then saith he to his servants, The wedding is ready, but they which were bidden were not worthy. Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage. So those servants went out into the highways, and gathered together all as many as they found, both bad and good: and the wedding was furnished with guests.

And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless.

Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. For many are called, but few are chosen.

The Ten Virgins

Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish.

They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.

While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.

Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.

And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they

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that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us.

But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not. Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.

The Talents

For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents. And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two. But he that had received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.

After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them. And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.

His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

He also that had received two talents came and said, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.

His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed: And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.

His lord answered and said unto him, Thou wicked and slothful

servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strewed: Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

The Sheep and the Goats

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was a hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

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Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

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THE LIVING IMAGE

If anyone should point out a footprint made by the feet of Christ, how we Christians should bow in reverence; how we should adore. But why do we not venerate his living, breathing image in these Books? If anyone were to place on exhibition Christ's cloak, whither should we not travel on earth to be permitted to kiss it? But suppose you present all his goods, there will be nothing which represents Christ more clearly and truly than the Gospels. For the love of Christ we decorate a wooden and stone statue with gems and gold. Why rather do we not sign these Gospels with gold and jewels, as if there were anything more precious than these, which make Christ much more present to us than any little images? What else does an image express but the shape of the body, if indeed it does express anything? But the Gospels bring to you the living image of that sacrosanct mind, Christ himself, speaking, healing, dying, rising. In a word they make him so present that you would see less were he before your eyes.

Erasmus

GOODLISOME HERBS

I WALK many times in the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodlisome herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, digest them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory by gathering them together; that so, having tasted their sweetness, I may less preceive the bitterness of life.

QUEEN ELIZABETH I

THE PARABLES

A KINGDOM OF HIS OWN

Just as in a work of human genius each one of us cuts out a kingdom to his own measure, each Christian seeks his own Savior in Christ; and the miracle is that as he came for each one of us, we discover among all his words those which are addressed to us in particular—while others touch more lofty souls, or are better understood by those whose difficulties are quite unlike our own secret torments.

François Mauriac

TO HIS SON

I PUT a New Testament among your books for the very same reason, and with the same hopes, that made me write an essay account of it for you when you were a little child. Because it is the best book that ever was or will be known in the world.

DICKENS

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY

To BRING life and immortality to light; to give such proofs of our future existence, as may influence the most narrow mind, and fill the most capacious intellect; to open prospects beyond the grave, in which the thought may expatiate without obstructions; and to supply a refuge and a support to the mind amidst all the miseries of decaying nature, is the peculiar excellence of the gospel of Christ.

Samuel Johnson

THROUGH EXAMPLE AND PRECEPT

IN THE life and the divine doctrine of Christ which are recorded in the Gospel, example and precept conspire to call men to the regular discharge of every moral duty for its own sake, to the universal practice of pure virtue. "He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

The Sermon on the Mount, in particular, comprises so pure a

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moral doctrine of religion, which Jesus obviously had the intention of introducing among the Jews, that we cannot avoid considering it as the word of God.

Beyond doubt, Christ is the founder of the first true church; that is, that church, which purified from folly of superstition and the meanness of fanaticism, exhibits the moral kingdom of God upon earth, as far as it can be done by man.

For the true end of all religion of reason is the rectification of the heart, or the moral amendment of man.

IMMANUEL KANT

FULL INTIMACY

THE pages of the New Testament will give you Christ himself, talking, healing, dying, raising, the whole Christ in a word; they will give him to you in an intimacy so close that he would be less visible to you if he stood before your eyes.

Erasmus

V CHAPTERS OF HIS LIFE

CHAPTERS OF HIS LIFE

THERE ARE three kinds of "lives": the purely fictional, the biographical, and the historical. The fictional is based on inference and imagination. The biographical attempts to picture the Man strictly within the Gospel framework. The historical concerns itself mainly with a quest for the truth. The literature of this quest is presented in a later chapter.

In this section a few notable chapters from distinguished biographical "lives" are presented. While hundreds of biographical lives of Jesus have been published, it is curious to note that only a few, in the light of modern scholarship, are free of unconscious distortion, dogma and bias.

JAMES MOFFATT

James Moffatt was born in Scotland and came to America in 1927 to become professor of church history at the Union Theological Seminary. He is well known for his modern translation of the New Testament. The selection which follows is from his *Everyman's Life of Jesus* done in the language of his new translation.

Annunciation and Birth of Christ

In the days of Herod king of Judea there was a priest called Zechariah, who belonged to the division of Abijah; he had a wife who belonged to the daughters of Aaron, and her name was Elizabeth. They were both just in the sight of God, blameless in their obedience to all the commands and regulations of God; but they had no child, for Elizabeth was barren. Both of them were advanced in years. Now while he was officiating before God in the due course of his division, it fell to him by lot, as was the custom of the priesthood, to enter the sanctuary of the Lord and burn incense, the mass of the people remaining in prayer outside at the hour of incense. And an angel of the Lord appeared to him, standing on the right side of the altar of incense. On seeing him, Zechariah was troubled, and fear fell on him; but the angel said

Reprinted from Everyman's Life of Jesus, by James Moffatt; used by permission of Harper & Brothers, New York, and Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., London.

to him, "Fear not, Zechariah, your prayer has been heard; your wife Elizabeth will bear a son to you, and you must call his name John." Zechariah said to the angel, "But how am I to be sure of this? I am an old man myself, and my wife is advanced in years." The angel replied, "I am Gabriel, I stand before God; I have been sent to speak to you and to tell you this good news. But you will be silent and unable to speak till the day this happens, because you have not believed what I told you; it will be accomplished, for all that, in due time." Now the people are waiting for Zechariah and wondering that he stayed so long inside the sanctuary. When he did come out, he could not speak to them, so they realized that he had seen a vision in the sanctuary; he made signs to them and remained dumb. Then, after his term of service had elapsed, he went home.

After those days his wife Elizabeth conceived; and for five months she concealed herself. "The Lord has done this for me," she said, "he has now deigned to remove my reproach among men." In the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent by God to a town in Galilee called Nazareth, to a maiden who was betrothed to a man called Joseph, belonging to the house of David. The maiden's name was Mary. The angel went in and said to her, "Hail, O favored one! The Lord be with you!" At this she was startled; she thought to herself, whatever can this greeting mean? But the angel said to her, "Fear not, Mary, you have found favor with God. You are to conceive and bear a son, and you must call his name Jesus. He will be great, he will be called the Son of the Most High, and the Lord God will give him the throne of David his father; he will reign over the house of Jacob forever, and to his reign there shall be no end."

"How can this be?" said Mary to the angel, "I have no husband!" The angel answered her, "The holy Spirit will come upon you, the power of the Most High will overshadow you; hence what is born will be called holy, Son of God. Look, there is your kinswoman Elizabeth! Even she has conceived a son in her old age, and she who was called barren is now in her sixth month; for with God nothing is ever impossible."

Mary said, "I am here to serve the Lord. Let it be as you have

said." Then the angel went away. In those days Mary started with haste for the hill country, for a town of Judah; she entered the house of Zechariah and saluted Elizabeth, and when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb. Then Elizabeth was filled with the holy Spirit; she called out with a loud cry,

"Blessed among women are you, and blessed is the fruit of your womb!

What have I done to have the mother of my Lord come to me? Why, as soon as the sound of your salutation reached my ears, the babe leaped for joy within my womb. And blessed is she who believed that the Lord's words to her would be fulfilled!" Mary stayed with her about three months and then returned home.

Now the time for Elizabeth's delivery had elapsed, and she gave birth to a son. When her neighbors and kinsfolk heard of the Lord's great mercy to her, they rejoiced with her, and on the eighth day came to circumcise the child. They were going to call it by the name of its father Zechariah, but the mother told them, "No, the child is to be called John." They said to her, "None of your family is called by that name." Then they made signs to the father, to find out what he wanted the child to be called; he asked for a writing tablet and wrote down, "His name is John," to the astonishment of all. Instantly his mouth was opened, his tongue loosed, and he spoke out blessing God. Then fear fell on all their neighbors, and all these events were talked of through the whole of the hill country of Judea. All who heard it bore it in mind; they said, "Whatever will this child become?" For the hand of the Lord was indeed with him. The child grew, he became strong in the Spirit, and remained in the desert till the day when he made his appearance before Israel.

The birth of Jesus Christ came about thus. His mother Mary was betrothed to Joseph, but before they came together she was discovered to be pregnant by the holy Spirit. As Joseph her husband was a just man and unwilling to disgrace her, he resolved to divorce her secretly; but after he had planned this, there appeared an angel of the Lord to him in a dream saying, "Joseph, son of

David, fear not to take Mary your wife home, for what is begotten in her comes from the holy Spirit. She will bear a son, and you are to call him 'Jesus,' for he will save his people from their sins." So on waking from sleep, Joseph did as the angel of the Lord had commanded him.

Now in those days an edict was issued by Caesar Augustus for a census of the whole world. (This was the first census, and it took place when Quirinius was governor of Syria.) So everyone went to be registered, each at his own town, and as Joseph belonged to the house and family of David, he went up from Galilee to Judea, from the town of Nazareth to David's town called Bethlehem, to be registered along with Mary his wife. She was pregnant, and while they were there the days elapsed for her delivery; she gave birth to her firstborn son, and as there was no room for them inside the khan she wrapped him up and laid him in a stall for cattle. There were some shepherds in the district who were out in the fields keeping guard over their flocks by night; and an angel of the Lord flashed upon them, the glory of the Lord shone all round them. They were terribly afraid, but the angel said to them, "Have no fear. This is good news I am bringing you, news of a great joy that is meant for all the People. Today you have a savior born in the town of David, the Lord messiah. And here is a proof for you: you will find a baby wrapped up and lying in a stall for cattle." Then a host of heaven's army suddenly appeared beside the angel extolling God and saying,

"Glory to God in high heaven, and peace on earth for men whom he favors!"

Now when the angels had left them and gone away to heaven, the shepherds said to one another, "Let us be off to Bethlehem to see this thing that the Lord has told us of." So they made haste and discovered Mary and Joseph and the baby lying in the stall for cattle. When they saw this they told people of the word which had been spoken to them about the child; all who heard it were astonished at the story of the shepherds, and, as for Mary, she treasured it all up and mused upon it. Then the shepherds went away back, glorifying and extolling God for all they had heard and seen—as they had been told they would.

When the eight days had passed for his circumcision, he was named Jesus—the name given by the angel before he had been conceived in the womb.

When the days for their purification in terms of the Mosaic law had elapsed, they brought him up to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord (as it is written in the law of the Lord: every male that opens the womb must be considered consecrated to the Lord) and also to offer the sacrifice prescribed in the law of the Lord, a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons. Now there was a man in Jerusalem called Symeon, an upright and devout man, who was on the outlook for the Consolation of Israel. The holy Spirit was upon him; indeed it had been revealed to him by the holy Spirit that he was not to see death before he had seen the Lord messiah. By an inspiration of the Spirit he came to the temple, and when the parents of the child Jesus carried him in to perform the customary regulations of the law for him, then Symeon took him in his arms, blessed God, and said,

"Now, Master, thou canst let thy servant go, and go in peace, as thou didst promise; for mine eyes have seen thy saving power which thou hast prepared for all peoples, to be a light of revelation for the Gentiles, and a glory to thy people Israel."

His father and mother were astonished at these words about him, but Symeon blessed them, and to his mother Mary he said, "This child is destined for the downfall as well as for the rise of many a one in Israel; destined to be a Sign for man's attack—to bring out the secret aims of many a heart. And your own soul will be pierced by a spear."

There was also a prophetess, Hannah the daughter of Phanuel, who belonged to the tribe of Asher; she was advanced in years, having lived seven years with her husband after her girlhood and having been a widow for eighty-four years. She was never away from the temple; night and day she worshipped, fasting and praying. Now at that very hour she came up, and she offered praise to God and spoke of him to all who were on the outlook for the redemption of Jerusalem.

SHOLEM ASCH

In this most unusual account, Mary, the mother of Christ, tells the story of his birth, childhood and early manhood to two of his disciples, Judah Ish-Kiriot and Simon bar Jonah.

Who is My Child?

AND THE MOTHER sat upon the threshold of the house and by the light of the stars she recounted unto us:

"What shall I tell you and what shall I recount, disciples of my son? Blessed be the Lord that I have been deemed worthy of him. We come of poor people, and our dwelling is with the common folk, and our being springeth from the workers. And it was thus when I was big with my son, that joy filled my breasts, and I knew that the Lord had sent something great unto me, and I prayed to our father in heaven and I said, When it shall be thy will that thy maidservant bringeth forth a son, I shall make him thine, as Hannah made her son Samuel.' And when my time came near, then my husband took me, his wife, and the small burden of his household, and took us unto Bethlehem in Ephrath, which is in Judah, for we came thence. And when there was the census in the land, each one of us was commanded to appear in his place. And the city of Bethlehem was overfull with people, for all those that were of the city had been commanded to appear there. And there was none that could admit us into a house, and we lodged with others of the poor in the yard of an inn, and my husband fared forth and found work with a carpenter that he might earn our daily bread. And when it was time for me to be brought upon the midwife's stool, then my husband spoke with the shepherds which kept their flocks outside the city, that they might give me leave to bear the child in the stable where they kept their young sheep. For it was winter in the land, and it was exceeding cold, and we were in the street and there was no roof over our heads. And the shep-

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herd folk were filled with compassion, and they were men of kindness and God-fearing. And they made a corner for me in the stable in the midst of the sheep, and they spread out hay and straw to keep me warm. Now may ye know in what spirit I poured forth my sad heart before the Lord, saying, 'Look thou upon my shame, that I bring forth my first-born amid the sheep, like a beast.' And my husband sat by me and comforted me, saying: 'Be not downcast, wife, for in a stable shall be born he that is to help Israel. And was not our king and father, David, a shepherd of this city, and did not God take him from among the sheep to be a king in Israel? Who knoweth, my wife, but that our son shall likewise be a king-for he is of the seed of David.' And other words of comfort like these my good husband spoke to me. And when it was time for me to go on the midwife's stool, there was none near to help me save my husband. But God looked upon my need and came to my help to lift up my spirit, and He lit the moon and stars above me, and they looked in through the open roof and it was as though they comforted me. And there was stillness about me, and my heart trembled, and fear came upon me. For I am but a sinful woman, and unlearned in the law of God, but it seemed me that the heavens had covered themselves with glory, and peace and good will descended to all men with the coming forth of the child. And I called to my husband and said, 'I know not how it is with me, but meseemeth that I see a great light, and singing reacheth my ears, and sweet odors like those of Eden surround me.' And my husband answered, 'It is because thy heart was heavy, and God looked upon our shame and comforted thee, for thou hast borne a son.' And I asked him, 'But whence cometh this light, for it seemeth to me that the moon and stars have entered the stable to give me greeting.' And he, helping me, said, 'It is a good sign, my wife, that thou seest much light for it signifieth that a light hath been born in Israel.' And he laid my newborn in my hands and he covered me with a mantle of hair. And the young sheep and the cattle pressed about my resting place and they licked me with their tongues, and they crouched by us as to keep us warm. For it was cold in the stable. And my husband said, 'See, my wife, even the cattle come to rejoice with thee.' And he comforted me, saying, 'Our forefathers too were shepherds, and God called Moses from the midst of pasturing his sheep that he might lead Israel out of Egypt. Therefore my wife be not fallen in spirit that thy son was born among sheep.' Thus my husband spoke to me at that time.

"And the good shepherd folk, likewise, came from their flocks in the fields, and they greeted me and comforted me, and they brought a cruse of milk and bread and put them before me. And they said, 'Peace unto thee, mother in Israel, God meaneth well with thee, for it is a night of great brightness, such as we have not seen before. The stars are big and the moon in the fullness of light is above, and the peaks of snow look down from the hills. It must be that a light hath ascended in Israel.'

"And I said to them:

"'Thanks be unto ye, good shepherds, for your words.'

"And they covered my feet with sheepskins, for it was cold, and the hour of my need became the hour of my happiness.

"And we abode there with the shepherd folk until the time came that I should bring my son into the covenant of Abraham, and we called his name in Israel Yeshua, which signifieth a help unto Israel. And my husband took me, and his first-born son, and all that he had, and we went up to Jerusalem, the holy city, on our way home; for the time had come for me to bring my sacrifice of purification, and to put my son before the priest, that he might

give redemption and release to my first-born.

"And I brought the offering and sacrifice of the poor upon the altar, two doves, and my husband took my son in one hand, and in the other five silver shekels of the weight of Zidon, and he stood before the priest, and the priest asked him, 'What wouldst thou rather render unto the Lord, thy son, or the five shekels of silver to redeem thy first-born, who belongeth to God as Moses taught us?' And when my husband gave the five shekels of silver to the priest, the priest took them; but there stood near by a devout man, and his name was Simon, and it was known in all Jerusalem that he was a just man and the spirit of God rested upon him. And he took my son out of the arms of his father and lifted him up on high, and said, 'It may be that this is the Messiah. I thank thee, O Lord, that I have seen the helper of Israel.' And it came about later, when I told this to the mothers that were assembled in the court of the women, having come likewise for the redeeming of their first-born, that they said, 'He hath done this with our first-born likewise. For this man waiteth for the redeemer of Israel, and he hath prayed God that he shall not see death before he hath seen the Messiah of the Jews. And he waiteth the whole day by the priest, and every first-born son that is brought to be redeemed, he lifteth up in his hands and saith, "Perchance this is the Messiah." For it may be the portion of any Jewish mother to bring forth the Messiah, the redeemer of Israel.'

"And my husband brought me and his son and his household to our home.

"And my child grew in God, and when he had already begun to stammer I taught him to say the 'Hear, O Israel,' so that what had been written might be fulfilled: 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh thy praise, O Lord.' And when he was still at my breast I put before his eyes the holy writ, so that what had been written might be fulfilled: 'With the milk at the breast. . . .' And the child grew in God's grace, and the mothers of the city blessed themselves in him, for he was beauteous to behold, and God rested upon him, and he found favor in the eyes of God and men.

"And when my son was six years old his father wrapped him round in a prayer shawl and carried him to the synagogue, that he might there learn the Torah together with the other children of the city. And the child came home each day with his text. And it was thus, that when we sat down to eat each day, the father said, 'Tell me thy text, my son, which thou didst learn in the synagogue this day.' And he said his text, 'The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.' And his father taught him in the evenings, that he might fulfill what is written: 'And ye shall teach this to your children.' And he could read in holy writ and knew many texts and verses by rote. And it was always thus, that when one encountered him in the street, he would say to him, 'Boy, tell me thy text,' and he would answer with the text which he had learned that day.

"There was once a drought in the land, and the grain in the fields withered with dryness, and man and beast panted for water, for the wells had dried up. The elders of the city went to seek out a sage who dwelt in the fields, and the sage was famed for his devoutness, and they said that his word had much weight with God. And on a certain evening when the sage returned to his house from his labors in the field, the elders of the city followed him and entreated, 'Pray for rain, for our grain withereth and when the winter cometh there will be nothing to gather into our barns; likewise our beasts faint in the fields for thirst.' But the sage answered them, saying, 'For your sins this punishment hath come upon you, for ye have left the path of righteousness.' And he would not pray for them, lest they should not repent. Then my boy drew near, having just returned from the synagogue, and he thought in his heart—for thus he told me later— 'Is it not written, "When need is nigh I will cry unto the Lord"? And is it not written further, "As a father hath pity on his children, so God hath pity on those that fear him"? Now if he will not pray, then I will do so.' And he stationed himself and prayed to God, and God heard the prayer of the boy, and the heavens were covered with clouds, and the rain came. And when my son saw that the Lord had hearkened to his prayer, he was greatly afraid of the thing and he came home and told me of it. And I approached him, saying, 'Wherefore dost thou take such foolishness into thy mind? God hath done this for the sake of the poor and not for the sake of thy prayer.' But I kept the matter in my heart.

"And it came to pass that when my eldest son was twelve years old, they said to me that it was time that he went up with us during the festivals to Jerusalem, that his eyes might behold the glory of Israel, which is the Temple of the Lord, as it is written in holy writ. And we took a sheep from our poor flock and we placed upon it a wreath of olive leaves, and we went with our countrymen for the Passover to Jerusalem. And on the road we made one company with countrymen of other cities, and we went singing with them through the valleys in the time of the spring. And we said words of praise from the Psalms, and other devout songs, and my husband and I rejoiced that the boy was with us, and that our eyes would soon behold the sanctuary. And we came to the city of Jerusalem through the hills that are about it and our eyes looked

on the glory of Israel. And the Temple glittereth like the sun above the Mount of the Temple, and the boy rejoiced exceedingly, and it was as if he had received wings and would fly thither. And he knew every corner and alley of the courts of the Temple, as if he had been one of the blossoms of the priesthood and the Temple had been his home. And he knew all the retreats where the sages sit and judge the people, and where the priests withdraw that they may rest, and where the stores of oil are kept and the robes of the priesthood, and all the side paths and the arches and the attics under the roofs. And he lingered likewise between the pillars under the Temple, where many pilgrims are gathered at the time of the festivals. And he came to every company from every part of the land, and sat with every family, to listen to that which the people said. And his ear was open unto every cry of pain, and every sigh, and his heart received every woe which the people suffered in Ierusalem. And it was then a hard time in Israel. For the hand of Rome was on Israel and the people murmured against the new high priest who had been appointed by Rome, for that he helped Rome to make heavier the weight of taxes upon Israel. And there was talk about that time concerning the days of the Messiah, that the footsteps of the deliverer had been heard, for the waters had come up unto the soul of the people. And the people could no longer carry the yoke which Rome and the high priest had placed upon them, and a great bitterness went from mouth to mouth. And there was a great crowd before the Beautiful Gate. And the Roman soldiers that were between the pillars in the Court of the Gentiles, threw themselves upon the people, saying that they were rebelling against the high priest, who was a friend of Rome. And the Romans drew their swords and pursued the people across the bridge into the city. And many died that day by the sword, and many more were killed in the press, also many fell from the bridge into the valley. And my heart was as water for fear, and my little son ran in the multitude, and who knew what might happen with him. And in my heart I prayed, 'Into Thy hands I give him, and be Thou his guard.' But soon my son came to the family place which was in the cellars, and we were assembled there with all those that had come from Nazareth, and I

looked on my son and he was as another in my eyes, for his face was pale and his eyes were as flames. And I remember even now the words that were on his lips: 'O Lord, strangers have come up into Thy sanctuary!' And he said this again and again. And I asked of him, 'My son, what ails thee?' And he answered, 'Wherefore tarrieth the Messiah and cometh not?' And I said, 'Be at peace, my child, he cometh and his footsteps are heard, for our tribulations are counted and our tears are gathered up, and soon the count will be completed.' And he asked, 'And when shall we be deemed worthy?' 'Perhaps he is here with us now and waiteth till we be worthy, and until we return to God with all our hearts, so that we may be delivered.' 'And where is he, where is the redeemer, mother?' 'Perhaps thou art he, my child. Who knoweth? For the deliverance may come from every Jew.'

"And both of us were afraid of the words which had issued from my mouth.

"And when the festival was ended and we turned homeward, then my son was lost to us on the way. And I thought that he was with other people of our city, as was his way, to mingle with all people. And thus we went awhile. And in the evening I sought him among friends and found him not. And we left the company and returned to Jerusalem to seek our lost son. And we found him at last in the hall of the polished stones, where the learned and the scholars were assembled. And he sat in the midst of them and was attentive to their learned talk. And he sat at the feet of an old man and asked questions of him, and the old man answered him, as was the custom, that is, to reply to every child that asketh questions concerning the text. And the old man rejoiced exceedingly with the wisdom of my son and he said, 'May such as thou multiply in Israel!' And when I saw my son at the feet of the learned, I called to him and said, 'What is this that thou has done unto us? Thou hast made heavy the hearts of thy father and mother for thy sake.' And he answered, 'Mother, it were best that thou leave me here in the house of God. For didst thou not dedicate me unto the Lord from my birth, as thou hast told me, and sanctify me unto the Torah?

"And when we had returned home, he longed always for Jeru-

salem, to learn there the word of God at the feet of the wise men. But we being of the common people, my husband, peace be upon him, said that the Torah is good only if thou hast a trade in thy hand, so that thou makest not of the Torah, as certain of the learned do, a spade to dig with. And he that teacheth not his son a trade teacheth him, as the proverb sayeth, to be a thief. And when my son was thirteen years old, and his father taught him the commandment of the putting on of phylacteries, then he led him also to the carpenter's bench to teach him the craft of his forefathers, as the custom is, father to son. Now God had blessed my womb and I had borne my husband four sons and daughters, and the family was large, and the earning of bread for such a family is, for the poor man, as great a task as the splitting of the Red Sea; and we all worked during the day, and, as the custom was, we said at our work verses from the Psalms. And in the evening my husband taught my son whatever he had in the way of learning. By the light of the stars he passed on to him the texts which he knew by rote. And there is also in the possession of the family a scroll, which is the most precious possession which my husband inherited from his forefathers, and it hath passed from generation to generation through the eldest son. And it was guarded with utmost care of cleanliness in our house, and it was draped in cloth that our hands might not defile it; and on the festivals, and perchance on nights of the moon, they unrolled the scroll and studied therein, as it is written, 'And thou shalt meditate thereon by night and by day.' And my husband could transmit to my son only the written law, for of the oral law he knew but little, that is, of the tradition; only that which he had brought with him from Jerusalem, only here and there a law and an interpretation which he had heard from the lips of the sages in the Temple; these were handed down to us as from the venerable Hillel and other men of old. And at times there cometh also into Nazareth a Rabbi, from the city of Naim, to be here on the Sabbath for the reading of the law in the synagogue. But my son longed to know much, as it is written, 'As a hart panteth for the streams, so my soul longeth for God.' And he sat in the synagogue and learned what he could from the chief men and the cantor and the head of the congregation. And when

there came a Rabbi into the town, so he sat at his feet and took into himself the word of God. Likewise he would assemble the little ones that learned in the school and lead them to the synagogue and teach them to say, in the right places, the words 'Amen' and 'Let the Name be exalted'; and the head of the congregation praised him. And the boy was much beloved, for he went in the ways of the Lord and was devout in his behavior. And when he prayed it was as if angels stood by him to carry his words to the assembly that is in heaven. Nor do I say this because he is my child, but the people of the city testify thereunto. And he was acquainted in the holy writ like one of the wise men. And when they called him on the Sabbath day to the reading of the Torah in the synagogue, he stood and preached, and the people opened mouth and ear, for they had never heard the like from a youth. And they asked each other in astonishment, Whence cometh this wisdom to him? Is he not the son of Joseph the carpenter? Where hath he learned this?' But the Lord had placed his hand upon him and he found favor in the eyes of the people; and when he prayed it was visible unto all that his prayer was accepted. And it chanced once that he saw a sick old man seated on the threshold of the synagogue, and he could not go further for his legs were palsied. And my son looked at him with compassion. And when the old man saw that my son looked on him with compassion, he lifted up his voice and said, 'Why lookest thou on me with such eyes as if thou wouldst heal me?' And my son answered, 'If thou believest that I can heal thee, then I will indeed heal thee.' And the man said, 'I behold in thine eyes the great power of compassion. I believe with perfect faith that if the Lord so willeth I shall be healed through thee.' Then my son answered, 'Thou hast said! In the name of the Lord I command thee to rise upon thy feet, thou art healed.' And the man rose upon his feet. And know ye that the man had been palsied many years. And the thing was told in the city and it was said concerning my son that he possessed a secret power which the Lord had given him. And folk began to seek out my son with their sicknesses and cares. And when we, his parents, saw how far this thing had gone, we were afraid, and we spoke thus among ourselves, 'Who knoweth what God intended with our son, for the grace of the Lord resteth upon him?'

"And he came to us and asked, 'Is it indeed the truth that we are of the seed of David?' for there was a tradition in our family that we came of the house of David, because we were people of Bethlehem. And it is written in the book of the genealogies of the families of Israel. But when Herod the king began to persecute all those that came of the house of David, so the book disappeared; but the tradition remained in the family of my husband and was guarded by it. And when my husband heard these words from my son, he rose and said in a loud voice, 'Wouldst thou be like Joseph the dreamer and lift thyself above thy brothers? God loveth only those of an humble spirit.' But we kept this thing in our hearts.

"And about that time there came a great change in the manner of my son. We knew him no more. His deeds were not as of yesterday and the day before. For he went out of our sight for many days, and he stayed in the woods, and rested there in the nights, and returned in the morning, with the dew of the night on his head. Else he would go into the fields and help the laborers on the land, and would teach them holy writ, repeating verses of the Psalms and comforting them in their need. And he was seen only in the company of the oppressed and the rejected, the abandoned of God and men, in the fields or by the door of the synagogue. And he sought out and visited the sick, and wherever he was, there was want and pain. And he would help all bear their burden of sadness. And I heard him often uttering bitter words against the rich and the learned who oppress the poor and take not up the cause of the fatherless. And the heart of my child was tormented by the evils which the rich and learned commit against the poor and the common folk. Now our city lieth in the open fields, and most of the inhabitants thereof are workers on the land, unlearned in writ, and among them are likewise such as doubt of their Jewishness, and the rich have made a band against them to oppress them. And they put upon the poor many taxes and tributes for the Caesar, and for the Temple, and for the Priests and Levites; and the officers and the tax collectors are strong-handed. And it is thus in our sinfulness, that they take away from us our possessions, our asses and our fields, which is against the word of the holy writ, which saith thou shalt not leave the poor man without his cloak in the night. And they likewise cast the poor man into prison, or he is made into a slave and worketh for another in the field that was his own. Many cruel things are done against the people of the country, and the hatred waxeth between the learned men and the men-of-the-earth. And my son seeth these injustices and crieth for the justice of God. 'Woe to the generation which hath such leaders,' he crieth, 'for they are like shepherds that shear the sheep in the time of rain and winter, that they may warm themselves in the skin of the poor. The wrath of God shall be poured forth upon them.'

"And it came about then that he was no longer at peace with the head of the congregation and the chief men of the synagogue, for that they let such things be in the city, and they sunder themselves from the simple folk and hold themselves great in their learning and piety. For in our sinfulness our learned ones have made a great division between themselves and the common man, and they call him unclean and despise him. And my son could not bear the injustices which were committed against the common man, and there was much quarreling between him and the men of the city, and he spoke harsh words against them. And it chanced once that when he was called up in the synagogue to the reading of the Torah, he took up the Book of Isaiah and read therefrom: 'They join border unto border.' And he preached against the rich men of the city and said, 'Woe unto you, ye rich, that ye oppress the poor man,' and other bitter words. And there was murmuring in the synagogue and they asked, 'Who is this that cometh to teach us and reproach us? Is it not he that was the son of Joseph the carpenter?' And they took him and led him out of the city and smote him, and they would have thrown him from a rock into the abyss, as they did once with the prophet Zachariah. But God saved him from their hands and they let him go.

"And the spirit of my son was heavier from day to day, and he sought the justice of God among men and found it not. And I perceived that with each injustice he loseth the blood of his heart, as the thorn pierceth the heart of the rose. And the time was hard for

him, and I feared, God forbid, that it would be too much for him. For he sought perpetually, and we knew not what he sought. Till there came a man unto the city, one of the Nazarites, such as dwell in the wilderness and seek the word of God. And he stood up in the market place and called unto the people to repent, for the kingdom of God was at hand and the footsteps of the Messiah had been heard. And my son clove to the Nazarite; and he came to us for leave that he might go with the Nazarite into the wilderness there to search out the word of God. And he said, 'I have taken a vow upon myself to go into the wilderness and inquire into the ways of God, for my soul longeth to know God.' And my husband said, 'If his soul longeth to know God let him go in the name of God, and dwell with the Nazarites in the wilderness, for he hath taken a vow and he beareth responsibility for himself.' And I parted from my son with a heavy heart. For though the Lord had blessed me with sons and daughters, he was my first-born, and he was unto me and my husband as Joseph was unto Jacob, the most beloved. And I gave him bread and a dried cheese and a shirt and I sent him into the wilderness in the name of God.

"And there went by days and years and I heard not how he fared. But my heart ceased not from longing for him, for my soul was bound unto his. And when a time had passed, the Lord took away from me the crown of my head, my husband, and he slept with his fathers, and I was left a widow and my children orphans, and I knew not any more what might be; for I had not a redeemer in the city, and my children were young and of tender years, and there was none to nourish them or to speak comfortingly unto us. And it came to pass that on a certain day there came a man to my door, and his hair was long, and he was barefoot, and he was clad in a leopard skin. He was lean of body and countenance, and burned by the sun of the wilderness. He came to my door, and when I opened I beheld my son before me, and he said, 'It hath been told me that thy husband now sleepeth with his fathers, and thou art left alone, thou and thy children, and I have come to be thy help in the time of thy need.' And he took up the work of his father at the carpenter's bench, and by his work he nourished us, and he gave instruction to his brothers and brought them up in the faith of

Israel. But I knew not any more the ways of my son. For he made his nights into the day, and in the winter nights he sat in his room by the light of the oil lamp, or by the light of the moon and stars in the nights of summer, and he meditated on his thoughts and in the holy books which he had brought back with him. And at his work too he spoke verses and texts to himself, and they were verses and texts which were not yet known. And he told me from the Book of Enoch concerning the giants which had fallen from the heavens and had mingled with the daughters of earth, and concerning the evil generations which came from them, and concerning the dark times wherein we lived. And he said that help and redemption were at hand, and a son would arise in Israel to shine upon the world. And he told me, in text and in parables, of the defeat which awaited the wicked, and of the light which awaited the just, and of the help which would come to the poor, and the disaster which would come upon the rich, whereof all would be brought to pass by the son of David. And he kept himself sundered from all, and did ever purify his body, touching nothing that was unclean and abstaining from the eating of flesh and the drinking of wine but nourishing himself with green things, save that upon the Sabbath he took some honey upon his bread. And I spoke to my son, saying, 'Behold the time hath come for thee to go to a wise man and a sage, that he might release thee from thy vow, for the time is here that I should find comfort and joy of thee. For have not the sages said, "At eighteen it is the time for the bridal canopy"?' And such things I spoke to him, as a mother might speak to her son. But he answered me, 'Didst thou not relinquish me to the Lord even before thou broughtest me forth, hast thou not told me this thyself?' And I was filled with compassion for my child, and I said unto him, 'My son, I did not mean it thus.' But he answered me, 'My vow abideth and standeth, mother.' And he would not speak more thereof. And he went his way, and his way was not what it had been till then: he did not visit punishment upon the rich and he did not resist evil, for he said, 'Evil too is from the Lord, even like the good. Even as it is written that he created light and created darkness, he maketh peace and createth evil, for He is the Lord and doeth all things, so the evil is here that we

might become better thereby; and we shall not resist it, for it cometh of God, and we shall take suffering upon ourselves in love and submission. Man is not created to resist evil but to do good.' And he visited the sick and healed them with herbs and grasses which he had found in the wilderness. He dwelt among the poor and comforted them, saying that in the kingdom of God they would be among the first. And he avoided the company of the rich and the learned, and when he went to the synagogue he stood by the door, among the shamed and rejected ones. And in his booth on the roof, which I had prepared for him, I often saw a great light in the nights, and I heard the speaking of voices, as if strangers had come to him. And it seemed me that he spoke to them with verses and texts, and there came answers in strange voices. And I was affrighted and I trembled for the things that were coming to pass in the booth on the roof, and I said to my son, 'My son, it seemeth me that I know thee no more, and I know not who thou art, and the deeds which thou doest.' And he answered me and said, 'Be comforted, my mother, for all that which is said and done is for the sake of my father in heaven.'

"And it chanced that one night I lay in the darkness and I meditated on the fate of my child, and there came a storm-wind and seized upon the four corners of the house, and made the house to shake, so that I feared that the walls would fall upon me. And as I lay and trembled thus, behold my son came to me and asked, 'Mother, didst thou call me?' and I said, 'Nay, I did not call thee.' And thus it was three times. And on the third time my son said, 'It must indeed be that my time is come,' and I knew not what he meant, and I asked him, 'What intendest thou, my son?' And he answered, 'I must go forth now with the message and tidings, whithersoever my father sendeth me.' And I was astonished by his words and I cried to him, 'Now with whom wilt thou leave me here?' And he said, 'Behold, my brother Jacob is now grown, and he shall take my place at the carpenter's bench, and he shall bring up the children in the ways of Israel. And as for me, I must go whithersoever I am sent.' And he forsook me and went forth into the night. And I cried after him, 'Tinoki, my little one, let God go with thee,' and he answered from the night, 'Be comforted, my

mother,' and he was swallowed up in the darkness of the night. And the days went by, and the years, and I had no word of him, nor did my eyes see him; till there came to me certain people of K'far Nahum and they told me concerning the wonders which he wrought by the shore of the Sea of Genesaret. And there came to me likewise people from other cities and told me concerning the doctrine which he spreadeth in Israel. And I know not what the Lord hath done with me, for my heart fluttereth between hope and fright. Great things indeed hath the Lord done with him, and yet I know not why my heart fluttereth so; I know not his ways, for I am but a simple woman. And now declare it unto me, ye, his disciples, who my child is."

And I rose and bowed myself before the mother of my Rabbi and

I said:

"Blessed art thou, happy among women, for the peoples of the world shall bless themselves in thee. Blessed be thy womb from which issued this saint."

And afterwards in the night, I said to Simon bar Jonah:

"Simon bar Jonah, happy are we that we have been found worthy of this; great things doeth the Lord with us."

And Simon bar Jonah knew not what my speech intended and he answered:

"Behold, I am not learned in the writ, and tell me plainly what thou meanest?"

And I said:

"Simon bar Jonah, the mother testifieth for him, that he was born in Bethlehem of Judah, and that he is of the house of David."

And I explained the thing no further, but I guarded it in my heart.

And we stood thus in the night and we looked upon the house wherein reposed the holy one of Israel. And the house, which was covered thickly with shadows, began to shine, and the light of the moon and stars poured strong upon it, and it rested securely in the protection of God.

GOODSPEED

EDGAR JOHNSON GOODSPEED is well known for his modern translation of the *New Testament*. He served for many years as chairman of the the New Testament department of the University of Chicago and at present lectures on the founding of Christianity at the University of California. The episode reprinted here is from his *Life of Jesus*.

John the Baptist

BAPTISM was an ancient rite of Judaism. It was part of the Levitical purification prescribed in ridding oneself of certain types of impurity, as in Leviticus 14:9, Numbers 19:7, 8, and so on. It had also been adopted in the Jewish mission as one of the three demands made upon Jewish proselytes, or converts, from other peoples and religions, when they entered the Jewish fold-circumcision, baptism, and a sacrifice. It was also in use in Mithraism, as an initiatory purification, but it was the Jewish rite which John signalized as the symbol of repentance and spiritual purification. He baptized his penitents in token of their repentance. The early gospels say nothing of its use by Jesus; but Paul speaks of its occasional use in his churches, it is definitely expected of converts to Christianity in the Acts and it is a part of the ministry of Jesus, though practiced only by his disciples, in John. But it was evidently John the Baptist who had exalted it to the status of a symbol of the determination to lead a better life. It was that, of course, that had given him his title; he was the Baptizer.

John does not seem to have had any organization, though the seed he sowed in his preaching along the Jordan was carried far over the ancient world. But his rite of baptism sent his followers forth not just momentarily swayed toward a better life but, in their own minds at least, publicly committed, by accepting it, to a higher course of conduct. It was the symbol of a decision reached and acted upon, a public commitment to the abandonment of old sins

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and the entrance upon a new life. And while John seems to have made no effort to organize his followers, it is clear that many of them organized themselves into Johannist circles out in the great centers of the Roman world, far beyond the limits of Palestine.

But what gave John's baptism everlasting significance was its effect upon Jesus. Jesus had joined the throngs of earnest, serious inquirers for the will of God who trudged off to John's meetings in the wilderness. The two men were cousins, born within a few months of each other, and probably had known each other at least slightly from boyhood. John's father Zechariah belonged to the priesthood and went up to Jerusalem once a year to take his turn in the priestly functions. But there was nothing priestly about John; his affinities were all with the prophets, and the old heroic figures of Amos, Elijah and Malachi seemed to live again in him. He revived the old prophetic view of religion as a life of uprightness in the sight of God, regardless of legalism and ritual, and enforced it with terrible pictures of judgment, wrath and punishment to come, unless men would repent and obey.

Jesus' religious life had awakened early. From boyhood he had learned to think of himself, as Hosea had said, as a son of the Living God. He had certainly nourished a youth sublime with the searching, stirring oracles of his people's prophets, particularly Hosea and Isaiah. He must have been among the first to answer his cousin's call, and hastened to join him. So it is as a disciple of John that Jesus first appears in history. He was probably one of the closer, perhaps the inner circle of them, for he afterward spoke of John as the new Elijah foretold by Malachi, and accepted him as his own herald and forerunner.

So it must have been very soon after news of John's work reached Nazareth that Jesus, a carpenter about thirty years of age, set forth with a little caravan of people attracted by what they had heard of John's personality and message. His passion to do everything God required would make him one of the first to hasten to his cousin's banner. He found him somewhere on the banks of the lower Jordan, already surrounded by crowds of people, half-curious, half-serious. Jesus was soon satisfied that John's message expressed

the will of God and pressed forward for baptism in the turbid waters of the muddy river.

It was a sublime moment in his life. For as he came up out of the water, serene in the consciousness that he was doing his utmost to carry out the will of God, a tremendous sense of vocation, selection and mission came over him. He heard a voice saying to him,

"You are my Son, my Beloved! You are my Chosen!"

He felt filled with the Spirit of God, as never before. For an instant, the heavens had opened, and the Spirit had taken possession of him. A curtain had rolled up in his mind and he saw with a new and surpassing clearness what God really wanted life to be and the great role God intended him to play in the drama of redemption. In such visions God had called Isaiah and Jeremiah to their work as prophets.

In after days he described it with his imperial imagination to his closest followers in his own unmistakable gigantesque, that inimitable quality which, Chesterton pointed out, stamps his most characteristic utterances. He saw the heavens torn open and the Spirit coming down like a dove, to take possession of him. It was doubtless the climax of much religious reflection and experience, but it was none the less the great moment, the decisive hour, not only in Jesus' life but in human experience. One man had at last been caught up as no one before into the vision of God, to be his spokesman, his Chosen, his Beloved, his Son.

This was an immensely uplifting and inspiring experience, but it was also an appalling and perplexing one. Under this new conviction, to which he had now given himself up, Jesus fled from the crowds of people that thronged about John and hurried away, driven by the Spirit, as he put it, into more solitary parts of the region for a time of reflection, as he grappled with his task and mission.

EMIL LUDWIG

Ever respectful of the great, Ludwig applied himself to biography with a most energetic style. His best-known lives include Napoleon, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Beethoven and Lincoln. Before launching on his Story of Jesus, Ludwig established a set of rules for himself. "Almost all the contradictions arise out of the disorderly nature of the reports. As soon as we arrange them psychologically, everything is seen to be logical . . . the character of Jesus is freed from its contradictions, and manifests a human, a simple, course of development." He made a rule to hold within the frame of the Gospels and avoided ascribing to Jesus imaginary sayings and doings. "My aim," he said, "is to portray the inner life of the prophet . . . the great spiritual battle between self-assertion and humility."

Glad Tidings

"Believe the glad tidings!"

Thus does the stranger's message ring through the great hall, while all stare at him open-eyed—shipmen and traders, craftsmen and travelers, who throng the synagogue. For we are in Capernaum, the haven on the northern shore of the Sea of Galilee, and a halting place on the trade route from the Mediterranean to Damascus. Hither come the caravans. With them are men learned in the law, and men learned in the wisdom of the heathen; rich men, too, and the men who travel in search of distraction. On the Sabbath, these wayfarers visit the synagogue, to which the dwellers in the city likewise flock, eager for news of the outer world. . . .

This man who arrived but yesterday and is holding forth today, comes from near by (so runs the report from one to another). Nazareth is but a day's journey, for one who starts at dawn. Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? When he rises and begins to pray, the congregation looks at him in amazement, for he wears no phylactery on forehead or arm; and when he mounts the lectern, all can see that he is not an accredited teacher, for his raiment

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lacks the four-pointed fringe which the law enjoins. Is he, perchance, a disciple of John, who was seized a few days ago and cast into prison? Are these baptists forsaking the banks of Jordan to make their way through the country? He seems too kindly to be one of the baptists; he does not wear a hair shirt after the manner of the ascetics, nor yet the prophet's mantle which many don when they would fain be taken for a new Elijah; nor are his looks and his words gloomy and menacing.

"The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye and believe the glad tidings!"

This message has a very different sound from that of the baptists of Jordan. He does not utter threats or warnings; does not urge confession or baptism. He explains the old prophecies in words that touch on the familiar things of daily life. Since he does not wear the fringed garment of the rabbi, and does not teach them out of the Book—since he is content, talking to them in their own language, to tell them in convincing tones that he who believes, may hope—he quickly wins the confidence of these simple fisher folk and tillers of the soil, who in their secret hearts are weary of the hairsplitting discussions of the Pharisees. "Glad tidings!" That is something new, and it is something which even a child can understand. He goes on to say that the kingdom of heaven is like a net that is cast into the sea and gathers a multitude of fishes, some good and some bad.

The fisher folk nudge one another and grin, for the parable goes home. They listen all the more attentively when he goes on to speak of a sower, who scatters the seed so that some falls by the wayside, some among thorns, some upon stony places, and some upon good ground. But always the preacher has the kingdom of heaven in his mind; and not one of the congregation fails to understand him when he tells of the two debtors, one of whom owed much and the other little, and of the talents that were put out on usury, pointing the moral in each case with reference to the great settlement with God when life comes to an end. The women, too, sitting apart behind the grating, listen and nod when he describes the old garments which should not be patched with new cloth, and the old bottles which should not be filled with new wine; the

widow who importunes the judge; the housewife who turns the place upside down in her search for a lost piece of silver. That is the world as they know it. They have often been wearied by the stereotyped prayers and the sonorous texts of the priests. This stranger is worth listening to; he seems to be almost one of themselves, though not born on the shore of Galilee. They peer at him through their veils, well pleased with his neatly trimmed beard, with his anointed locks, and with the gentle tones of his melodious voice.

The only ones among his auditors who do not like him are three or four scribes sitting on the front benches. They know directly he begins to speak that he has not been trained for the priesthood. Though he seems well versed in scripture, he certainly has little knowledge of the commentaries, which are quite as important. As long as these self-taught fellows keep to their native villages, they do no harm; for there no one takes them seriously. But when they become itinerant preachers, the common people are agape, think that they must be wonderful because they are strangers, and cease to pay due respect to the elders of their own countryside. This strolling evangelist has devised a new scheme for making folk listen to him. His preaching is like a wayside conversation.

Suddenly a loud cry is heard in the synagogue. He stops speaking, and looks towards the far end of the hall, where people have drawn away in alarm from a man who has fallen down in a fit. Foaming at the mouth, amid convulsive twitchings, this poor creature shouts, "Let us alone! What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God!"

Thus does a half-demented man piece together the friendly and the hostile impressions which hundreds have received from the stranger's address. It is as if he had sensed the mute alienation of the few Pharisees, and the tacit approval of the numerous uninstructed hearers. He snaps the tension by simultaneously reviling and worshipping the stranger.

Jesus is profoundly moved. For the first time he is talking openly, to a multitude, of the things he has brooded over so long. . . .

Only for a few moments had he been uneasy, at the outset of his discourse, when the questioning glances of the scholars had troubled him. Then he had fixed his gaze upon the husbandmen and fishermen, the young people and the womenfolk, and in their eyes had intuitively read something which had taught him how best to appeal to their understandings and touch their hearts. Now came the cry of the possessed man, the aspect of the frightened congregation, the bustle of general anxiety. . . .

With swift strides, he draws near the sick man, people making room as for a physician. He kneels down beside the invalid, grips him firmly, looks at him fixedly, shakes him, and exclaims, "Hold thy peace, and come out of him!" Thereupon the patient tosses from side to side, screams, rolls his eyes, and is again convulsed. Then, under stress of Jesus' compelling gaze, thrilled to the marrow by the urgency of an unprecedented command and by the awesomeness of the scene in this holy place, he surrenders. . . . His limbs relax, his eyes close, his breathing grows calm. Soon he opens his eyes once more, and looks up quietly. He feels that the devil, in whose existence both of them believe with equal fervour, quits him even as has been ordered. He believes this because the stranger compels him to believe it. The storm has passed, and though still rather weak, he rises to his feet—seemingly cured.

Hundreds have witnessed the miracle. The stranger is one of those magicians who can drive out devils, like the prophets of old. Reverently, the crowd divides to let him pass. But Jesus is weary. The joy of preaching, which had increased while he was speaking, the physician's fixity of purpose, which had demanded all his energy to sustain, have vanished; he flees from the multitude, shuns the streets, makes his way out of the town. Not till he has reached the shore of the lake does he sink to the ground, lying on the sand among the reeds, striving to regain his composure.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

J. MIDDLETON MURRY was born in London in 1889. He distinguished himself as editor of the *Athenæum* and the *Adelphi*, championing many modern writers including his wife, Katherine Mansfield. The selection below is from his *Jesus*, *Man of Genius*.

The Call of the Twelve

The Call of the twelve in Mark's story follows immediately after the declaration of war upon Jesus and the retreat to the shore of the lake. "He went into the mountain," says Mark, "and summoned the men he wanted, and they went to him; and he appointed twelve to be with him, and to send to proclaim the Kingdom and have authority to cast out daemons." The process is clear. Out of a larger number whom he summoned, a more intimate twelve were chosen. Of these Simon and Andrew, James and John, had already been close in his company; Levi, the son of Alphaeus, also, if Matthew is the same man as he. But there is no solid reason for supposing that Levi and Matthew are the same man. They were both tax-gatherers, it is true; but Jesus had much dealing with tax-gatherers and sinners. And the fact that Mark records "the call" of Levi does not necessarily mean that Levi was afterwards appointed one of the Twelve.

For the appointment of the Twelve seems to have been a solemn act. Previous to this moment Jesus had had followers and disciples, but not apostles. By their appointment Simon and Andrew, James and John, entered into a new condition. They and the eight others now became delegates-elect of Jesus' authority. Before this moment Jesus had not needed to delegate his authority, either to proclaim his Kingdom or to cast out daemons. He had been able to exercise it himself in person. But now the possibility was gone.

Galilee was closed against him.

That the new apostles were twelve points likewise to a solemn

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act. They were twelve for the twelve tribes of Israel. Their function was to proclaim the Kingdom to the whole of Jewry. "You will not," he was to say to them when he finally sent them out, "have covered the twelve tribes of Israel before the Son of Man be come." The Son of Man was not Jesus himself; he was the superhuman and mysterious Judge who should establish the Kingdom of God, of which Jesus knew alike the imminence and the secret.

The time for the going forth of the Twelve was not yet. They knew the imminence of the Kingdom of God, but they did not know the secret of it. But Jesus would teach them. The secret of the Kingdom was more important to his message than the coming of it: for the secret was wholly his own. John had known of the coming; but Jesus had discovered the secret.

The disciples and the Twelve are henceforward distinct. But not because the secret was imparted to the Twelve alone. The secret was imparted to all—to crowds when Jesus had the chance of speaking to them, to the disciples who followed him to the mountain, and to the chosen Twelve among them. The Twelve were distinct solely because they were constantly "to be with him" and were to be sent forth clothed with his authority. But there were many disciples beside. Mark speaks of "those about him, together with the Twelve." There were disciples and there were apostles in the mountain with him, but both were disciples. Both shared the secret of the Kingdom, if they had ears to hear it.

Of all the Twelve, Simon and James and John were nearest to him. Among the Twelve they were the chief, and their intimacy with Jesus, and what kind of intimacy it was, is revealed by the names he gave them. The giving of these names—nicknames, in truth—was not a solemn act. The names themselves are not solemn. Quite obviously, in the case of James and John, "the Sons of Thunder," the name was the creation of a smiling affection. They were to Jesus lovable and slightly absurd, and the more dear for their tinge of absurdity. The precious glimpse of them vouchsafed by Luke's Gospel affords the perfect explanation of the meaning of their name. They would have loved nothing more dearly than to be permitted to call down fire and brimstone on the Samaritan

village that refused a lodging to their master. They thought of him as the great King, of themselves as his stern viceroys, dealing doom to those who would not obey. It was very hard for them to understand the secret of the Kingdom, and to the end they could not.

Simon was called Peter, "the Rock." So much has been built upon that rock that it may seem subversive to suggest that Simon's name, "the Rock," was also given with a smile, and that it meant Simon the Wobbler. However, we believe that it was so given, and did mean this. Something is known of Simon's character, not merely from the record of the Gospels, but from St. Paul's epistle to the Galatians also. He among all the twelve apostles shows most real across the backward and abysm of time; he alone is truly human to us and not merely the shadow of a name like Andrew, or the creature of imagination, like the beloved disciple of the fourth Gospel. And if, as we are persuaded, the Gospel of Mark is substantially the reminiscences of Simon in his old age, we know, in truth, a great deal about him. But for Simon himself nothing need ever have been known of his threefold denial of his Master; that he should have told the story speaks eloquently for the inward nobility of the man. He was weak and he was strong. In him, indeed, the spirit was eager and the flesh was weak. He alone of the Twelve had moments of the inward vision of what his Master was. He verily saw things that flesh and blood did not reveal to him: he had spiritual insight.

His recognition of Jesus as Messiah, in the extreme of his earthly defeat, was an act of creative vision; so in the later days was his acceptance of the gentile Cornelius into the early Church. But Simon's courage was not wholly equal to his vision. After the former act he shrank from the thought of a suffering Messiah and incurred the fierce rebuke of Jesus for "thinking like a man and not like God"; after the latter, under the influence of fanatical James, he withdrew from the new ground he had boldly taken. Bold advance and fearful withdrawal was the way with Simon. He alone followed the captive Jesus into the high priest's courtyard: but there his courage failed. Great old, poor old Simon!

Yet chiefly great, and wholly lovable. This was a real and living man; and we do not wonder, as we come to realize him, that he

was the first and nearest of Jesus' chosen men. He understood more of Jesus than the others; and he loved him more. If, as we believe, Mark's Gospel is substantially of Simon's telling, he alone has preserved the secret of the Kingdom; nothing touches it so nearly as the fourth chapter of Mark. But for that chapter the very essence of Jesus' teaching might have been lost. It was Simon, too, who first of the apostles saw the risen Jesus; and it is the first vision that matters. When one has seen, it is easy for others to see. But to be the first to see is to have plucked unaided, by the sheer force of a passionate love, victory from defeat.

But Simon was not firm as a rock; his greatness was of another kind. He saw greatly, loved greatly, but he could not maintain himself on the height. He was called Simon the Rock in loving irony. Jesus knew his man, and knowing him chose him for his nearest. Simon the Wobbler—but only Simon could touch the height from which he fell, and to which he struggled back again. When Jesus called Simon the Rock there was no bitterness in his irony: when Paul spoke of "the pillar of the church," there was. Paul was a great man; Simon had only his moments of greatness: but the greatness of Simon in his great moments was nearer to the greatness of Jesus than Paul's ever was.



Jesus the Lord became a sacrifice for sin; a pattern for all right-eousness; a preacher of the word which himself was; a cornerstone to remove the separation between Jew and Gentile; an intercessor of the Church; a Lord of nature in his miracles; a conqueror of death and the power of darkness in his resurrection. He fulfilled the whole counsel of God, performed his whole sacred offices and anointing on earth, accomplished the whole work of the redemption and restitution of men to a state superior to the angels, and reconciled or established all things according to the eternal will of the Father.

FRANÇOIS MAURIAC

The Samaritan Woman

In those days difficulties arose between the disciples of John and those of Jesus. John was baptizing near Salem. Jesus himself did not baptize, but he did not prevent his disciples from doing so, and they attracted people in greater numbers than the Baptist. The latter tried to appease his followers with the sublime words, "He who hath the bride is the bridegroom, but the friend of the bridegroom, who standeth and heareth him, with joy rejoiceth at the bridegroom's voice. This therefore my joy is fulfilled . . . he must increase, but I must decrease."

Nevertheless, it was the Son of man who left the field to him. In order to return into Galilee, Jesus could have followed the Jordan as he did on his last return, as did almost all the Jews anxious to avoid Samaria, a region despised and accursed since the Assyrian colonists had brought their idols there. The Samaritans had done worse: they had harbored a renegade priest expelled from Jerusalem, and he had built an altar on Mount Gerizim.

If Jesus followed the road through the ripening fields of Samaria, it was to meet a soul, no less defiled nor better disposed than most. Yet for this soul, and not for another, he entered the enemy territory—the first soul he was to meet, the one he was to use in order to reach many others. Near the little town of Sychar he was overcome with weariness, and he sat down by the well which Jacob had dug. His disciples went away to buy bread; he awaited their return.

The first to come happened to be a woman. There were many reasons that Jesus might not have spoken to her. First, it was not fitting for a man to speak to a woman on the road. And then he was a Jew and she was a Samaritan. And then he who knew hearts

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—and bodies too—was not unaware of the identity of this graceful being.

It was the Man-God who raised his eyes toward this woman. He, infinite Purity, who had no need to put down desire in its lower and more sordid forms, was none the less incarnate desire, since he was incarnate love. He violently desired the soul of this woman. He wished it with an avidity which suffered neither waiting nor delay—at once, at the instant, and even in that place.

The Son of Man demanded the possession of this creature. She might fully be what she was: a concubine, a woman who had dragged in the mire, passed from one to another, who had lain in the arms of six men, and he whose thing she now was, and who tasted pleasure with her, was not her husband. Jesus took what he found, gathered up no matter what, that his kingdom might come. He looked at her and decided that on that very day this creature would seize Sychar in his name and would found in Samaria the kingdom of God. One whole night he had spent questioning and answering a doctor of the law, trying to make him understand what it meant to die and be born again. The woman who had had six husbands understood at once what the theologian had failed to grasp . . . Jesus looked at her closely; he had not that haughty air, that contraction of the virtuous before a woman who made a business of love. Neither did he look at her with indulgence, nor with connivance. She was a soul, the first to come, of which he was going to make use. A ray of sun lay across a potsherd in the dirt heap, the flame leaped up, and all the forest caught fire.

The sixth hour. It was hot. The woman heard someone call her. Was the Jew speaking to her? But yes; he said, "Give me to drink." At once coy and mocking, she replied to the perspiring stranger:

"How dost thou, being a Jew, ask to drink of me, who am a Samaritan?"

"If thou didst know the gift of God, and who he is who saith to thee, 'Give me to drink,' thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

Christ brooked no delay; his words were incomprehensible to the Samaritan woman, but like a thief he had already entered into that dark soul. She must have felt besieged on every side, and the stranger whose dripping face and dusty feet she saw before her entered into her soul, invaded her, and she was powerless before this living surge. Dumbfounded, she ceased to mock, and like many women began to ask childish questions:

"Sir, thou hast no pail and the well is deep; whence then hast thou living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave us this well, and drank thereof himself, and his sons and his cattle?"

Jesus had no time to lose; he was going to thrust her, with an impatient gesture, into the full glare of the truth. He said:

"Everyone that drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life."

Every word of the Lord should be taken to the letter. That is why many have believed themselves drunk with this water and have been deceived; this was not the water of which Jesus spoke, since having drunk of it they thirsted still. Nevertheless, the woman replied:

"Sir, give me this water, that I may not thirst, nor come hither to draw."

"Go, call thy husband and come hither."

Always the same methods to persuade the simple; the same method he used with Nathanael when he said, "I saw thee under the fig tree." It revealed to them at once his knowledge of their lives, or rather his power to take up his abode within them, to enter into their most secret being; and that is why when the Samaritan woman said, "I have no husband," he replied:

"Thou hast said rightly, 'I have no husband'; for thou hast had five husbands, and now he whom thou hast is not thy husband. This hast thou said truly."

The woman did not belong to the royal race of Nathanael and Simon, of those who immediately fell on their knees and struck their breasts. She was at first only a guilty woman caught in her sin, and, in order to divert the attention of this Rabbi who knew too much, she tried to put the discussion on a theological basis. After having stammered, "Sir, I perceive that thou art a

prophet . . ." she added hastily, "Our fathers worshipped on this mountain; yet ye say that the right place for worship is Jerusalem."

Jesus did not allow himself to be turned away; he laid aside the objection with several words. But he was pressed for time; the disciples were returning with provisions. He heard them talking and laughing. They must not come there until he had finished. The truth must be given this poor woman at once:

"The hour cometh and now is, when true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth. For indeed the Father seeketh such worshippers. God is a spirit; and those who worship him must worship in spirit and truth."

And the Samaritan woman, "I know that Messiah is coming; when he cometh, he shall declare unto us all things."

Already the disciples' steps could be heard on the road. To hear the secret he had never yet told anyone, Jesus chose this woman who had had five husbands and who then had a lover.

"I that speak with thee am he."

And at that very moment, the light of grace was given to the miserable woman; so strong was it that no doubt could ever assail her. Yes, this poor burdened Jew who had walked far in the sun and the dust and who so suffered from thirst that he must beg a little water from a woman of Samaria, was the Messiah, the Savior of the world.

She stood there petrified, until she heard the voices of those who accompanied this man, coming nearer. Then she started to run, like one whose garments were on fire. She entered Sychar to arouse the people. She cried:

"Come and see a man who hath told me all that I have done."

One would have said that Christ, still seated on the edge of the well, while his disciples gave him a morsel of bread, had trouble in returning to their narrow world. "Rabbi, eat!" they insisted. But incarnate love, unmasked by this woman, had not yet had time to become a man again, a man who hungered and thirsted.

"I have food to eat that ye know not."

This answer still came from another world. The poor people imagined that someone had brought him mysterious food to eat.

He looked at their staring eyes, their gaping mouths, and beyond in the blinding light the harvest fields of Samaria, with their ripening ears of corn. Above the corn, heads were moving: a troop of people led on by the woman (her lover was perhaps among them!).

Finally, Jesus touched earth again. He spoke of the things of the soil which they knew, quoted a proverb, reassured them, led them to understand that they would reap what he had sown. He had already made them fishers of men, now they would be harvesters of human sheaves.

He tarried for two days in the midst of the outcast Samaritans, thus giving his followers an example which was to be transmitted in vain to the rest of the world. For if there is a part of the Christian message which men have refused and rejected with invincible obstinacy, it is faith in the equal value of all souls, of all races, before the Father who is in heaven.

Jesus Walks Upon the Water

WITH A QUICK STEP he went forward on the moving waters, without thinking. . . . We know that none of his miracles were involuntary; the Son of God could not forget that being man he should not be walking upon the sea. And yet he seemed to act as a being who believed that he had the right to tread the liquid plain. Foam covered the feet which had been dried by the hair of the fallen woman. And no doubt the moon was out, since from far off he saw the rowers struggling against the wind. Mark tells us, "he meant to pass by them." It was when he saw them abandon their oars and rise up, full of anguish, that he understood that they too, his loved ones, like the people of Koursi, were terrified of him. From a distance he called out to them, "It is I, fear not. It is I!" And approaching them he jumped into the boat, and the wind fell and the sea was calm beneath him it now bore.

This miracle which took place in the secret of the night and was witnessed only by the Twelve, was discovered. For many of the people, having seen the Apostles enter the boat without their Master, came round by the lake to Capernaum, and were amazed

to find Jesus there. From every side came the question, "Rabbi, when camest thou hither?"

They sought him because he had fed them in the desert, and they thought they might again obtain this bread which cost nothing. They were filled with impatience to eat without having to pay for their food. And it was to these that Jesus decided to speak of that bread which was not bread! But the Son of Man, irritated to the point of fury by the Pharisees and priests, became infinite Patience when he had to do with the poor. It was eternal Patience which warned them:

"Work not for the food which perisheth, but for the food which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man will give you."

In the synagogue at Capernaum where he had led them, his enemies had mixed with the poor people he had fed the previous day, and murmuring voices were lifted:

"What sign therefore dost thou? . . . What work dost thou?" No doubt they had been told of the strange multiplication of the loaves and fishes, but even so! They knew that this imposter had more than one trick in his bag. And the rabble was easily deceived. A true miracle was the rain of manna in the desert. Do as much, you who can multiply loaves! "Our fathers ate the manna in the desert . . ."

Inwardly Jesus sighed. They admired what was only a figure of what the Son of God was to accomplish. But many would not believe in it. The miracle of miracles is that which does not fall under the senses and is recognized by faith alone. What is there for most men beyond what can be seen and touched? It is a superhuman task to persuade them of that which living Love alone can prove. He knew that in the days to come immense hordes of humanity would prostrate themselves before a little Host. Jesus, humble and living under this appearance, would raise the hearts of multitudes in all the countries of the earth; and beside these future multitudes, what mattered the Jewish mob around him in Jerusalem and Capernaum? The time was come for the first word concerning the inconceivable mystery.

EMIL LUDWIG

Devils and the Swine

IN THE VALLEY adjoining the town, where, near the mountains, a great herd of swine was feeding, there hastened to meet him, forcing a way through the swineherds, a man possessed. He had his dwelling among the tombs and in caves, and none could tame him. Often had he been bound with fetters and chains, but the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces. Always, by day and by night, he was in the mountains and in the tombs shouting, and throwing stones at all who came nigh. Now, having caught sight of the prophet from afar, he ran up, crying with a loud voice (like the possessed man in the synagogue at Capernaum), "What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? . . . Torment me not!" Jesus said, "What is thy name?" In a flash came the answer, "My name is Legion, for we are many!" Jesus, facing him steadfastly, dominated him by word and by look, so that his frenzy was appeased, and, for the time at any rate, the madman grew sane. Meanwhile the swineherds, watching with tense interest, had neglected their charges, and at this moment some of the swine, which had strayed too near the cliff edge, fell headlong into the waters beneath.

The swineherds were terror-stricken, believing, in their superstitious alarm, that the devils, driven out of the possessed man, had entered into the dumb beasts. Fleeing into the city, they told the tale with manifold exaggerations, each embroidering the other's version. As a result, the townsmen came forth in a body to see how much truth there was in the story. They found that the possessed man had in very truth been tamed, and that some of the swine had in very truth been drowned. They found Jesus, at whose feet sat the madman now clothed and in his right mind; Jesus who, beyond question, was answerable for all that had happened. They

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dreaded this sorcerer, and they be sought him to depart out of their coasts, never to return.

A shadow had fallen upon his doings, so that people drove the benefactor away. Why? Was it merely because a few of the swine had perished? Ere long, rumour would multiply two or three into a thousand, even as the madman had fancied himself possessed by a legion of devils. . . . He had no option but to return to Galilee, for his homeland was his only refuge. . . .



CHRIST RIDES INTO JERUSALEM

THE great change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of nature thought fit, as a Savior and Deliverer, to make his public entry into Jerusalem with more than the power and joy, but none of the ostentation and pomp, of a triumph. He came humble, meek, and lowly; with an unfelt, new ecstasy multitudes strewed his way with garments and olive branches, crying with loud gladness and acclamation, Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! At this great king's accession to his throne, men were not ennobled, but saved; crimes were not remitted, but sins forgiven; he did not bestow medals, honors, favors, but health, joy, sight, speech. The first object the blind ever saw was the Author of sight, while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the hosanna. Thus attended, he entered into his own house, the sacred temple, and by his divine authority expelled traders and worldlings, that profaned it; and thus did he for a time use a great and despotic power, to let unbelievers understand that it was not want of, but superiority to, all worldly dominion, that made him not exert it.

Addison

PAPINI

Driving Out the Money-Changers

The day of battle is at hand. Jesus, among the songs of his fervent band, goes up to the sumptuous lair of his enemies. Well does he know the street. How many times he had gone over it as a little child led along by the hand in the crowd of pilgrims, in the midst of noise and dust, in the band of Galileans! Later as an unknown boy, confused by the dust and heat of the sun, tired and bewildered, he used to look toward the walls desperately longing to arrive at the summit, hoping to find up there in the sacred precincts a little shade for his eyes, cool water for his mouth, a word of consolation for his heart.

But today everything is transformed. He is not led along. He leads along. He does not come to adore, but to punish. He knows that there inside, behind the beautiful façades of the sublime sepulchre, there are only ashes and corruption: His enemies selling ashes and feeding themselves on corruption. The first adversary who comes before him is the demon of greed.

He enters into the Court of the Gentiles, the most spacious and most densely crowded of all. The great, sunny, well-paved terrace is not the atrium of a sanctuary, but a dirty market place. An immense, roaring din rises up from the vermin-like crowd of bankers, of buyers and sellers, of money-changers who give and take money. There are herdsmen with their oxen and their flocks of sheep; venders of pigeons and turtle doves, standing by the long lines of their coops; birdsellers, with cages of chirping sparrows; benches for money-changers, with bowls overflowing with copper and silver. Merchants, their feet in the fresh-dropped dung, handle the flanks of the animals destined for sacrifice; or call with monotonous iteration women who have come there after childbirth, pilgrims who

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have come to offer a rich sacrifice, lepers who offer living birds for their cure, obtained or hoped for. Money-changers, with a coin hung at their ears as a mark of their trade, gloatingly plunge their greedy talons into gleaming piles; the go-betweens run about in the swarm of the gossiping groups; niggardly, wary provincials hold excited conferences before loosening the purse strings to change their cash for a votive offering, and from time to time a restless ox drowns out with his deep bellow the thin bleating of the lambs, the shrill voices of the women, the clinking of drachma and shekels.

Christ was familiar with the spectacle. He knew that the house of God had been turned into the house of Mammon, and that, instead of silently invoking the Spirit, material-minded men trafficked there in the filth of the Demon, with the priests as their accomplices. But this time he did not restrain his scorn and his repugnance. To destroy the Temple, he commenced with the destruction of the market place. The Eternal Mendicant, the poor man, accompanied by his poor friends, flung himself against the servitors of money. He had in his hand a length of rope, which he knotted together like a whip, and with it he opened a passageway through the astonished people. The benches of the money-changers crashed down at the first shock. The coins were scattered on the ground amid yells of astonishment and wrath; the seats of the bird sellers were overturned beside their scattered pigeons. The herdsmen began to urge toward the doors the oxen and the sheep. The sparrow sellers took their cages under their arms and disappeared. Cries rose to Heaven, some scandalized, some approving; from the other courtyards other people came running toward the disturbance. Jesus, surrounded by the boldest of his friends, was brandishing his whip on high, and driving the money-changers toward the door. And he repeated in a loud voice, "My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves!"

And the last money-handlers disappeared from the courts like rubbish scattered by the wind.

ELIZABETH GOUDGE

ELIZABETH GOUDGE, English novelist, has often in her works of fiction used the background of an English cathedral town. Her father was Canon of Ely Cathedral before he became Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. The episode below, written with much insight and tenderness, is from her book, God So Loved the World.

Calvary

Amongst the crowd of people that pressed about the prisoners were those who grieved and were sorry as well as those who mocked. There is a story told of a woman called Veronica, who seeing Our Lord half blinded by the sweat pouring down his face, came forward and wiped it away. And afterward she found the outline of his face upon her handkerchief. And there were many women who wailed and lamented, perhaps mothers whose children Our Lord had healed, and to them Our Lord spoke the only words he uttered on this journey. Simon was helping him now, and by this time with a will, taking the weight of the cross, and he had strength to speak. His words show us what was in his mind upon this journey—not his own agony but the agony of his people that had been haunting him in the days before his arrest.

"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. For, behold, the days are coming, in the which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps which never gave suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us. For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

The procession of death wound its way out of the city gate and came in sight of the hill of Calvary.

Even the most selfless people, when they are suffering, find it

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hard to think of anything but their own pain, but throughout his passion Our Lord was thinking of the people about him and praying for them. He was still praying for his own people as they climbed up the hill to the place of execution, and then these same people were forced back by the Roman spears so that the legionaries might get on with their work in the open space at the top of the hill. It was terrible work that they had to do and though it was part of the routine of their life they must have hated doing it, especially when their prisoners fought and struggled. Before they started they offered each man a drink of wine mingled with myrrh and other drugs. The effect would not last long but it would just deaden the beginning of the pain. The two thieves gulped their drink thankfully but Our Lord refused his. He wanted to keep his mind as clear as he could that he might go on praying. It was of these other sons of his, these Romans, that he was thinking now, and for them he was praying as they stripped his clothes off him and laid him on the ground upon the cross-of them and of all wretched men everywhere and always who are forced by a brutal system not of their own devising to do brutal things and be brutalized by what they do, through no fault of their own.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

When the one man was nailed on his cross and the other two tied, the crosses were raised and lowered into the pits in the ground prepared for them. Then the legionaries took up their stations to keep guard until the end, and the crowd was allowed to come nearer and pass by the crosses and look upon the torment of these three men. The sight of such pain did not silence them and they mocked as they passed by. "Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself," they shouted at Our Lord. "If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross." And the chief priests, passing by, had their revenge for that inscription that Pilate had written for the cross. "If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him," they said. They followed that by the most cruel jibe of which they were capable. Our Lord's trust in God his Father had always been unshakable, and they knew it, and now they taunted him with the fact that God had deserted him. "He trusted in God; let him deliver him now, if he will have him: for he said, I am the Son of God"

And then unknown to themselves, thinking only that they were tormenting Our Lord, they spoke the great truth about redemption. "He saved others; himself he cannot save."

The sun was high now, and the heat was adding the misery of thirst to the other torments of the crucified men. The hours would be very long and some of the soldiers sat down on the ground to pass the time as best they could. They divided the prisoners' clothes among them, as was the custom. Our Lord's white festal robe, that Mary had woven without seam, was left over. In spite of the blood and dirt that stained it they could see what a beautiful garment it was, and they did not tear it up and divide it among them but cast lots as to who should have it. In doing this they fulfilled the Psalmist's prophecy of the suffering Christ, "They parted my raiment among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots."

The crosses of the two thieves stood one on each side of Our Lord's cross, and his arms and bleeding hands were stretched out toward them, in prayer for them and for all rogues and vagabonds everywhere and always. Half-crazed with their pain they too jeered at Our Lord. They had heard the taunt of the priests, that Our Lord had trusted in God his Father and that God had deserted him, and they echoed it. In the bitter words of the Gospel, they "cast the same in his teeth." They could have thought of no more cruel jibe to fling at him, and it must have caused him piercing grief even though he did not, yet, believe it. Even in his pain he still believed that his Father was with him and prayed to his Father for these two suffering men on either side of him. For one of them the pain became more than he could bear and he cried out, "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us," and then railed at Our Lord because the pain went on. Yet the silence of God's prayer reached out to these two and held them, saving them in ways they did not understand. One of them, Dismas by name, as the minutes that were like hours dragged by, did begin to understand something, and what he understood was the difference between himself and the man beside him. He had come now to the place where Peter had been when he cried, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O

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Lord," and Judas when he said, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." He and the other thief were criminals who had risked and deserved the gallows, and got their just deserts. But not this man between them. He had done nothing to merit this pain and death. The cursing and muttering of the other man was suddenly intolerable to this thief, an insult to some splendor that he had caught a glimpse of here between them, and he told the other man to be quiet. "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." But he did not, as Judas had done, stay bogged in the filth of his own sin, helpless and despairing, he wrenched himself out of it toward the splendor beside him, just as perhaps he turned his head on the cross, though the movement was an added torture, to look at Jesus. We do not know for how long he looked, but during the silence between this cry of penitence and the cry of love that followed he traveled a long way. Men do sometimes travel quickly and far when they are suffering, further perhaps in ten minutes of great pain than ten years of ease. Looking at Our Lord he knew at last what he wanted, and had always wanted. He wanted just this very splendor of love that was beside him and upholding him, this man whom they called the King of the Jews. He wanted to be with him always.

"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

Perhaps Dismas scarcely knew what he was saying, but he knew the royalty of this man, and Our Lord's prayer for him was the very air of the kingdom of love breathed upon him, and so the right words came. Though all the words that the soul speaks as the prayer of Christ draws her up to him are the right words. "Like as the hart panteth after the water brooks . . . I will arise and go to my Father . . . Lord, remember me." And sometimes there are no words, only that abandonment of the soul in love that gives such joy to God.

Before the thief had moved to look at him Our Lord had turned his head in pain upon the cross toward his son. He was ready, waiting with that humble waiting of Almighty God that breaks to pieces the pride of sinners when they think of it. The moment the love was offered he accepted it with an outpouring of his own, with joy and gratitude.

"Verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in para-

dise."..

Although Our Lord's prayer on the cross was for every man and woman and child who has ever lived, from the beginning of time until the end of time, he did not forget his own family. His mother stood by his cross with Mary Cleophas and John and Mary Magdalene. The courage of those four, in being there, is the measure of their love. His love, the love of God, upheld them then and made them able to bear it, while their human love upheld him, Jesus the man, and helped him, too, to bear it. Looking down at his mother and John, his two best beloved, he thought about them and planned for them. They would be lonely without him. The time would seem long until it was "today" for them. But he thought of a way to comfort them.

"Woman, behold thy son. . . . Behold thy mother."

And from that hour John was a son to Mary, and she was a mother to him.

Dark clouds had come up and hidden the burning sun. It grew darker and darker, and by midday it was like night. But there was none of the kindly coolness of night for it was stifling and hot. The breathless heat and stillness, the darkness at midday when it should have been bright and shining and clear with all the crickets chirping, must have been terrifying, and many of the people who had only come to mock and stare hurried away, smiting their breasts in fear. When things are frightening and uncanny, and that deep unexplainable fear of something or other that is always at the back of one's mind comes forward and captures the whole mind, men go home if they can. They feel safer there. And so we can feel sure that the only people who remained close to the cross now were the centurion and his men, whom discipline and obedience to duty kept there, afraid or not afraid, and those to whom home was wherever Our Lord was, even though that might be on a lonely hill in the darkness beneath the cross. As Our Lord passes now into the deepest and most dreadful part of his agony it is comCALVARY 339

forting to think that hatred and mockery had drawn back, leaving only obedience, courage, and love to watch with him.

In the darkness the watchers would no longer have been able to see the faces of the three men on their crosses. They would have heard the two thieves sobbing, and perhaps muttering in delirium as the high fever of great pain muddled their minds, but from the central cross came only silence. Mary the mother of Our Lord, and John, would have known that he whom they loved had passed away from them into some depth and darkness of suffering where they could not follow. With the physical pain they had had some comradeship of understanding, and when they could speak to Our Lord and hear him speak to them the unbearable was bearable, but now they were shut out and separated from the beloved and had to bear a pain that, though not to be compared with his in intensity, was the same in essence.

For his agony was the torment of separation from God, the torment of the damned that he was enduring to save us from damnation. It was the knowledge that he would have to endure this that had made him sweat blood in the garden. How this agony came upon him we cannot know. The taunt of the chief priests, "He trusted in God; let him deliver him now, if he will have him," had been quoted from the terrible 22nd psalm, in which the suffering servant of God feels that God has forsaken him. The thought of God's desertion had perhaps come into his mind then, taking firmer and firmer hold of it as his weakness increased, and was the gate through which his spirit passed into the final darkness. This darkness and Our Lord's silence lasted for three hours. No word of love came to break it, no star shining for us in the night. The depth of the mystery of the love of God can never be for us anything but silence and darkness.

At the end of the three hours the silence was broken and the darkness rent by that most terrible cry from the cross.

"Eloi, eloi, lama sabachthani? My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Our Lord's heart broke with that cry. He had borne all that even he could bear. But though that cry must have nearly broken Mary's heart too she knew by it that her son had come back to her. His cry was from the 22nd psalm. He had come back through the same gate by which he had gone away. His next words, though deep beneath their human meaning is God's great thirst for the souls of men and man's thirst for God, were yet simple as those of a child, words that she must have heard so often when he was a little boy. It was as the human son of Mary that he said,

"I thirst."

The light was coming back and the soldiers, looking up at him, could see his face again and realized that he was dying. Strong men lived sometimes for days upon the cross and it must have astonished them to see this strong young man at the end after only several hours of it. Even the most brutal of men are pitiful to the dying, and one of the soldiers filled a sponge with vinegar and put it on a reed and held it up to him. He had refused the drug offered him before the crucifixion, offered as a mere matter of routine without much pity, but he did not refuse the vinegar. He was never known to refuse a free gift of love. When he had received the vinegar he cried out,

"It is finished!"

It was a cry of victory. He had finished the work that his Father had given him to do. He had accomplished the will of God. His last thought was that his Father had not forsaken him after all. He said gently and peacefully,

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

And then he bowed his head and died.

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CHRIST came to reveal what righteousness really is, for nothing will do except righteousness, and no other conception of righteousness will do except Christ's conception of it—his method and secret.

CHARLES DICKENS

The Resurrection

When that morning began to dawn, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary and some other women, came to the sepulchre, with some more spices which they had prepared. As they were saying to each other, "How shall we roll away the stone?" the earth trembled and shook, and an angel, descending from Heaven, rolled it back, and then sat resting on it. His countenance was like lightning, and his garments were white as snow; and at sight of him the men of the guard fainted away with fear, as if they were dead.

Mary Magdalene saw the stone rolled away, and waiting to see no more, ran to Peter and John who were coming towards the place, and said, "They have taken away the Lord and we know not where they have laid him!" They immediately ran to the tomb, but John, being the faster of the two, outran the other, and got there first. He stooped down, and looked in, and saw the linen clothes in which the body had been wrapped, lying there; but he did not go in. When Peter came up, he went in, and saw the linen clothes lying in one place, and a napkin that had been bound about the head, in another. John also went in, then, and saw the same things. Then they went home, to tell the rest.

But Mary Magdalene remained outside the sepulchre, weeping. After a little time, she stooped down, and looked in, and saw two angels, clothed in white, sitting where the body of Christ had lain. These said to her, "Woman, why weepest thou?" She answered, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." As she gave this answer, she turned round, and saw Jesus standing behind her, but did not then know him. "Woman," said he, "why weepest thou? What seekest thou?" She, supposing him to be the gardener, replied, "Sir! If thou hast borne my Lord hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." Jesus pronounced her name, "Mary." Then

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she knew him, and, starting, exclaimed, "Master!"—"Touch me not," said Christ; "for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my disciples, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and to your God!"

Accordingly, Mary Magdalene went and told the disciples that she had seen Christ, and what he had said to her; and with them she found the other women whom she had left at the sepulchre when she had gone to call those two disciples, Peter and John. These women told her and the rest that they had seen at the tomb two men in shining garments, at sight of whom they had been afraid, and had bent down, but who had told them that the Lord was risen; and also that as they came to tell this, they had seen Christ, on the way, and had held him by the feet, and worshipped him. But these accounts seemed to the apostles, at that time, as idle tales, and they did not believe them.

The soldiers of the guard too, when they recovered from their fainting-fit, and went to the chief priests to tell them what they had seen, were silenced with large sums of money, and were told by them to say that the disciples had stolen the body away while they were asleep.

But it happened that on that same day, Simon and Cleopas—Simon one of the twelve apostles, and Cleopas one of the followers of Christ—were walking to a village called Emmaus, at some little distance from Jerusalem, and were talking, by the way, upon the death and resurrection of Christ, when they were joined by a stranger, who explained the Scriptures to them, and told them a great deal about God, so that they wondered at his knowledge. As the night was fast coming on when they reached the village, they asked this stranger to stay with them, which he consented to do. When they all three sat down to supper, he took some bread, and blessed it, and broke it as Christ had done at the Last Supper. Looking on him in wonder they found that his face was changed before them, and that it was Christ himself; and as they looked on him, he disappeared.

They instantly rose up, and returned to Jerusalem, and finding the disciples sitting together, told them what they had seen. While they were speaking, Jesus suddenly stood in the midst of all the company, and said, "Peace be unto ye!" Seeing that they were greatly frightened, he showed them his hands and feet, and invited them to touch him; and, to encourage them and give them time to recover themselves, he ate a piece of broiled fish and a piece of honeycomb before them all.

But Thomas, one of the twelve apostles, was not there, at that time; and when the rest said to him afterward, "We have seen the Lord!" he answered, "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe!" At that moment, though the doors were all shut, Jesus again appeared, standing among them, and said, "Peace be unto you!" Then he said to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing." And Thomas answered, and said to him, "My Lord and my God!" Then said Jesus, "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed. Blessed are they that have not seen me, and yet have believed."

After that time, Jesus Christ was seen by five hundred of his followers at once, and he remained with others of them forty days, teaching them, and instructing them to go forth into the world, and preach his gospel and religion: not minding what wicked men might do to them. And conducting his disciples at last out of Jerusalem as far as Bethany, he blessed them, and ascended in a cloud to Heaven, and took his place at the right hand of God. And while they gazed into the bright blue sky where he had vanished, two white-robed angels appeared among them, and told them that as they had seen Christ ascend to Heaven, so he would, one day, come descending from it, to judge the world.



In consequence of His atoning death, everything which lives and breathes may know itself redeemed.

THE RICH BLOOM

It appears, as respects the person of our Lord, that its ordinary exhibition to ordinary hearers and spectators was that of a man engaged in the best and holiest and tenderest ministries, among all the saddest of human miseries and trials; of one teaching in word, too, the best and holiest and tenderest lessons, and claiming, unequivocally and without appeal, a paramount authority for what he said and did, but beyond this asserting respecting himself nothing, and leaving himself to be freely judged by the character of his words and deeds. . . .

Through the fair gloss of his manhood, we perceive the rich bloom of his divinity. If he is not now without an assailant, at least he is without a rival. If he be not the Sun of righteousness, the Friend that gives his life for his friends and that sticketh closer than a brother, the unfailing Consoler, the constant Guide, the everlasting Priest and King, at least, as all must confess, there is no other to come into his room.

GLADSTONE

WITH JUSTICE AND FIDELITY

THE combination of these qualities, justice and fidelity, so essential to the heroic character; with those of meekness, lowliness of heart, and brotherly love, is what constitutes that moral perfection of which Christ gave an example in his own life, and to which he commended his disciples to aspire. . . .

Jesus Christ came into the world to preach repentance and remission of sins, to proclaim glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will to man; and finally, to bring life and immortality to light in the Gospel; and all this is clear, if we consider the Bible as a divine revelation.

John Quincy Adams

VI VOICE OF THE MYSTICS

ST. AUGUSTINE

THE CONFESSIONS OF St. Augustine is the story of St. Augustine's conversion. This work, written about 400 A.D., remains to this day one of the great Church classics.

St. Augustine lived from 354 to 430. It is recorded that in his youth he was proud, lustful and a skeptic. His mother, Monica, wept and prayed for his soul.

In time, after he had read St. Paul, his ways changed. He was baptized by St. Ambrose in 387, ordained priest in 391 and elevated to bishop of Hippo in 396. Both Catholic and Protestant scholars hold St. Augustine as the founder of theology. And Christian mystics consider his *Confessions* one of the chief guides to the inner life. St. Augustine's influence on Christianity is believed by many to be second only to that of St. Paul.

Jesus Christ, the Mediator

AND I SOUGHT a way of acquiring strength sufficient to enjoy Thee; but I found it not until I embraced that "Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus," "who is over all, God blessed for ever," calling unto me, and saying, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," and mingling that food which I was unable to receive with our flesh. For "the Word was made flesh," that Thy wisdom, by which Thou createdst all things, might provide milk for our infancy. For I did not grasp my Lord Jesus-I, though humbled, grasped not the humble One; nor did I know what lesson that infirmity of His would teach us. For Thy Word, the Eternal Truth, pre-eminent above the higher parts of Thy creation, raises up those that are subject unto Itself; but in this lower world built for Itself a humble habitation of our clay, whereby He intended to abase from themselves such as would be subjected and bring them over unto Himself, allaying their swelling, and fostering their love; to the end that they might go on no further in selfconfidence, but rather should become weak, seeing before their feet the Divinity weak by taking our "coats of skins"; and wearied, might cast themselves down upon It, and It rising, might lift them up.

But I thought differently, thinking only of my Lord Christ as of a man of excellent wisdom, to whom no man could be equaled; especially for that, being wonderfully born of a virgin, He seemed, through the divine care for us, to have attained so great authority of leadership—for an example of condemning temporal things for the obtaining of immortality. But what mystery there was in, "The Word was made flesh," I could not even imagine. Only I had learnt out of what is delivered to us in writing of Him, that He did eat, drink, sleep, walk, rejoice in spirit, was sad, and discoursed; that flesh alone did not cleave unto Thy Word, but with the human soul and body. All know thus who know the unchangeableness of Thy Word, which I now knew as well as I could, nor did I at all have any doubt about it. For, now to move the limbs of the body at will, now not; now to be stirred by some affection, now not; now by signs to enunciate wise sayings, now to keep silence, are properties of a soul and mind subject to change. And should these things be falsely written of Him, all the rest would risk the imputation, nor would there remain in those books any saving faith for the human race. Since, then, they were written truthfully, I acknowledged a perfect man to be in Christ-not the body of a man only, nor with the body a sensitive soul without a rational, but a very man; whom, not only as being a form of truth, but for a certain great excellency of human nature and a more perfect participation of wisdom, Í decided was to be preferred before others. But Alypius imagined the Catholics to believe that God was so clothed with flesh, that, besides God and flesh, there was no soul in Christ, and did not think that a human mind was ascribed to Him. And, because he was thoroughly persuaded that the actions which were recorded of Him could not be performed except by a vital and rational creature, he moved the more slowly toward the Christian faith. But, learning afterward that this was the error of the Apollinarian heretics, he rejoiced in the Catholic faith, and was conformed to it. But somewhat later it was, I confess, that I learned how in the sentence, "The Word was made flesh," the

Catholic truth can be distinguished from the falsehood of Plotinus. For the disapproval of heretics makes the tenets of thy church and sound doctrine to stand out boldly. For there must be also heresies, that the approved may be made manifest among the weak.

FROM PLATO TO THE HOLY SCRIPTURES

But having then read those books of the Platonists, and being admonished by them to search for incorporeal truth, I saw Thy invisible things, understood by those things that are made; and though repulsed, I perceived what that was, which through the darkness of my mind I was not allowed to contemplate—assured that Thou wert, and wert infinite, and yet not diffused in space finite or infinite; and that Thou truly art, who art the same ever, varying neither in part nor motion; and that all other things are from Thee, on this most sure ground alone, that they are. Of these things was I indeed assured, yet too weak to enjoy Thee. I chattered as one well skilled; but had I not sought Thy way in Christ our Savior, I would have proved not skillful, but ready to perish. For now, filled with my punishment, I had begun to desire to seem wise; yet mourned I not, but rather was puffed up with knowledge. For where was that charity building upon the "foundation" of humility, "which is Jesus Christ"? Or, when would these books teach me it? Upon these, therefore, I believe, it was Thy pleasure that I should fall before I studied Thy Scriptures, that it might be impressed on my memory how I was affected by them; and that afterward when I was subdued by Thy books, and when my wounds were touched by Thy healing fingers, I might discern and distinguish what a difference there is between presumption and confession-between those who saw whither they were to go, yet saw not the way, and the way which leadeth not only to behold but to inhabit the blessed country. For had I first been molded in Thy Holy Scriptures, and hadst Thou, in the familiar use of them, grown sweet unto me, and had I afterward fallen upon those volumes, they might perhaps have withdrawn me from the solid ground of piety; or, had I stood firm in that wholesome disposition which I had thence imbibed, I might have thought that it could have been attained by the study of those books alone.

Most eagerly, then, did I seize that venerable writing of Thy Spirit, but more especially the Apostle Paul; and those difficulties vanished away, in which he at one time appeared to me to contradict himself, and the text of his discourse not to agree with the testimonies of the Law and the Prophets. And the face of that pure speech appeared to me one and the same; and I learned to "rejoice with trembling." So I commenced, and found that whatsoever truth I had there read was declared here with the recommendation of Thy grace; that he who sees may not so glory as if he had not received not only that which he sees, but also that he can see (for what hath he which he hath not received?); and that he may not only be admonished to see Thee, who art ever the same, but also may be healed, to hold Thee; and that he who from afar off is not able to see, may still walk on the way by which he may reach, behold, and possess Thee. For though a man "delight in the law of God after the inward man," what shall he do with that other law in his members which warreth against the law of his mind, and bringeth him into captivity to the law of sin, which is in his memories? For thou art righteous, O Lord, but we have sinned and committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and Thy hand is grown heavy upon us, and we are justly delivered over unto that ancient sinner, the governor of death; for he induced our will to be like his will, whereby he remained not in Thy truth. What shall "wretched man" do? "Who shall deliver him from the body of this death," but Thy grace only, "through Jesus Christ our Lord," whom Thou hast begotten co-eternal, and createdst in the beginning of Thy ways, in whom the Prince of this world found nothing worthy of death, yet killed he Him, and the handwriting which was contrary to us was blotted out? This those writings contain not. Those pages contain not the expression of this piety—the tears of confession, Thy sacrifice, a troubled spirit, "a broken and a contrite heart," the salvation of the people, the espoused city, the earnest of the Holy Ghost, the cup of our redemption. No man sings there, Shall not my soul be subject unto God? For of Him cometh my salvation, for He is my God and my salvation, my defender, I shall not be further moved. No one there hears Him calling, "Come unto me all ye that labor." They scorn to learn of Him, because He is meek

and lowly of heart; for "Thou hast hid those things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." For it is one thing, from the mountain's wooded summit to see the land of peace, and not to find the way thither,—in vain to attempt impassable ways, opposed and waylaid by fugitives and deserters, under their captain the "lion" and the "dragon;" and another to keep to the way that leads thither, guarded by the host of the heavenly general, where they rob not who have deserted the heavenly army, which they shun as torture. These things did in a wonderful manner sink into my bowels, when I read that "least of Thy apostles," and had reflected upon Thy works, and feared greatly.

JESUS CHRIST IS THE TRUE MEDIATOR

But the true Mediator, whom in Thy secret mercy Thou hast pointed out to the humble, and didst send, that by His example also they might learn the same humility—that "Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus," appeared between mortal sinners and the immortal Just One—mortal with men, just with God; that because the reward of righteousness is life and peace, He might, by righteousness conjoined with God, cancel the death of justified sinners, which He willed to have in common with them. Hence He was pointed out to holy men of old; to the intent that they, through faith in His Passion to come, even as we through faith in that which is past, might be saved. For as man He was Mediator; but as the WORD He was not between, because equal to God, and God with God, and together with the Holy Spirit one God.

How hast Thou loved us, O good Father, who sparedst not Thine only Son, but deliveredst Him up for us wicked ones! How hast Thou loved us, for whom He, who thought it no robbery to be equal with Thee, "because obedient unto death, even the death of the cross"; He alone "free among the dead," that had power to lay down His life, and power to take it again, for us was He unto Thee both Victor and Victim, and the Victor as being the Victim; for us was He unto Thee both Priest and Sacrifice, and Priest as being the Sacrifice; of slaves making us Thy sons, by being born of Thee, and serving us. Rightly, then, is my hope strongly fixed on Him,

that Thou wilt heal all my diseases by Him who sitteth at Thy right hand and maketh intercession for us; else should I utterly despair. For numerous and great are my infirmities, yea, numerous and great are they; but Thy medicine is greater. We might think that Thy Word was removed from union with man, and despair of ourselves had He not been "made flesh and dwelt among us."

Terrified by my sins and the load of my misery, I had resolved in my heart, and meditated flight into the wilderness; but Thou didst forbid me, and didst strengthen me, saying, therefore, Christ "died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them." Behold, O Lord, I cast my care upon Thee, that I may live, and "behold wondrous things out of Thy law." Thou knowest my unskillfulness and my infirmities; teach me, and heal me. Thine only Son—He "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge"—hath redeemed me with His blood. Let not the proud speak evil of me, because I consider my ransom, and eat and drink, and distribute; and poor, desire to be satisfied from Him, together with those who eat and are satisfied, and they praise the Lord that seek Him.



ABOVE THE MANIKINS

By mysticism we mean, not the extravagance of an erring fancy, but the concentration of reason in feeling, the enthusiastic love of the good, the true, the one, the sense of the infinity of knowledge and of the marvel of the human faculties. When feeding upon such thoughts the "wing of the soul" is renewed and gains strength; she is raised above "the manikins of earth" and their opinions, waiting in wonder to know, and working with reverence to find out what God in this or in another life may reveal to her.

Benjamin Jowett

ST. TERESA

St. Teresa was born in Avila, Spain, in 1515. At the age of eighteen she became a Carmelite nun. She is famous for her mystical visions, which she recorded in a lively, conversational manner. Her works contain the essence of Spanish Carmelite mysticism. She died in 1581 at the age of sixty-six.

I Had the Following Experience

I was so little able to put things before me by the help of my understanding, that, unless I saw a thing with my eyes, my imagination was of no use whatever. I could not do as others do, who can put matters before themselves so as to become thereby recollected. I was able to think of Christ only as man. But so it was; and I never could form any image of him to myself, though I read much of his beauty, and looked at pictures of him. I was like one who is blind, or in the dark, who, though speaking to a person present, and feeling his presence, because he knows for certain that he is present-I mean, that he understands him to be present, and believes it-yet does not see him. It was thus with me when I used to think of our Lord. This is why I was so fond of images. Wretched are they who, through their own fault, have lost this blessing; it is clear enough that they do not love our Lord-for if they loved him, they would rejoice at the sight of his picture, just as men find pleasure when they see the portrait of one they love.

I had the following experience. I was at prayer on a festival of the glorious St. Peter when I saw Christ at my side—or, to put it better, I was conscious of him, for neither with the eyes of the body nor with those of the soul did I see anything. I thought he was quite close to me and I saw that it was he who, as I thought, was speaking to me. Being completely ignorant that visions of this kind could occur, I was at first very much afraid, and did nothing but weep, though, as soon as he addressed a single word to me to reassure me, I became quiet again, as I had been before, and was quite happy

and free from fear. All the time Jesus Christ seemed to be beside me, but, as this was not an imaginary vision, I could not discern in what form: what I felt very clearly was that all the time he was at my right hand, and a witness of everything that I was doing, and that, whenever I became slightly recollected or was not greatly distracted, I could not but be aware of his nearness to me.

. . . If I say that I do not see him with the eyes either of the body or of the soul, because it is not an imaginary vision, how can I know and affirm that he is at my side, and this with greater certainty than if I were to see him? It is not a suitable comparison to say that it is as if a person were in the dark, so that he cannot see someone who is beside him, or as if he were blind . . . In this case there is nothing like that, nor is there felt to be any darkness—on the contrary, he presents himself to the soul by a knowledge brighter than the sun . . . there is a light which, though not seen, illumines the understanding so that the soul may have fruition of so great a blessing.

I remember a monk telling me that he had made a resolution, to which he attached great importance, never to refuse to do anything which his superior commanded him, however much labor it might cost him. One day when it was very late and he was so completely exhausted by his work that he could no longer keep on with it and was going off to rest, his superior met him and told him to take his spade and go and dig in the garden. He said nothing, although he was so weary that he could hardly stand, but took his spade, and, just as he was about to enter a passage leading to the garden . . . Our Lord appeared to him, bearing his cross, and looking so tired and fatigued that he made him realize very clearly how his own sufferings were nothing by comparison with his.

It is not a radiance which dazzles, but a soft whiteness and an infused radiance which, without wearying the eyes, causes them the greatest delight; nor are they wearied by the brightness which they see in seeing this divine beauty. So different from any earthly light is the brightness and light now revealed to the eyes that, by comparison with it, the brightness of our sun seems quite

dim and we should never want to open our eyes again for the purpose of seeing it. It is as if we were to look at a very clear stream, in a bed of crystal, reflecting the sun's rays, and then to see a very muddy stream, in an earthy bed and overshadowed by clouds. Not that the sun, or any other such light, enters into the vision: on the contrary, it is like a natural light and all other kinds of light seem artificial. It is a light which never gives place to night, and, being always light, is disturbed by nothing. . . . If the Lord is pleased for us to see it, we shall do so even against our will.

I only want you to be warned that, if you would progress a long way on this road and ascend to the Mansions of your desire, the important thing is not to think much, but to love much; do, then, whatever most arouses you to love.

Humility must always be doing its work like a bee making its honey in the hive: without humility all will be lost. Still, we should remember that the bee is constantly flying about from flower to flower, and in the same way, believe me, the soul must sometimes emerge from self-knowledge and soar aloft in meditation upon the greatness and the majesty of its God. Doing this will help it to realize its own baseness better than thinking of its own nature. . . . For although, as I say, it is through the abundant mercy of God that the soul studies to know itself, yet one can have too much of a good thing, as the saying goes, and believe me, we shall reach much greater heights of virtue by thinking upon the virtue of God than if we stay in our own little plot of ground and tie ourselves down to it completely.

Have humility, and again humility. It is by humility that the Lord allows himself to be conquered so that he will do all we ask of him. . . . The first and most essential thing is that we should love God without any motive of self-interest.

I cannot understand how humility exists, or can exist, without love, or love without humility, and it is impossible for these two

virtues to exist save where there is great detachment from all created things.

The more resolute we are in soul and the more we show him by our actions that the words we use to him are not words of mere politeness, the more and more does our Lord draw us to himself and raise us above all petty earthly things, and above ourselves, in order to prepare us to receive great favors from him, for his rewards for our service will not end with this life. So much does he value this service of ours that we do not know for what more we can ask, while His Majesty never wearies of giving. Not content with having made this soul one with himself, through uniting it to himself, he begins to cherish it, to reveal secrets to it, to rejoice in its understanding of what it has gained and in the knowledge which it has of all he has yet to give it. He causes it gradually to lose its exterior senses so that nothing may occupy it. This we call rapture.



HE ALONE

HE ALONE has been able to teach what is certain, since He is Eternal Wisdom. He, the One Author of the salvation of men, alone has taught what is salutary; He alone is the full and complete guarantee for whatever He has ever taught; He alone can bestow what He has promised.

Erasmus

LET the basis of your study and the mirror of your life be first, the Gospel of Christ, because *there* is the life of Christ. . . .

THOMAS À. KEMPIS

JESUS CHRIST is the center of all, and the goal to which all tends.

PASCAL

ST. FRANCIS

St. Francis of Assisi was born in 1182, or possibly a year earlier, and died at the age of forty-four in the year 1226.

When he was about twenty-five he was inspired by words painted on a crucifix in the church of St. Damian of Assisi: "Go, repair my house that thou seest is all in ruins."

He resolved to leave the world and serve God. He set to work repairing crumbling churches, and very soon a number of self-sacrificing disciples joined him. This was the humble beginning of the now famous Order of Franciscan Friars.

Thomas of Spalato relates that he once saw and heard St. Francis preach in an open square. The whole city had assembled to hear him. He took as his text "Angels, men and devils. . . . The whole matter of his discourse was directed to the quenching of hatred and the establishment of peace. His dress was mean, his person insignificant, and his face without beauty. But with so much power did God inspire his words that many noble families, divided by ancient blood feuds, were reconciled for ever."

Although he left no writings of his own, many legends about St. Francis have been gathered by contemporaries and disciples. These quaint stories are contained in the volume that has long become a world classic, The Little Flowers of St. Francis.

Three legends about St. Francis and two about his disciples are reprinted below, including his famous sermon to the birds, which has been the subject for many classical paintings as well as a tone poem composed by Franz Liszt.

How Christ Appeared Before St. Francis

IN THE EARLY DAYS of the Order, as St. Francis was communing with his companions and discoursing of Christ, he, in fervor of spirit, bade one of them open his lips in God's name and speak what the Holy Ghost would inspire him to say concerning God.

This friar having fulfilled his behest and discoursed wondrously of God, St. Francis laid silence upon him, and gave a like command to another friar. He also having obeyed and spoken subtly of God, St. Francis in like manner laid silence upon him, and bade

a third speak of God; and he likewise began to discourse so profoundly of the hidden things of God that St. Francis knew of a surety that he, together with the other two, had spoken by the Holy Ghost; and this was shown forth also by ensample and by a clear token; for while they were thus speaking the blessed Christ appeared in the midst of them in the similitude and form of a most fair youth, and blessed them and filled them with so much grace and sweetness that they all were rapt out of themselves, and lay as though dead and insensible to the things of this world.

And when they returned to themselves, St. Francis said to them, "Brothers mine, most dear, give thanks to God, who hath willed to reveal the treasures of divine wisdom through the lips of the simple; for God is he that openeth the mouths of the dumb, and the tongues of the simple he maketh to speak great wisdom."

Sermon to the Birds

THEN ST. FRANCIS . . . rose up and said with great fervor, "Let us then go forth in God's name." And with him he took Friar Masseo and Friar Agnolo, holy men both, and setting forth with great fervor of spirit and taking heed neither of road nor path, they came to a city called Saburniano.

And St. Francis began to preach, first commanding the swallows to keep silence until his sermon were ended; and the swallows obeying him, he preached with such zeal that all the men and women of that city desired in their devotion to follow after him and forsake the city. But St. Francis suffered them not, saying, "Be not in haste to depart, for I will ordain what ye shall do for the salvation of your souls." And then he bethought him of the third Order which he stablished for the universal salvation of all people.

And so, leaving them much comforted and well disposed to penitence, he departed thence and came to a place between Cannara and Bevagna. And journeying on in that same fervor of spirit, he lifted up his eyes and beheld some trees by the wayside whereon were an infinite multitude of birds; so that he marveled and said to his companions, "Tarry here for me by the way and I will go and preach to my little sisters the birds."

And he entered into the field and began to preach to the birds that were on the ground; and anon those that were on the trees flew down to hear him, and all stood still the while St. Francis made an end of his sermon; and even then they departed not until he had given them his blessing.

And according as Friar Masseo and Friar James of Massa thereafter related, St. Francis went among them, touching them with the hem of his garment, and not one stirred. And the substance of the sermon St. Francis preached was this, "My little sisters the birds, much are ye beholden to God your Creator, and alway and in every place ye ought to praise him for that he hath given you a double and a triple vesture; he hath given you freedom to go into every place, and also did preserve the seed of you in the ark of Noe, in order that your kind might not perish from the earth. Again, ye are beholden to him for the element of air which he hath appointed for you; moreover, ye sow not, neither do ye reap, and God feedeth you and giveth you the rivers and the fountains for your drink; he giveth you the mountains and the valleys for your refuge, and the tall trees wherein to build your nests, and forasmuch as ye can neither spin nor sew God clotheth you, you and your children: wherefore your Creator loveth you much, since He hath dealt so bounteously with you; and therefore beware, little sisters mine, of the sin of ingratitude, but ever strive to praise God."

While St. Francis was uttering these words, all those birds began to open their beaks, and stretch their necks, and spread their wings, and reverently to bow their heads to the ground, showing by their gestures and songs that the holy father's words gave them greatest joy: and St. Francis was glad and rejoiced with them, and marveled much at so great a multitude of birds and at their manifold loveliness, and at their attention and familiarity; for which things he devoutly praised the Creator in them.

Finally, his sermon ended, St. Francis made the sign of holy cross over them and gave them leave to depart; and all those birds soared up into the air in one flock with wondrous songs, and then divided themselves into four parts after the form of the cross St. Francis had made over them; and one part flew toward the east; another toward the west; the third toward the south, and the fourth

toward the north. And each flock sped forth singing wondrously, betokening thereby that even as St. Francis, standard bearer of the cross of Christ, had preached to them and had made the sign of the cross over them, according to which they had divided themselves, singing, among the four quarters of the world, so the preaching of Christ's cross, renewed by St. Francis, was, through him and his friars, to be borne throughout the whole world; the which friars possessing nothing of their own in this world, after the manner of birds, committed their lives wholly to the providence of God.

The Conversion of Three Robbers

ST. Francis on a time was journeying through the wilderness of Borgo San Sepolcro, and as he passed by a stronghold, called Monte Casale, a noble and delicate youth came to him and said, "Father, fain would I become one of your friers."

St. Francis answers, "Son, thou art but a delicate youth and of noble birth, peradventure thou couldst not endure our poverty and our hardships."

And the youth said, "Father, are ye not men as I am? Since ye then endure these things, even so can I by the grace of Jesus Christ."

St. Francis, well pleased with this answer, gave him his blessing, and anon received him into the Order, and gave him for name Friar Angel. And this youth waxed so in grace that short time after St. Francis made him warden of the friary called of Monte Casale.

Now in those days three famous robbers who infested that country and wrought much evil therein, came to the said friary and besought the said warden, Friar Angel, to give them food to eat; and the warden answered them in this wise, rebuking them harshly, "Ye robbers and cruel manslayers, are ye not ashamed to steal the fruit of others' labors, but, frontless and insolent, would seek likewise to devour the alms bestowed on God's servants? Ye are not worthy even to walk this earth, for ye reverence neither man nor the God that created you; get ye gone, then, and be seen here no more."

Whereat they, perturbed, departed in great fury. And lo, St.

Francis appeared outside the friary, his wallet filled with bread, and carrying a small vessel of wine, that he and his companion had begged. And when the warden related to him how he had driven the robbers away, St. Francis chid him severely, saying he had borne himself cruelly, since sinners were better drawn to God by gentleness than by cruel reproof. "Wherefore our Master, Jesus Christ, whose gospel we have promised to observe, saith, that the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick, and that he had not come to call the just but sinners to repentance; and therefore many times he ate with them. Forasmuch as thou hast done contrary to charity and contrary to Christ's holy gospel, I command thee by holy obedience that thou straightway take this wallet of bread that I have begged and this vessel of wine, and go diligently after them over hill and valley until thou find them, and give them all this bread and wine from me: then kneel thee down before them and confess humbly thy fault of cruelty, and entreat them for my sake to work evil no more, but to fear God and offend him no more; and say that if they will do this I promise to provide for all their needs, and give them continually enough to eat and to drink. And when thou hast done this, return humbly hither."

While the said warden went to do this bidding, St. Francis betook himself to prayer, and besought God that he would soften the hearts of those robbers and convert them to repentance. The obedient warden overtakes them and gives them the bread and wine, and does and says what St. Francis had commanded him. And it pleased God that those robbers, as they ate of the alms of St. Francis, began to say to one another, "Woe unto us, wretched and hapless! what hard torments await us in hell! For we go about not only robbing our neighbours, beating and wounding them, but do slay them likewise; and so many evil deeds and wicked works notwithstanding, we have neither remorse of conscience nor fear of God; and lo, this holy friar hath come to us, and for a few words wherewith he justly rebuked our wickedness, hath humbly confessed to us his fault; and moreover, hath brought us bread and wine and promise so bounteous from the holy father: verily these are God's holy friars that merit His paradise, and we are children of eternal wrath that deserve the pains of hell, and each day do increase our doom; yea, we know not whether for the sins we have committed to this day we may return to the mercy of God." These and the like words being spoken by one of them, the others said, "Of a surety thou speakest sooth, but look ye, what must we do?"

"Go we," said one, "to St. Francis, and if he give us hope that we may find mercy from God for our sins, let us do whatsoever he command us, and so may we deliver our souls from the torments of hell."

Now this counsel was pleasing to the others, and thus all three being in accord, they came in haste to St. Francis and spake to him thus, "Father, we for our many wicked sins believe we cannot return to the mercy of God; but if thou have some hope that God in His mercy will receive us, lo, we are ready to do thy bidding and to do penance with thee."

Then St. Francis received them with loving-kindness and comforted them with many ensamples, and made them confident of God's mercy, promising he would surely obtain it for them from God. He told them that the mercy of God was infinite, and that, according to the gospel, even if our sins were infinite, his mercy was yet greater than our sins; and that the Apostle St. Paul hath said, "Christ the blessed came into the world to save sinners."

Hearing these words and the like teachings, the said three robbers renounced the devil and all his works, and St. Francis received them into the Order, and they began to do great penance. And two of them lived but a brief space after their conversion and went to paradise; but the third lived on, and, pondering on his sins, gave himself up to do such penance during fifteen unbroken years that, besides the common lenten fasts which he kept with the other friars, he fasted three days of the week on bread and water; he went ever barefoot, with naught on his back but a single tunic, nor ever slept after matins.

Friar Masseo and the Voice of Christ

THE FIRST COMPANIONS of St. Francis strove with all their might to be poor in earthly things and rich in virtue, whereby they attained to true celestial and eternal riches. It befell one day that while they were gathered together discoursing of God, a friar among them spake thus by way of ensample, "One there was, a great friend of God, that had much grace both for the active and for the contemplative life, and withal he was of such exceeding humility that he deemed himself the greatest of sinners. And this humility confirmed and sanctified him in grace and made him increase continually in virtue and in divine gifts, and never suffered him to fall into sin."

Now Friar Masseo, hearing such wondrous things of humility, and knowing it to be a treasure of life eternal, began to be so kindled with love, and with desire for this virtue of humility, that in great fervor of spirit he lifted up his face to heaven and made a vow and steadfast aim never to rejoice again in this world until he felt the said virtue perfectly in his soul: and thenceforth he remained well-nigh continually secluded in his cell, mortifying himself with fasts, vigils, prayer, and bitter tears before God to obtain that virtue from him, failing which he deemed himself worthy of hell—the virtue wherewith that friend of God of whom he had heard was so bounteously dowered.

And Friar Masseo, being thus for many days filled with this desire, it fell out on a day that he entered the wood, and in fervor of spirit roamed about giving forth tears, sighs, and cries, and craving this virtue from God with fervent desire: and since God willingly granteth the prayers of humble and contrite hearts, there came a voice from heaven to Friar Masseo, as he thus strove, and called him twice, "Friar Masseo, Friar Masseo!"

And he, knowing in spirit that it was the voice of Christ, answered thus, "My Lord."

And Christ said to him, "What wouldst thou give to possess the grace thou askest?"

Friar Masseo answered, "Lord, I would give the eyes out of my head."

And Christ said to him, "And I will that thou have this grace and thine eyes also."

This said, the voice vanished, and Friar Masseo remained filled with such grace of the yearned-for virtue of humility, and of the light of God, that from thenceforth he was ever blithe of heart.

And many times he made a joyous sound like the cooing of a dove, "Coo, coo, coo." And with glad countenance and jocund heart he dwelt thus in contemplation; and withal, being grown most humble, he deemed himself the least of men in the world. Being asked by Friar James of Falterone wherefore he changed not his note in these his jubilations, he answered with great joyfulness, that when we find full contentment in one song there is no need to change the tune.

How Christ Appeared to Friar John

Among the other wise and holy friars and sons of St. Francis who, according as Solomon saith, are the glory of their father, there lived in our time in the province of the Marches the venerable and holy Friar John of Fermo; and he, for that he sojourned a long time in the holy place of La Verna and there passed from this life, was likewise called Friar John of La Verna; and he was a man of great and singular holiness of life.

This Friar John, while yet a boy in the world, desired with all his heart to follow the ways of penance, that ever preserveth the purity of the body and of the soul. Wherefore, when he was quite a little child, he began to wear a breastplate of mail and iron rings on his naked flesh, and to practice great abstinence; and above all, when he abode with the canons of St. Peter's at Fermo, who fared sumptuously, he eschewed all carnal delights, and mortified his body with great and severe fastings; but his companions, being much set against these things, took from him his breastplate and thwarted his abstinence in divers ways; wherefore he purposed, being inspired of God, to forsake the world and those that loved worldly things and cast himself wholly into the arms of the Crucified with the habit of the crucified St. Francis; and this he did. And being thus received into the Order while yet a boy, and committed to the care of the master of the novices, he became so spiritual and devout, that hearing the master once discoursing of God, his heart was melted as wax before a fire; and with such exceeding sweetness of grace was he kindled by divine love, that unable to remain still and endure such great sweetness, he arose, and as one inebriated

with spiritual things, ran hither and thither, now in the garden, now in the wood, now in the church, according as the fire and spur of the spirit drave him.

Then in process of time this angelic man, by divine grace, so continually increased from virtue to virtue, and in celestial gifts and divine exaltation and rapture, that at one time his soul was lifted up to the splendors of the cherubim, at another to the flaming seraphim, yet another to the joys of the blessed; yea, even to the loving and ineffable embraces of Christ. And notably, on a time, his heart was so mightily kindled by the flames of love divine, that this flame endured full three years, in which time he received wondrous consolations and divine visitations, and ofttimes was he rapt in God; and for a brief space, in the said time, he seemed all aflame and burning with the love of Christ; and this was on the holy mount of La Verna.

But forasmuch as God hath singular care of his children, and giveth them according to divers seasons, now consolation, now tribulation, now prosperity, now adversity, even as he seeth their need, either to strengthen them in humility, or to kindle within them greater desire for celestial things; now it pleased divine goodness to withdraw, after three years, from the said Friar John this ray and this flame of divine love, and to deprive him of all spiritual consolation. Whereat Friar John remained bereft of the light and the love of God, and all disconsolate and afflicted and sorrowing.

Wherefore, in this anguish of heart, he wandered about the wood, running to and fro, calling with a loud voice and with tears and sighs on the beloved spouse of his soul, who had withdrawn and departed from him, and without whose presence his soul found neither peace nor rest. But in no place nor in any wise could he find the sweet Jesus again, nor taste again, as he was wont to do, of those sweetest spiritual savors of the love of Christ. And the like tribulation he endured many days, wherein he persevered continually in tears and sighs, and in supplication to God, that of his pity he would restore to him the beloved spouse of his soul.

At the last, when it had pleased God to prove his patience enough and fan the flame of his desire, one day, as Friar John was wandering about the said wood, thus afflicted and tormented, he sat him down a-wearied and leaned against a beech tree, and with his face all bathed in tears gazed toward heaven; and behold, Jesus Christ appeared suddenly nigh to him, in the path whereby this Friar John had come, but spake no word.

And Friar John, beholding him and knowing full well that it was the Christ, straightway flung himself at his feet, and with piteous tears entreated him most humbly and said, "Help me, my Lord, for without thee, O my sweetest Savior, I wander in darkness and in tears; without thee, most gentle Lamb, I dwell in anguish and in torments and in fear; without thee, Son of God, most high, I remain in shame and confusion; without thee I am stripped of all good, and blind, for thou art Christ Jesus, true light of souls; without thee I am lost and damned, for thou art the Life of souls and Life of life; without thee I am barren and withered, for thou art the fountain of every good gift and of every grace; without thee I am wholly disconsolate, for thou art Jesus our Redeemer, our love and our desire, the Bread of consolation and the Wine that rejoiceth the hearts of the angels and of all the saints. Let thy light shine upon me, most gracious Master, and most compassionate Shepherd, for I am thy little sheep, unworthy though I be."

But because the desires of holy men, which God delayeth to grant, kindle them to yet greater love and merit, the blessed Christ departed without hearing him, without uttering one word, and went away by the said path.

Then Friar John rose up and ran after him, and again fell at his feet, and with holy importunity held him back and entreated him, with devoutest tears, saying, "O Jesus Christ, most sweet, have mercy on me in my tribulation; hear me by the multitude of thy mercies, and by the verity of thy salvation restore to me the joy of thy countenance and of thy pitying eye, for all the earth is full of thy mercy."

And again Christ departed and spake him no word, nor gave aught of consolation, and did after the way of a mother with her child, when she maketh him to yearn for the breast, and causeth him to follow after her weeping, that he may take it the more willingly. Whereupon Friar John, yet again, with greater fervor and desire, followed Christ, and no sooner had he come up to him

than the blessed Christ turned round to him, and looked upon him with joyful and gracious countenance; then, opening his most holy and most merciful arms, he embraced him very sweetly, and as he thus opened his arms, Friar John beheld rays of shining light coming from the Savior's most holy breast, that illumined all the wood, and himself likewise, in soul and body.

Then Friar John kneeled down at the feet of Christ; and the blessed Jesus, even as he did to the Magdalene, graciously held forth his foot that he might kiss it; and Friar John, taking it with highest reverence, bathed it with so many tears that he verily seemed to be a second Magdalene, and devoutly said, "I pray thee, my Lord, that thou regard not my sins, but by thy holy Passion, and by the shedding of thy most holy and precious blood, thou mayst make my soul to live again in the grace of thy love, forasmuch as this is thy commandment: that we love thee with all our hearts and all our affections, which commandment none can keep without thy aid. Help me, then, most beloved Son of God, that I may love thee with all my heart and with all my might."

And Friar John, standing as he thus spake at the feet of Christ, was heard of him, and he regained the former state of grace, to wit, the flame of divine love, and he felt himself all consoled and renewed; and when he knew that the gift of divine grace was restored to him, he began to give thanks to Christ the blessed and to kiss his feet devoutly. And then, rising up to gaze on the face of Christ, Jesus Christ stretched forth and offered him his most holy hands to kiss. And when Friar John had kissed them, he drew nigh and leaned on Christ's bosom and embraced him and kissed him, and Christ likewise embraced and kissed him.

And in these embraces and kisses Friar John perceived such divine fragrance, that if all the sweet-smelling graces and all the most fragrant things in the world had been gathered together, they would have seemed but a stink compared with that fragrance; and thereby was Friar John ravished and consoled and illumined; and that fragrance endured in his soul many months. And thenceforward there issued from his mouth, that had drunk at the fountain of divine wisdom in the sacred breast of the Savior, words so wondrous and so heavenly, that they changed all hearts and brought

forth great fruit in the souls of those that heard him. And in the pathway of the wood, whereon the blessed feet of Christ had trod, and for a good space round about, Friar John perceived that same fragrance and beheld that splendor for a long time thereafter, whensoever he went thither.

And Friar John, coming to himself after that rapture and after the bodily presence of Christ had vanished, remained so illumined in his soul and in the abyss of the divine nature, that albeit he was not a learned man, by reason of human study, nevertheless, he solved wondrously and made plain the most subtle and lofty questions touching the divine Trinity and the profound mysteries of the Holy Scriptures. And many times thereafter, when speaking before the pope and the cardinals and the king, and barons and masters and doctors, he set them all in great amaze at the lofty words and most profound judgments he uttered.



HUMILITY

I was elevated into heaven by degrees; and in proportion as I was elevated my understanding was cleared, so that I was at length enabled to perceive things which at first I did not perceive, and finally, such things as it had been impossible for me to comprehend.

The whole day I spent in prayer, in songs of praise, in reading God's word, and fasting. This much have I learned in spiritual things, that there is nothing for it but to humble oneself, and with all humility to desire nothing but the grace of Christ. . . . The Holy Spirit taught me all this, but I in my weak understanding passed over humility, which yet is the foundation of all.

SWEDENBORG

BLAISE PASCAL

The famous pensées of Pascal, mathematician and physicist, consists of almost a thousand fragmentary notes for a work which he intended to write on the Evidences of Religion. These notes gathered together by his friends and published in 1670, eight years after his death, have had a profound influence on many generations. There is throughout an earnest search for God and a quality of thought that often reaches philosophical wisdom.

While many of the notes are confused and trifling and were certainly never intended to be printed in their present form, there are many others which reveal Pascal's earnest philosophy, his deep faith in Christ and his tireless search for God.

It is in his notes on philosophy that we find some of his most famous quotations: "Man is but a reed, the most feeble thing in nature; but he is a thinking reed. The entire universe need not arm itself to crush him: a vapor, a drop of water, is enough to kill him. But, even though the universe were to crush him, man would still be nobler than the universe which kills him"; "It is not in space and time that I must seek my dignity, but from the government of my thought." His entire philosophy rests upon a quest for God through the emotions: "The heart has its reasons which reason does not know at all. . . . It is the heart that senses God, and not the reason."

Pensées

I find it convincing that, since the memory of man has lasted, it was constantly announced to men that they were universally corrupt, but that a Redeemer should come; that it was not one man who said it, but innumerable men, and a whole nation expressly made for the purpose, and prophesying for four thousand years. This is a nation which is more ancient than every other nation. Their books, scattered abroad, are four thousand years old.

The more I examine them, the more truths I find in them: an

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entire nation foretell Him before His advent, and an entire nation worship Him after His advent. . . .

So I hold out my arms to my Redeemer, who, having been fore-told for four thousand years, has come to suffer and to die for me on earth, at the time and under all circumstances foretold. By his grace, I await death in peace, in the hope of being eternally united to him. Yet I live with joy, whether in the prosperity which it pleases him to bestow upon me, or in the adversity which he sends for my good, and which he has taught me to bear by his example.

I consider Jesus Christ in all persons and in ourselves: Jesus Christ as a Father in his Father, Jesus Christ as a Brother in his brethren, Jesus Christ as poor in the poor, Jesus Christ as rich in the rich, Jesus Christ as Doctor and Priest in priests, Jesus Christ as Sovereign in princes, etc., For by his glory he is all that is great, being God; and by his mortal life he is all that is poor and abject. Therefore he has taken this unhappy condition, so that he could be in all persons, and the model of all conditions.

What man ever had more renown? The whole Jewish people foretell him before his coming. The Gentile people worship him after his coming. The two peoples, Gentile and Jewish, regard him as their center.

And yet what man enjoys this renown less? Of thirty-three years, he lives thirty without appearing. For three years he passes as an impostor; the priests and the chief people reject him; his friends and his nearest relatives despise him. Finally, he dies, betrayed by one of his own disciples, denied by another, and abandoned by all.

What part, then, has he in this renown? Never had man so much renown; never had man more ignominy. All that renown has served only for us, to render us capable of recognizing him; and he had none of it for himself.

The infinite distance between body and mind is a symbol of the infinitely more infinite distance between mind and charity; for charity is supernatural.

All the glory of greatness has more luster for people who are in search of understanding.

The greatness of clever men is invisible to kings, to the rich, to chiefs, and to all the worldly great.

The greatness of wisdom, which is nothing if not of God, is invisible to the carnal-minded and to the clever. These are three orders differing in kind.

Great geniuses have their power, their glory, their greatness, their victory, their luster, and have no need of worldly greatness, with which they are not in keeping. They are seen, not by the eye, but by the mind; this is sufficient.

The saints have their power, their glory, their victory, their luster, and need no worldly or intellectual greatness, with which they have no affinity; for these neither add anything to them, nor take away anything from them. They are seen of God and the angels, and not of the body, nor of the curious mind. God is enough for them. . . .

Jesus Christ, without riches, and without any external exhibition of knowledge, is in his own order of holiness. He did not invent; he did not reign. But he was humble, patient, holy, holy to God, terrible to devils, without any sin. Oh! in what great pomp and in what wonderful splendor, he is come to the eyes of the heart, which perceive wisdom! . . .

It would have been useless for our Lord Jesus Christ to come like a king, in order to shine forth in his kingdom of holiness. But he came there appropriately in the glory of his own order.

It is most absurd to take offence at the lowliness of Jesus Christ, as if his lowliness were in the same order as the greatness which he came to manifest. If we consider this greatness in his life, in his passion, in his obscurity, in his death, in the choice of his disciples, in their desertion, in his secret resurrection, and the rest, we shall see it to be so immense, that we shall have no reason for being offended at a lowliness which is not of that order.

But there are some who can only admire worldly greatness, as though there were no intellectual greatness; and others who only admire intellectual greatness, as though there were not infinitely higher things in wisdom. Jesus Christ said great things so simply, that it seems as though he had not thought them great; and yet so clearly that we easily see what he thought of them. This clearness, joined to this simplicity, is wonderful.

Jesus Christ came to blind those who saw clearly, and to give sight to the blind; to heal the sick, and leave the healthy to die; to call to repentance, and to justify sinners, and to leave the righteous in their sins; to fill the needy, and leave the rich empty.

The knowledge of God without that of man's misery causes pride. The knowledge of man's misery without that of God causes despair. The knowledge of Jesus Christ constitutes the middle course, because in him we find both God and our misery.

Jesus Christ is a God whom we approach without pride, and before whom we humble ourselves without despair.

Jesus Christ did nothing but teach men that they loved themselves, that they were slaves, blind, sick, wretched, and sinners; that he must deliver them, enlighten, bless, and heal them; that this would be effected by hating self, and by following him through suffering and the death on the cross.

Without Jesus Christ man must be in vice and misery; with Jesus Christ man is free from vice and misery; in him is all our virtue and all our happiness. Apart from him there is but vice, misery, darkness, death, despair.

The difference between Jesus Christ and Mahomet.—Mahomet was not foretold; Jesus Christ was foretold.

Mahomet slew; Jesus Christ caused his own to be slain.

Mahomet forbade reading; the Apostles ordered reading.

In fact the two are so opposed, that if Mahomet took the way to succeed from a worldly point of view, Jesus Christ, from the same point of view, took the way to perish. And instead of concluding that, since Mahomet succeeded, Jesus Christ might well have suc-

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ceeded, we ought to say that since Mahomet succeeded, Jesus Christ should have failed.

Any man can do what Mahomet has done; for he performed no miracles, he was not foretold. No man can do what Christ has done.

Let us consider that since the beginning of the world the expectation of worship of the Messiah has existed uninterruptedly; that there have been found men, who said that God had revealed to them that a Redeemer was to be born, who should save his people; that Abraham came afterward, saying that he had had a revelation that the Messiah was to spring from him by a son, whom he should have; that Jacob declared that, of his twelve sons, the Messiah would spring from Judah; that Moses and the prophets then came to declare the time and the manner of his coming; that they said their law was only temporary till that of the Messiah, that it should endure till then, but that the other should last for ever; that thus either their law, or that of the Messiah, of which it was the promise, would be always upon the earth; that, in fact, it has always endured; that at last Jesus Christ came with all the circumstances foretold. This is wonderful.

If the Gospel be true, if Jesus Christ be God, what difficulty is there?

When I see the blindness and the wretchedness of man, when I regard the whole silent universe, and man without light, left to himself, and, as it were, lost in this corner of the universe, without knowing who has put him there, what he has come to do, what will become of him at death, and incapable of all knowledge, I become terrified, like a man who should be carried in his sleep to a dreadful desert island, and should awake without knowing where he is, and without means of escape. And thereupon I wonder how people in a condition so wretched do not fall into despair. I see other persons around me of a like nature. I ask them if they are better informed than I am. They tell me that they are not. And

thereupon these wretched and lost beings, having looked around them, and seen some pleasing objects, have given and attached themselves to them. For my own part, I have not been able to attach myself to them, and, considering how strongly it appears that there is something else than what I see, I have examined whether this God has not left some sign of himself.

Pascal's Vision

AFTER Pascal's death this strange mystical document, written in his own hand on parchment, was found by his servant sewn inside his coat. The date November 23, 1654 gives us a probable clue, for at this time he narrowly escaped death when the horses of his carriage bolted and almost hurled him into the Seine. He considered that his life was saved by a heavenly miracle. He was then thirty-one. The mystical vision which followed this experience he recorded on parchment and sewed into his coat. This marks the date of his "second conversion." He abandoned science and did not take it up again until just before his death. Two years later he composed *The Provincial Letters* and six years later he began making notes for his *Pensées*.

The Year of Grace 1654
Monday, 23rd November, Saint Clement's day, pope and martyr, and others in the martyrology.
Eve of Saint Chrysogonus, martyr, and others.
From about half-past ten at night until about half after midnight,

FIRE,

God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, Not of the philosophers and the wise. Certitude, certitude. Perception. Joy. Peace.

God of Jesus Christ.

Deum meum et Deum Vestrum "Thy God shall be my God"

Forgetfulness of the world and of all save God.

He is not found except by the ways taught in the Gospel.

Greatness of the human soul.

"Righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee,
but I have known Thee."
Joy, joy, joy, tears of joy.
I have separated myself from Him
Dereliquerunt me fontem aquae vivae
"My god, why hast thou forsaken me?"
May I not be separated from Thee stormelly

May I not be separated from Thee eternally. "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and him whom Thou has sent,

Jesus Christ." Jesus Christ. Iesus Christ.

I have separated myself from Him; I have fled Him, renounced, crucified Him.

May I never be separated from Him. He remaineth with me only by the ways taught in the Gospel.

Renunciation, sweet and total.

Total submission to Jesus Christ and my director.

Joy eternal for a day of training on earth.

Non obliviscar sermones tuos, Amen.



CONFESSION

For thirty-five years of my life, I was, in the proper acceptance of the word, a nihilist—not a revolutionary socialist, but a man who believed nothing. Five years ago my faith came to me. I believed in the doctrines of Jesus, and my whole life underwent a sudden transformation. . . . Life and death ceased to be evil; instead of despair I tasted joy and happiness that death could not take away.

Tolstoy

THOMAS À KEMPIS

Thomas à Kempis (1380-1471), a German priest and monk, entered the Augustinian monastery near Zwollen in 1407. He is famous for his work, *Imitation of Christ*. "His voice," says Irwin Edman, "is the voice of a man who has renounced the world but feels no loss because he has found a vocation and a goal: the union of the soul with God."

A Good Treasure

"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness," saith the Lord. These are the words of Christ, by which we are reminded that we must copy his life and conduct, if we wish to be truly enlightened and to be delivered from all blindness of heart. To meditate on the life of Jesus, should therefore be our chief study.

His teaching surpasses all that the saints have taught, and he who has the Spirit will find in it the "hidden manna." But it happens that many who are offered the gospel, experience but little desire for it, because they do not possess the Spirit of Christ. For, if you would completely and with delight enter into the meaning of Christ's words, you must take pains to bring your life into entire conformity with his.

When Jesus is present, all is well, and nothing seems difficult; but when Jesus is absent, every thing seems hard.

When Jesus does not speak to the soul, all other consolation is of no avail.

But if Jesus speaks only one word, there is a feeling of great comfort.

Did not Mary instantly rise up from the place where she wept, when Martha said to her, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee"?

It is a happy hour when Jesus calls you from tears to spiritual joy.

If Jesus is with you, no enemy can hurt you.

He who finds Jesus finds a good treasure; yes, good beyond all good.

And he who loses Jesus loses very much, ah! more than the whole world.

He is very poor who lives without Jesus: he is very rich who has him for his friend.

It is a great art to know how to hold converse with Jesus, and to know how to detain him in the soul is great wisdom.

Be lowly and restful, and Jesus will be present with you.

Be devout and quiet, and Jesus will remain with you.



THE CHRIST IN JESUS

Was Jesus the Christ before he showed himself to the world? Either all Christianity is a lie, or "the Word became flesh" is truth. This means that Jesus was always Christ, or rather that the Christ was always in Jesus. As a veil to the face, as the shell to the kernel, so is Jesus to Christ.

Could he have concealed himself from the world—not betraying himself by word, sign, or gesture—unless he had so willed it, unless he had turned his gaze inward, into himself, during that first period of his life, by means of that same infinite, world-conquering power which he showed in the second period when he gave himself entirely to the external world? . . .

They lived with him for thirty years and knew not with whom they lived. That means that he never said or did anything among them which might reveal him. He was reserved, silent. What was said about John the Baptist, that he was in the wilderness until the day when he showed himself to Israel, might also be said about Christ; one was in an outer wilderness, the other, in an inner wilderness. . . .

Merejkowski

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REPOSE THROUGH COMMUNION

No one will easily believe how anxiously for a long time I have wished to retire from these labors into a scene of tranquillity, and, for the rest of my life (dwindled, it is true, to the shortest span), to converse only with Him who once cried, and who still does cry, Come unto me, all ye that labor, etc. In this turbulent, and, I may say, raging world, amid so many cares, which the state of the times heaps upon me in public, or which declining years and infirmity cause me in private, nothing do I find on which my mind can more comfortably repose than on this secret communion with God.

Erasmus

Do little things as though they were great, because of the majesty of Jesus Christ who does them in us, and who lives our life; and do the greatest things as though they were little and easy, because of his omnipotence.

PASCAL



VII LIVING IN THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST

JEFFERSON

On the high moral ground that the opinions of a man cannot be coerced, Thomas Jefferson drafted his Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom. This bill, introduced in Virginia in 1779, was designed to abolish the old colony laws against heresy and establish the principle of separation of Church and State. But the bill was bitterly opposed and denounced by some as a "diabolical scheme." Jefferson tried to show the need for such change in his Notes on Virginia by quoting the old Virginia statutes: "At the common law, heresy was a capital offense, punishable by burning. . . . By our own Act of Assembly of 1705, Chapter 30, if a person brought up in the Christian religion denies the being of a God, of the Trinity, or asserts that there are more gods than one, or denies the Christian religion to be true, or the scriptures to be of divine authority, he is punishable on the first offense by incapacity to hold any office or employment ecclesiastical, civil or military; on the second by disability to sue, to take any gift or legacy, to be guardian, executor, or administrator, and by three years' imprisonment without bail."

After seven long years of battle Jefferson managed to win sufficient support for his measure to permit its acceptance. The bill was passed in 1786 while Jefferson was in France. Yet during all this time, which he later described as "the severest contest in which I have ever been engaged," he kept silent about his own views on religion. "I inquire after no man's religious opinions and trouble none with mine."

It was no wonder that his silence, his long battle for religious freedom, his insistence on separation of Church and State, and, also, his sympathetic views of the opening years of the French Revolution, gave rise to suspicion and slander. When he became president of the United States in 1801, the first president to be inaugurated in Washington, there were many in New England who hid their Bibles. They feared that the author of the Declaration of Independence, the man who insisted on separation of Church and State, would outlaw Christianity. But the truth they did not know. Jefferson was an ardent disciple of the doctrines of Jesus. On principle, he desired this fact withheld from the public. He felt that the public had no right to invade a man's "liberty of conscience."

A year or so after he became president he wrote out his views on religion in a paper which he called the Syllabus. In this he gives his

estimate of the doctrines of Jesus. He sent this document to his friend, Dr. Benjamin Rush. He also sent copies to five other friends. With each he sent a letter giving his reasons why his religious opinions should have no publicity.

To his daughter Martha Randolph he wrote, "A promise made to a friend some years ago, but executed only lately, has placed my religious views on paper. I have thought it just that my family, by possessing this, should be enabled to estimate the libels published against me on this as on every other possible subject."

A short time later, perhaps a year, he began a compilation of *The Life and Morals of Jesus* from the four Gospels. This work he did in the evenings "while I lived in Washington, overwhelmed with other business," and for his "own satisfaction."

His first intention, as indicated by the draft of his original title page, was that this work, "being an abridgement of the New Testament," might be "for the use of Indians, unembarrassed with matters of fact or faith beyond their comprehension." But later he designed the book for his own personal use with no thought of publication. He needed this kind of a book, for, he confessed, "I never go to bed without an hour, or half an hour's reading of something moral, whereon to ruminate in the intervals of sleep."

Besides our English King James translation of the New Testament, Jefferson secured the best texts he could in Greek, Latin and French. From these he arranged his private Bible in four parallel columns. He extracted the moral teachings of Jesus and pasted up his four columns so that he would have all four versions before him, two in ancient languages and two in modern. He then wrote his title page: The Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth, extracted textually, from the Gospels, in Greek, Latin, French and English, and he had the book bound in red morocco with gold stamping.

In 1895 this rare volume, now known as the Jefferson Bible, was bought from the family by the National Museum in Washington. In 1902 Congress voted that nine thousand copies of this book be reproduced by lithographic process and bound in red morocco exactly as the original. Of these three thousand copies were for the use of the Senate and six thousand for the use of the House. These copies have now become collectors' items.

Some years after "the sage of Monticello" left the White House he described his private Bible in a letter to John Adams. "We must reduce our volume to the simple evangelists: select, even from them, the very

words only of Jesus. . . . There will be found remaining the most sublime and benevolent code of morals which has ever been offered to man."

Here follows Jefferson's letter to his friend Dr. Benjamin Rush and his Syllabus.

His Doctrines in Preference to All Others

To Doctor Benjamin Rush.
Washington, April 21, 1803.

DEAR SIR,—In some of the delightful conversations with you, in the evenings of 1798-99, and which served as an anodyne to the afflictions of the crises through which our country was then laboring, the Christian religion was sometimes our topic; and I then promised you, that one day or other, I would give you my views of it. They are the result of a life of inquiry and reflection, and very different from that anti-Christian system imputed to me by those who know nothing of my opinions. To the corruptions of Christianity I am, indeed, opposed; but not to the genuine precepts of Jesus himself. I am a Christian, in the only sense in which he wished anyone to be; sincerely attached to his doctrines, in preference to all others; ascribing to himself every human excellence; and believing he never claimed any other. At the short interval since these conversations, when I could justifiably abstract my mind from public affairs, the subject has been under my contemplation. But the more I considered it, the more it expanded beyond the measure of either my time or information. In the moment of my late departure from Monticello, I received from Dr. Priestley his little treatise of "Socrates and Jesus Compared." This being a section of the general view I had taken of the field, it became a subject of reflection while on the road, and unoccupied otherwise. The result was, to arrange in my mind a syllabus, or outline of such an estimate of the comparative merits of Christianity, as I wished to see executed by someone of more leisure and information for the task than myself. This I now send you, as the only discharge of my promise I can probably ever execute. And in confiding it to you, I know it will not be exposed to the malignant perversions of those

who make every word from me a text for new misrepresentations and calumnies. I am moreover averse to the communication of my religious tenets to the public; because it would countenance the presumption of those who have endeavored to draw them before that tribunal, and to seduce public opinion to erect itself into that inquisition over the rights of conscience, which the laws have so justly proscribed. It behooves every man who values liberty of conscience for himself, to resist invasions of it in the case of others; or their case may, by change of circumstances, become his own. It behooves him, too, in his own case, to give no example of concession, betraying the common right of independent opinion, by answering questions of faith, which the laws have left between God and himself. Accept my affectionate salutations.

SYLLABUS OF AN ESTIMATE OF THE MERIT OF THE DOCTRINES OF JESUS COMPARED WITH THOSE OF OTHERS

In a comparative view of the Ethics of the enlightened nations of antiquity, of the Jews and of Jesus, no notice should be taken of the corruptions of reason among the ancients, to wit, the idolatry and superstition of the vulgar, nor of the corruptions of Christianity by the learned among its professors.

Let a just view be taken of the moral principles inculcated by the most esteemed of the sects of ancient philosophy, or of their individuals; particularly Pythagoras, Socrates, Epicurus, Cicero, Epictetus, Seneca, Antoninus.

I. Philosophers. 1. Their precepts related chiefly to ourselves, and the government of those passions which, unrestrained, would disturb our tranquillity of mind. In this branch of philosophy they were really great.

2. In developing our duties to others, they were short and defective. They embraced, indeed, the circles of kindred and friends, and inculcated patriotism, or the love of our country in the aggregate, as a primary obligation: toward our neighbors and countrymen they taught justice, but scarcely viewed them as within the circle of benevolence. Still less have they inculcated peace, charity and love to our fellow men, or embraced with benevolence the whole family of mankind.

- II. Jews. 1. Their system was Deism; that is, the belief in one only God. But their ideas of him and of his attributes were degrading and injurious.
- 2. Their Ethics were not only imperfect, but often irreconcilable with the sound dictates of reason and morality, as they respect intercourse with those around us; and repulsive and anti-social, as respecting other nations. They needed reformation, therefore, in an eminent degree.
- III. Jesus. In this state of things among the Jews, Jesus appeared. His parentage was obscure; his condition poor; his education null; his natural endowments great; his life correct and innocent: he was meek, benevolent, patient, firm, disinterested, and of the sublimest eloquence.

The disadvantages under which his doctrines appear are remarkable.

- 1. Like Socrates and Epictetus, he wrote nothing himself.
- 2. But he had not, like them, a Xenophon or an Arrian to write for him. I name not Plato, who only used the name of Socrates to cover the whimsies of his own brain. On the contrary, all the learned of his country, entrenched in its power and riches, were opposed to him, lest his labors should undermine their advantages; and the committing to writing his life and doctrines fell on unlettered and ignorant men; who wrote, too, from memory, and not till long after the transactions had passed.
- 3. According to the ordinary fate of those who attempt to enlighten and reform mankind, he fell an early victim to the jealousy and combination of the altar and the throne, at about thirty-three years of age, his reason having not yet attained the *maximum* of its energy, nor the course of his preaching, which was but of three years at most, presented occasions for developing a complete system of morals.
- 4. Hence the doctrines which he really delivered were defective as a whole, and fragments only of what he did deliver have come to us mutilated, misstated, and often unintelligible.
- 5. They have been still more disfigured by the corruptions of schismatizing followers, who have found an interest in sophisticating and perverting the simple doctrines he taught, by engrafting

on them the mysticisms of a Grecian sophist, frittering them into subtleties, and obscuring them with jargon, until they have caused good men to reject the whole in disgust, and to view Jesus himself as an impostor.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages, a system of morals is presented to us, which, if filled up in the style and spirit of the rich fragments he left us, would be the most perfect and sublime that has ever been taught by man.

The question of his being a member of the Godhead, or in direct communication with it, claimed for him by some of his followers, and denied by others, is foreign to the present view, which is merely an estimate of the intrinsic merits of his doctrines.

- 1. He corrected the Deism of the Jews, confirming them in their belief of one only God, and giving them juster notions of his attributes and government.
- 2. His moral doctrines, relating to kindred and friends, were more pure and perfect than those of the most correct of the philosophers, and greatly more so than those of the Jews; and they went far beyond both in inculcating universal philanthropy, not only to kindred and friends, to neighbors and countrymen, but to all mankind, gathering all into one family, under the bonds of love, charity, peace, common wants and common aids. A development of this head will evince the peculiar superiority of the system of Jesus over all others.
- 3. The precepts of philosophy, and of the Hebrew code, laid hold of actions only. He pushed his scrutinies into the heart of man; erected his tribunal in the region of his thoughts, and purified the waters at the fountainhead.
- 4. He taught, emphatically, the doctrines of a future state, which was either doubted, or disbelieved by the Jews; and wielded it with efficacy, as an important incentive, supplementary to the other motives to moral conduct.

JOHN DONNE

JOHN DONNE lived in a wonderful London, the London of Queen Elizabeth I and King James I, the London of Shakespeare, Marlowe and Ben Jonson.

Although brought up as a Roman Catholic, Donne joined the Anglican Church and after the death of Queen Elizabeth was persuaded by King James to take holy orders. He was already delivering his brilliant sermons in the year 1611 when under the patronage of King James the greatest of all translations of the English Bible was published.

Eight years later King James called Donne into his presence. "Dr. Donne," he said, "I have invited you to dinner; and, though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well; for, knowing you love London, I do herefore make you Dean of St. Paul's."

As Dean of St. Paul's, Donne, the most metaphysical of all English poets, delivered his sermons in a language charged with poetic images and reflecting his own strong individuality, which was greatly influenced by a deep tragic sense of life. It was in one of his devotions that he recited the lines: "Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

A Poor Man May Have Heaven for a Penny

December, 1619

Even that murmuring at poverty, is a net; leave that. Leave thy superfluous desire of having the riches of this world; though thou mayest flatter thy selfe, that thou desirest to have onely that thou mightest leave it, that thou mightest employ it charitably, yet it might prove a net, and stick too close about thee to part with it. . . . You leave your nets, if you leave your over-earnest greedinesse of catching; for, when you doe so, you doe not onely fish with a net (that is, lay hold upon all you can compasse), but (which is strange), you fish for a net, even that which you get proves a net to you, and hinders you in the following of Christ, and you are lesse disposed to follow him, when you have got

your ends, than before. He that hath least, hath enough to waigh him down from heaven, by an inordinate love of that little which he hath, or in an inordinate and murmuring desire of more. And he that hath most, hath not too much to give for heaven. . . . Heaven is alwayes so much worth, as thou art worth. A poore man may have heaven for a penny, that hath no greater store; and, God lookes, that he to whom he hath given thousands, should lay out thousands upon the purchase of heaven. The market changes, as the plenty of money changes; Heaven costs a rich man more than a poore, because he hath more to give. But in this, rich and poore are both equall, that both must leave themselves without nets, that is, without those things, which, in their own Consciences they know, retard the following of Christ.

Sermon Before King James I.

February, 1620

It is not enough to hear Sermons; it is not enough to live a morall honest life; but take it in the midst, and that extends to all; for there is no believing without hearing, nor working without believing. Be pleased to consider this great work of believing, in the matter, what it was that was to be believed: That that Jesus, whose age they knew, must be antidated so far, as that they must believe him to be elder than Abraham: That that Jesus, whose Father and Mother, and Brothers and Sisters, they knew, must be believed to be of another Family, and to have a Father in another place; and yet he to be as old as his Father; And to have another proceeding from him, and yet he to be no older than that person who proceeded from him: That that Jesus, whom they knew to be that Carpenter's Son, and knew his work, must be believ'd to have set up a frame, that reached to heaven, out of which no man could, and in which any man might be saved: was it not as easie to believe, that those teares which they saw upon his cheeks, were Pearles; that those drops of Blood, which they saw upon his back were Rubies; That that spittle, which they saw upon his face, was ennamel: that those hands which they saw buffet him, were reached out to place him in a Throne: And that that Voyce which they heard cry, Crucifie, Crucifie him, was a Vivat Rex, Long live Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews; As to believe that from that man, that worm, and no man, ingloriously traduced as a Conjuror, ingloriously apprehended as a Thief, ingloriously executed a Traytor; they should look for glory, and all glory, and everlasting glory? And from that melancholick man, who was never seen to laugh in all his life, and whose soul was heavy unto death; they should look for joy, and all joy, and everlasting joy: And for salvation, and everlasting salvation from him, who could not save himself from the Ignominy, from the Torment, from the Death of the Crosse?

Sermon at St. Paul's.

May, 1625

The Applause of the people is vanity, Popularity is vanity. At how deare a rate doth that man buy the people's affections, that payes his owne head for their hats! How cheaply doth he sell his Prince's favour, that hath nothing for it, but the peoples breath! And what age doth not see some examples of so ill merchants of their owne honours and lives too! How many men, upon confidence of that flattering gale of winde, the breath and applause of the people, have taken in their anchors, (that is, departed from their true, and safe hold, The right of the Law, and the favour of the Prince) and as soone as they hoysed their sailes, (that is, entred into any by-action) have found the wind in their teeth, that is, Those people whom they trusted in, armed against them! And as it is in Civill and Secular, so it is in Ecclesiasticall, and Spirituall things too.

How many men, by a popular hunting after the applause of the people, in their manner of preaching, and humouring them in their distempers, have made themselves incapable of preferment in the Church where they tooke their Orders, and preached themselves into a necessity of running away into forraine parts, that are receptacles of seditious and schismaticall Separatists, and have been put there, to learne some trade, and become Artificers for their sustentation? The same people that welcommed Christ, from the Mount of

Olives, into Jerusalem, upon Sunday, with their Hosannaes to the Sonne of David, upon Friday mocked him in Jerusalem, with their Haile King of the Jews, and blew him out of Jerusalem to Golgotha, with the pestilent breath, with the tempestuous whirlwind of their Crucifiges. And of them, who have called the Master Beelzebub, what shall any servant looke for? Surely men of low degree are vanity.

And then, under the same oath, and asseveration, Surely, as surely as the other, men of high degree are a lie. Doth David meane these men, whom he calls a lie, to be any lesse than those whom hee called vanity? Lesse than vanity, than emptinesse, than nothing, nothing can be; And low, and high are to this purpose, and in this consideration, (compared with God, or considered without God) equally nothing. He that hath the largest patrimony, and space of earth, in the earth, must heare me say, That all that was nothing; And if he ask, But what was this whole Kingdom, what all Europe, what all the World? It was all, not so much as another nothing, but all one and the same nothing as thy dunghill was.

Sermon at St. Paul's.

November, 1628

HE that oppresses the poor, digs in a dunghill for wormes; And he departs from that posture, which God, in nature gave him, that is, erect, to look upward; for his eye is always down, upon them, that lie in the dust, under his feet. Certainly, he that seares up himselfe, and makes himselfe insensible of the cries, and curses of the poor here in this world, does but prepare himselfe for the howlings, and gnashings of teeth, in the world to come. It is the Serpents taste, the Serpents diet, Dust shalt thou eate all the days of thy life; and he feeds but on dust, that oppresses the poor. And as there is evidently, more inhumanity, more violation of nature, in this oppression, than in emulation, so may there well seem to be more impiety, and more violation of God himselfe, by that word, which the holy Ghost chooses in the next place, which is Reproach, He that oppresses the poor, reproaches his Maker.

Sermon at Whitehall.

February, 1627

HE that will die with Christ upon Good-Friday, must hear his own bell toll all Lent; he that will be partaker of his passion at last, must conform himself to his discipline of prayer and fasting before. Is there any man, that in his chamber hears a bell toll for another man, and does not kneel down to pray for that dying man? and then when his charity breaths out upon another man, does he not also reflect upon himself, and dispose himself as if he were in the state of that dying man? We begin to hear Christ's bell toll now, and is not our bell in the chime? We must be in his grave, before we come to his resurrection, and we must be in his death-bed before we come to his grave: we must do as he did, fast and pray, before we can say as he said, that *In manus tuas*, Into thy hands O Lord I commend my Spirit. . . .

This Eternity

How BARREN a thing is Arithmetique! (and yet Arithmetique will tell you, how many single graines of sand, will fill this hollow Vault to the Firmament). How empty a thing is Rhetorique! (and yet Rhetorique will make absent and remote things present to your understanding). How weak a thing is poetry! (and yet Poetry is a counterfait Creation, and makes things that are not, as though they were). How infirme, how impotent are all assistances, if they be put to expresse this Eternity!

From Donne's Last Sermon.

Lent, 1630

THERE was nothing more free, more voluntary, more spontaneous than the death of Christ. Tis true, libere egit, he died voluntarily, but yet when we consider the contract that had passed betweene his Father and him, there was an oportuit, a kind of necessity upon him. All this Christ ought to suffer. And when shall we date this obligation, this oportuit, this necessity? when shall wee say that

begun? Certainly this decree by which Christ was to suffer all this, was an eternall decree, and was there any thing before that, that was eternall? Infinite love, eternall love; be pleased to follow this home, and to consider it seriously, that what liberty soever wee can conceive in Christ, to die or not to die, this necessity of dying, this decree is as eternall as that liberty; and yet how small a matter made hee of this necessity and this dying? His Father cals it but a bruise, and but a bruising of his heele (the serpent shall bruise his heele) and yet that was that, the serpent should practise and compasse his death. Himselfe calls it but a Baptisme, as though he were to bee the better for it. I have a Baptisme to be Baptized with, and he was in paine till it was accomplished, and yet this Baptisme was his death. . . .



ON BROTHERLY LOVE

The last legacy of Christ was peace and mutual love; but then he foretold, that he came to send a sword upon the earth: The primitive Christians accepted the legacy, and their successors down to the present age have been largely fulfilling his prophecy. But whatever the practice of mankind hath been, or still continues, there is no duty more incumbent upon those who profess the Gospel, than that of brotherly love; which, whoever could restore in any degree among men, would be an instrument of more good to human society, than ever was, or will be, done by all the statesmen and politicans in the world.

SWIFT

BLISS

WE CANNOT arrive at any portion of heavenly bliss without in some measure imitating Christ. And they arrive at the largest measure of heavenly bliss who imitate the most difficult parts of Christ's character, and, bowed down and crushed under his feet, cry, in fullness of faith, "Father, thy will be done!"

Coleridge

TOLSTOY

My Religion

I BELIEVE in the doctrine of Jesus, and this is my religion:

I believe that nothing but the fulfillment of the doctrine of Jesus can give true happiness to men. I believe that the fulfillment of this doctrine is possible, easy, and pleasant. I believe that although none other follows this doctrine, and I alone am left to practice it, I cannot refuse to obey it, if I would save my life from the certainty of eternal loss; just as a man in a burning house if he find a door of safety, must go out, so I must avail myself of the way to salvation. I believe that my life according to the doctrine of the world has been a torment, and that a life according to the doctrine of Jesus can alone give me in this world the happiness for which I was destined by the Father of Life. I believe that this doctrine is essential to the welfare of humanity, will save me from the certainty of eternal loss, and will give me in this world the greatest possible sum of happiness. Believing thus, I am obliged to practice its commandments. . . .

The doctrine of Jesus is a doctrine of grace and truth. Once I knew not grace and knew not truth. Mistaking evil for good, I fell into evil, and I doubted the righteousness of my tendency toward good. I understand and believe now that the good toward which I was attracted is the will of the Father, the essence of life.

Jesus has told us to live in pursuit of the good, and to beware of snares and temptations which, by enticing us with the semblance of good, draw us away from true goodness, and lead us into evil. He has taught us that our welfare is to be sought in fellowship with all men; that evil is a violation of fellowship with the son of man, and that we must not deprive ourselves of the welfare to behad by obedience to his doctrine.

Jesus has demonstrated that fellowship with the son of man, the love of men for one another, is not merely an ideal after which men are to strive; he has shown us that this love and this fellowship are natural attributes of men in their normal condition, the condition into which children are born, the condition in which all

men would live if they were not drawn aside by error, illusions, and temptations.

In his commandments, Jesus has enumerated clearly and unmistakably the temptations that interfere with this natural condition of love and fellowship and render it a prey to evil. The commandments of Jesus offer the remedies by which I must save myself from the temptations that have deprived me of happiness; and so I am forced to believe that these commandments are true. Happiness was within my grasp and I destroyed it. In his commandments Jesus has shown me the temptations that lead to the destruction of happiness. I can no longer work for the destruction of my happiness, and in this determination, and in this alone, is the substance of my religion.

Jesus has shown me that the first temptation destructive of happiness is enmity toward men, anger against them. I cannot refuse to believe this, and so I cannot willingly remain at enmity with others. I cannot, as I could once, foster anger, be proud of it, fan it into flame, justify it, regarding myself as an intelligent and superior man and others as useless and foolish people. Now, when I give up to anger, I can only realize that I alone am guilty, and seek to make peace with those who have aught against me.

But this is not all. While I now see that anger is an abnormal, pernicious, and morbid state, I also perceive the temptation that led me into it. The temptation was in separating myself from my fellows, recognizing only a few of them as my equals, and regarding all the others as persons of no account or as uncultivated animals. I see now that this willful separation from other men, this judgment passed upon others, was the principal source of my disagreements. In looking over my past life I saw that I had rarely permitted my anger to rise against those whom I considered as my equals, whom I seldom abused. But the least disagreeable action on the part of one whom I considered an inferior inflamed my anger and led me to abusive words or actions, and the more superior I felt myself to be, the less careful I was of my temper; sometimes the mere supposition that a man was of a lower social position than myself was enough to provoke me to an outrageous manner.

I understand now that he alone is above others who is humble with others and makes himself the servant of all. I understand now why those that are great in the sight of men are an abomination to God, who has declared woe upon the rich and mighty and invoked blessedness upon the poor and humble. Now I understand this truth, I have faith in it, and this faith has transformed my perception of what is right and important, and what is wrong and despicable. Everything that once seemed to me right and important, such as honors, glory, civilization, wealth, the complications and refinements of existence, luxury, rich food, fine clothing, etiquette, have become for me wrong and despicable. Everything that formerly seemed to me wrong and despicable, such as rusticity, obscurity, poverty, austerity, simplicity of surroundings, of food, of clothing, of manners, all have now become right and important to me. And so although I may at times give myself up to anger and abuse another, I cannot deliberately yield to wrath and so deprive myself of the true source of happiness-fellowship and love; for it is possible that a man should lay a snare for his own feet and so be lost. Now, I can no longer give my support to anything that lifts me above or separates me from others. I cannot, as I once did, recognize in myself or others titles or ranks or qualities aside from the title and quality of manhood. I can no longer seek for fame and glory; I can no longer cultivate a system of instruction which separates me from men. I cannot in my surroundings, my food, my clothing, my manners, strive for what not only separates me from others but renders me a reproach to the majority of mankind.

Jesus showed me another temptation destructive of happiness, that is, debauchery, the desire to possess another woman than her to whom I am united. I can no longer, as I did once, consider my sensuality as a sublime trait of human nature. I can no longer justify it by my love for the beautiful, or my amorousness, or the faults of my companion. At the first inclination toward debauchery I cannot fail to recognize that I am in a morbid and abnormal state, and to seek to rid myself of the besetting sin.

Knowing that debauchery is an evil, I also know its cause, and can thus evade it. I know now that the principal cause of this temptation is not the necessity for the sexual relation, but the aban-

donment of wives by their husbands, and of husbands by their wives. . . .

What once seemed to me the most delightful existence in the world, an existence made up of dainty, aesthetic pleasures and passions, is now revolting to me. And a life of simplicity and indigence, which moderates the sexual desires, now seems to me good. . . .

Jesus has shown me that the third temptation destructive to true happiness is the oath. I am obliged to believe his words; consequently, I cannot, as I once did, bind myself by oath to serve any one for any purpose, and I can no longer, as I did formerly, justify myself for having taken an oath because "it would harm no one," because everybody did the same, because it is necessary for the State, because the consequences might be bad for me or for someone else if I refuse to submit to this exaction. I know now that it is an evil for myself and for others, and I cannot conform to it.

Nor is this all. I now know the snare that led me into evil, and I can no longer act as an accomplice. I know that the snare is in the use of God's name to sanction an imposture, and that the imposture consists in promising in advance to obey the commands of one man, or of many men, while I ought to obey the commands of God alone. I know now that evils the most terrible of all in their result—war, imprisonments, capital punishment—exist only because of the oath, in virtue of which men make themselves instruments of evil, and believe that they free themselves from all responsibility. As I think now of the many evils that have impelled me to hostility and hatred, I see that they all originated with the oath, the engagement to submit to the will of others. . . .

Understanding this, I am convinced that the oath is destructive of my true welfare and of that of others, and this belief changes my estimate of right and wrong, of the important and despicable. What once seemed to me right and important, the promise of fidelity to the government supported by the oath, the exacting of oaths from others, and all acts contrary to conscience, done because of the oath, now seem to me wrong and despicable. Therefore I can no longer evade the commandment of Jesus forbidding the oath, I can no longer bind myself by oath to anyone, I cannot

exact an oath from another, I cannot encourage men to take an oath, or to cause others to take an oath; nor can I regard the oath as necessary, important, or even inoffensive.

Jesus has shown me that the fourth temptation destructive to my happiness is the resort to violence for the resistance of evil. I am obliged to believe that this is an evil for myself and for others; consequently, I cannot, as I did once, deliberately resort to violence, and seek to justify my action with the pretext that it is indispensable for the defense of my person and property, or of the persons and property of others. I can no longer yield to the first impulse to resort to violence; I am obliged to renounce it, and to abstain from it altogether.

But this is not all. I understand now the snare that caused me to fall into this evil. I know now that the snare consisted in the erroneous belief that my life could be made secure by violence, by the defense of my person and property against the encroachments of others. I know now that a great portion of the evils that afflict mankind are due to this, that men, instead of giving their work for others, deprive themselves completely of the privilege of work, and forcibly appropriate the labor of their fellows. Every one regards a resort to violence as the best possible security for life and for property, and I now see that a great portion of the evil that I did myself, and saw others do, resulted from this practice. . . .

I believe now that my true welfare, and that of others, is possible only when I labor not for myself, but for another, and that I must not refuse to labor for another, but to give with joy that of which he has need. This faith has changed my estimate of what is right and important, and wrong and despicable. What once seemed to me right and important—riches, proprietary rights, the point of honor, the maintenance of personal dignity and personal privileges—have now become to me wrong and despicable. Labor for others, poverty, humility, the renunciation of property and of personal privileges, have become in my eyes right and important.

When, now, in a moment of forgetfulness, I yield to the impulse to resort to violence, for the defense of my person or property, or of the persons or property of others, I can no longer deliberately make use of this snare for my own destruction and the destruction of others. I can no longer acquire property. I can no longer resort to force in any form for my own defense or the defense of another. I can no longer co-operate with any power whose object is the defense of men and their property by violence. I can no longer act in a judicial capacity, or clothe myself with any authority, or take part in the exercise of any jurisdiction whatever. I can no longer encourage others in the support of tribunals, or in the exercise of authoritative administration.

Jesus has shown me that the fifth temptation that deprives me of well-being, is the distinction that we make between compatriots and foreigners. I must believe this; consequently, if, in a moment of forgetfulness, I have a feeling of hostility toward a man of another nationality, I am obliged, in moments of reflection, to regard this feeling as wrong. I can no longer, as I did formerly, justify my hostility by the superiority of my own people over others, or by the ignorance, the cruelty, or the barbarism of another race. I can no longer refrain from striving to be even more friendly with a foreigner than with one of my own countrymen.

I know now that the distinction I once made between my own people and those of other countries is destructive of my welfare; but, more than this, I now know the snare that led me into this evil, and I can no longer, as I did once, walk deliberately and calmly into this snare. I know now that this snare consists in the erroneous belief that my welfare is dependent only upon the welfare of my countrymen, and not upon the welfare of all mankind. I know now that my fellowship with others cannot be shut off by a frontier, or by a government decree which decides that I belong to some particular political organization. I know now that all men are everywhere brothers and equals. When I think now of all the evil that I have done, that I have endured, and that I have seen about me, arising from national enmities, I see clearly that it is all due to that gross imposture called patriotism—love for one's native land. When I think now of my education, I see how these hateful feelings were grafted into my mind. I understand now the meaning of the words:

"Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be sons of your Father that is in heaven: for he maketh his

sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust."

I understand now that true welfare is possible for me only on condition that I recognize my fellowship with the whole world. I believe this, and the belief has changed my estimate of what is right and wrong, important and despicable. What once seemed to me right and important—love of country, love for those of my own race, for the organization called the State, services rendered at the expense of the welfare of other men, military exploits-now seem to me detestable and pitiable. What once seemed to me shameful and wrong-renunciation of nationality, and the cultivation of cosmopolitanism—now seem to me right and important. When, now, in a moment of forgetfulness, I sustain a Russian in preference to a foreigner, and desire the success of Russia or of the Russian people, I can no longer in lucid moments allow myself to be controlled by illusions so destructive to my welfare and the welfare of others. I can no longer recognize states or peoples; I can no longer take part in any difference between peoples or states, or any discussion between them either oral or written, much less in any service in behalf of any particular state. I can no longer co-operate with measures maintained by divisions between states—the collection of custom duties, taxes, the manufacture of arms and projectiles, or any act favoring armaments, military service, and, for a stronger reason, wars-neither can I encourage others to take any part in them.

I understand in what my true welfare consists, I have faith in that, and consequently I cannot do what would inevitably be destructive of that welfare. I not only have faith that I ought to live thus, but I have faith that if I live thus, and only thus, my life will attain its only possible meaning, and be reasonable, pleasant, and indestructible by death. I believe that my reasonable life, the light I bear with me, was given to me only that it might shine before men, not in words only, but in good deeds, that men may thereby glorify the Father. I believe that my life and my consciousness of truth is the talent confided to me for a good purpose, and that this talent fulfils its mission only when it is of use to others. I believe that I am a Ninevite with regard to other Jo-

nahs from whom I have learned and shall learn of the truth; but that I am a Jonah in regard to other Ninevites to whom I am bound to transmit the truth. I believe that the only meaning of my life is to be attained by living in accordance with the light that is within me, and that I must allow this light to shine forth to be seen of all men. This faith gives me renewed strength to fulfill the doctrine of Jesus, and to overcome the obstacles which still arise in my pathway. All that once caused me to doubt the possibility of practicing the doctrine of Jesus, everything that once turned me aside, the possibility of privations, and of suffering, and death, inflicted by those who know not the doctrine of Jesus, now confirm its truth and draw me into its service. Jesus said, "When you have lifted up the son of man, then shall you know that I am he,"—then shall you be drawn into my service—and I feel that I am irresistibly drawn to him by the influence of his doctrine. "The truth," he says again, "the truth shall make you free," and I know that I am in perfect liberty.

I once thought that if a foreign invasion occurred, or even if evil-minded persons attacked me, and I did not defend myself, I should be robbed and beaten and tortured and killed with those whom I felt bound to protect, and this possibility troubled me. But this that once troubled me now seems desirable and in conformity with the truth. I know now that the foreign enemy and the malefactors or brigands are all men like myself; that, like myself, they love good and hate evil; that they live as I live, on the borders of death; and that, with me, they seek for salvation, and will find it in the doctrine of Jesus. The evil that they do to me will be evil to them, and so can be nothing but good for me. But if truth is unknown to them, and they do evil thinking that they do good, I, who know the truth, am bound to reveal it to them, and this I can do only by refusing to participate in evil, and thereby confessing the truth by my example. . . .

Violence, war, brigandage, executions, are not accomplished through the forces of unconscious nature; they are accomplished by men who are blinded, and do not know the truth. Consequently, the more evil these men do to Christians, the further they are from the truth, the more unhappy they are, and the more necessary it is that

they should have knowledge of the truth. Now a Christian cannot make known his knowledge of truth except by abstaining from the errors that lead men into evil; he must render good for evil. This is the life-work of a Christian, and if it is accomplished, death cannot harm him, for the meaning of his life can never be destroyed.

Men are united by error into a compact mass. The prevailing power of evil is the cohesive force that binds them together. The reasonable activity of humanity is to destroy the cohesive power of evil. Revolutions are attempts to shatter the power of evil by violence. Men think that by hammering upon the mass they will be able to break it in fragments, but they only make it more dense and impermeable than it was before. External violence is of no avail. The disruptive movement must come from within when molecule releases its hold upon molecule and the whole mass falls into disintegration. Error is the force that welds men together; truth alone can set them free. Now truth is truth only when it is in action, and then only can it be transmitted from man to man. Only truth in action, by introducing light into the conscience of each individual, can dissolve the homogeneity of error, and detach men one by one from its bonds.

This work has been going on for eighteen hundred years. It began when the commandments of Jesus were first given to humanity, and it will not cease till, as Jesus said, "all things be accomplished" (Matt. 5: 18). The Church that sought to detach men from error and to weld them together again by the solemn affirmation that it alone was the truth, has long since fallen to decay. But the Church composed of men united, not by promises or sacraments, but by deeds of truth and love, has always lived and will live forever. Now, as eighteen hundred years ago, this Church is made up not of those who say "Lord, Lord," and bring forth iniquity, but of those who hear the words of truth and reveal them in their lives. The members of this Church know that life is to them a blessing as long as they maintain fraternity with others and dwell in the fellowship of the son of man; and that the blessing will be lost only to those who do not obey the commandments of Jesus. And so the members of this Church practice the commandments of Jesus and thereby teach them to others. Whether this Church be in numbers

little or great, it is, nevertheless, the Church that shall never perish, the Church that shall finally unite within its bonds the hearts of all mankind.

"Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good purpose to give you the kingdom."

Christ and the Soldier of the Kremlin

On a certain day, at this time, I was walking in Moscow toward the Borovitzky Gate, where was stationed an old lame beggar, with a dirty cloth wrapped about his head. I took out my purse to bestow an alms; but at the same moment I saw a young soldier emerging from the Kremlin at a rapid pace, head well up, red of face, wearing the State insignia of military dignity. The beggar, on perceiving the soldier, arose in fear, and ran with all his might toward the Alexander Garden. The soldier, after a vain attempt to come up with the fugitive, stopped, shouting forth an oath upon the poor wretch who had established himself under the gateway contrary to regulations. I waited for the soldier. When he approached me, I asked him if he knew how to read.

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"Have you read the New Testament?"

"Yes."

"And do you remember the words, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him. . . .'?"

I repeated the passage. He remembered it, and heard me to the end. I saw that he was uneasy. Two passers-by stopped and listened. The soldier seemed to be troubled that he should be condemned for doing his duty in driving persons away from a place where they had been forbidden to linger. He thought himself at fault, and sought for an excuse. Suddenly his eye brightened; he looked at me over his shoulder, as if he were about to move away.

"And the military regulation, do you know anything about that?" he demanded.

"No," I said.

"In that case, you have nothing to say to me," he retorted, with a

triumphant wag of the head, and elevating his plume once more, he marched away to his post.

He was the only man that I ever met who had solved, with an inflexible logic, the question which eternally confronted me in social relations, and which rises continually before every man who calls himself a Christian.



AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN

The operation is finished, and in the hardly lighted dormitory I watch for the sick man's awakening. Scarcely has he recovered consciousness when he stares about him and ejaculates again and again, "I have no more pain! I have no more pain!". . . His hand feels for mine and will not let it go. Then I begin to tell him and the others who are in the room that it is the Lord Jesus who has told the doctor and his wife to come to the Ogowe, and that white people in Europe give them the money to live here and cure the sick negroes. Then I have to answer questions as to who these white people are, where they live, and how they know that the natives suffer so much from sickness. The African sun is shining through the coffee bushes into the dark shed, but we, black and white, sit side by side and feel that we know by experience the meaning of the words, "And all ye are brethren" (Matt. 23: 8). Would that my generous friends in Europe could come out here and live through one such hour!

Albert Schweitzer

HE WHO LOVES HIS BROTHER

He who says he is in the light and hates his brother is in the darkness still. He who loves his brother abides in the light, and in it there is no cause for stumbling. But he who hates his brother is in the darkness and walks in the darkness, and does not know where he is going, because the darkness has blinded his eyes.

I JOHN 2: 9-11

SOREN KIERKEGAARD

Sören Kierkegaard (1813-55), a Danish religious philosopher, exerted great influence on Danish literature as well as on Danish religious life. His theory of knowledge emphasized the contrast between thought and reality. He found both intellectual and aesthetic life inadequate and therefore introduced a way of spiritual life, his own form of Christianity. In this the relation of the individual was joined to God through suffering. The extracts below are from his volume Works of Love.

Man and His Neighbor

THE NEIGHBOR is your equal. The neighbor is not your beloved for whom you have a passionate partiality, not your friend for whom you have a passionate partiality. Nor, if you are an educated man, is your neighbor the one who is educated, with whom you are equal in education—for with your neighbor you have human equality before God. Nor is the neighbor the one who is more distinguished than yourself, that is, he is not your neighbor just because he is more distinguished than yourself, for loving him because he is more distinguished can then easily become partiality, and insofar selfishness. Nor is your neighbor one who is inferior to you, that is, insofar as he is humbler than yourself he is not your neighbor, for to love one because he is inferior to yourself can readily become the condescension of partiality, and insofar selfishness. No, loving your neighbor is a matter of equality. It is encouraging in your relation to a distinguished man, that in him you must love your neighbor; it is humbling in relation to the inferior, that you do not have to love the inferior in him, but must love your neighbor; it is a saving grace if you do it, for you must do it. The neighbor is every man; for he is not your neighbor through the difference, or through the equality with you as in your difference from other men. He is your neighbor through equality with you before God,

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but every man unconditionally has this equality, and has it unconditionally.

The man who truly loves his neighbor, therefore loves also his enemy. This distinction, "friend or enemy," is a difference in the object of love, but love for one's neighbor truly has an object which is without discrimination; the neighbor is the absolutely indistinguishable difference between man and man, or it is the eternal resemblance before God—and the enemy also has this resemblance. We think that it is impossible for a man to love his enemy, alas! for enemies can hardly bear to look at each other. Oh, well, then close your eyes-then the enemy absolutely resembles your neighbor; close your eyes and remember the commandment that thou shalt love, then you love—your enemy? No, then you love your neighbor, for you do not see that he is your enemy. That is, if you close your eyes, then you do not see the earthly difference; but enmity is also one of the earthly differences. And when you close your eyes, then your mind is not distracted and diverted at the very moment when you should listen to the word of the commandment. Then when your mind is not distracted and diverted by looking at the object of your love and at the difference in the object, then you become merely an ear for hearing the word of the commandment which said to you, and to you alone, that "thou" shalt love thy neighbor. Lo, then are you on the way of perfection toward loving your neighbor, when your eye is closed, and you are become only an ear for hearing the commandment.

As God dwells in a light from which every ray of light which illumines the world issues, yet by none of these ways can a man enter in order to see God; for the way of light changes to darkness if one faces the light: so love dwells in secret, or is hidden in the heart . . . So it is love's wish and prayer that its secret source and its hidden life in the heart may remain a secret. . . .

Love's secret life is in the heart, unfathomable, and it also has an unfathomable connection with the whole of existence. As the peaceful lake is grounded deep in the hidden spring which no eye can see, so a man's love is grounded even deeper in the love of God. If there were at the bottom no wellspring, if God were not love, then there would be no quiet lake or human love. . . .

So the life of love is hidden; but its secret life is itself in motion and has eternity in it.

W

EVEN FOR AN UNBELIEVER

The most valuable part of the effect on the character which Christianity has produced, by holding up in a divine person a standard of excellence and a model for imitation, is available even to the absolute unbeliever, and can nevermore be lost to humanity. For it is Christ, rather than God, whom Christianity has held up to believers as the pattern of perfection for humanity. It is the God incarnate—more than the God of the Jews, or of nature—who, being idealized, has taken so great and salutary a hold on the modern mind. And whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left—a unique figure, not more unlike all his precursors than all his followers, even those who had the direct benefit of his personal teaching. . . .

About the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality combined with profound insight; which, if we abandon the idle expectation of finding scientific precision where something very different was aimed at, must place the prophet of Nazareth, even in the estimation of those who have no belief in his inspiration, in the very first rank of the men of sublime genius of whom our species can boast. When this pre-eminent genius is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer and martyr to that mission who ever existed upon earth, religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor even now would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life.

VINCENT VAN GOGH

VINCENT VAN GOCH, the famous Dutch painter (1853-90), studied theology as a young man. He dreamed of bringing the Gospel to the poor miners of the Borinage. He spent some time among these underprivileged people, but his ministry was stopped because he had not been ordained.

Man Should Live Humbly

It is true that every day has its own evil, and its good, too. But how difficult must life be, especially farther on when the evil of each day increases as far as worldly things go, if it is not strengthened and comforted by faith. And in Christ all worldly things may become better, and, as it were, sanctified.

Theo, woe is me if I do not preach the Gospel; if I did not aim at that and possess faith and hope in Christ, it would be bad for me indeed, but now I have some courage.

While I sit writing to you in my little room, and it is so quiet, and I look at your portraits and the prints on the wall: "Christus Consolator," and "Good Friday," and "Women Visiting the Tomb," and "The Old Huguenot"; "The Prodigal Son," by Ary Scheffer, and "A Little Boat on a Stormy Sea"; and—and when I think of you all and of everything here, of Turnham Green, Richmond and Petersham, then I feel: "O Lord, make me my father's brother. Finish thy work in me that thou hast begun."

Shall we go together to some church someday, being sorrowful but always happy, with an eternal joy in our hearts because we are the poor in the Kingdom of God?

Last night I left the store at one o'clock and walked around the cathedral and then along the canals and past that old gate of the new church and then home. It had been snowing and everything

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was so quiet; there was only a little light here and there in the upper windows of some of the houses, and the black figure of the night watchman standing out against the snow. It was high tide and against the snow the canals and the ships looked very dark.

To think of Jesus in all places and circumstances, that is a good thing. How difficult is the life of the peasants in Brabant; from whence do they get their strength? And those poor women, what supports them in life? Don't you think it is what the painter painted in his "Light of the World"?

You do not know how I yearn toward the Bible. I read it daily, but I should like to know it by heart, to study thoroughly and lovingly all those old stories, and especially to find out what is known about Christ.

Oh! might I be shown the way to devote my life more than is possible at present to the service of God, and the Gospel. I keep praying for it and I think I shall be heard; I say it in all humility.

Now there is in the south of Belgium, in the neighborhood of Mons, up to the French frontiers, a district called the Borinage, that has a peculiar population of laborers who work in the numerous coal mines. I should very much like to go there as an evangelist, preaching the Gospel to the poor—that means those who need it most, and for whom it is so well suited—and during the week devoting myself to teaching. . . .

I have already spoken in public several times, in rather a large room especially arranged for religious meetings, as well as at the meetings they used to hold in the evenings in the miners' cottages, which may be called Bible lectures. I assisted also at a religious service in a stable or shed, so you see it is quite simple and original. At a meeting this week my text was Acts 16: 9—"And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia and begged him saying: Come over into Macedonia and help us." And they listened attentively when I tried to describe what that Macedonian was like, who needed and longed for the comfort of the Gospel and for the knowledge of the only true God. How we

must think of him as a laborer with lines of sorrow and suffering and fatigue in his face, without splendor or glamour but with an immortal soul, who needs the food that does not perish, namely, "God's word." And God wills that in imitation of Christ, man should live humbly and go through life, not reaching after lofty aims, but adapting himself to the lowly, learning from the Gospel to be meek and simple of heart.

So Out into the Deep

When I think of the past—when I think of the future of almost invincible difficulties, of much and difficult work, which I do not like, which I, or rather my evil self, would like to shirk; when I think the eyes of so many are fixed on me—who will know where the fault is if I do not succeed, who will not make me trivial reproaches? But as they are well tried and trained in everything that is right and virtuous, they will say, as it were by the expression of their faces: We have helped you and have been a light unto you; have you tried honestly? What is now our reward and the fruit of our labor? See! When I think of all this, of sorrow, of disappointment, of the fear of failure, of disgrace—then I have the longing—I wish I were far away from everything!

And yet I go on, but prudently and hoping to have the strength of resisting those things, so that I shall know what to answer to those reproaches that threaten me, and believing that notwith-standing everything that seems against me, I yet shall reach the aim I am striving for, and if God wills it shall find favor in the eyes of some I love and in the eyes of those that will come after me.

There is written, "Lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees," and when the disciples had worked all night and had not caught any fish, they were told, "Go out into the deep and cast your nets again into the sea."

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

Truth Unimpaired by Men's Errors

Wherever it is your task to speak for Christianity in its contest with the other world religions, you must use none but these untainted spiritual means of defense.

And you must do it in meekness of spirit. Profound truth knows no arrogance. Moreover, bitter humiliation awaits all of us who preach the Gospel in distant lands. "Where, indeed, is your ethical religion?"—that is the question we are asked, no matter whether we are among more primitive peoples in out-of-the-way places or among the educated classes in the large centers of Eastern and African civilization. What Christianity has accomplished as the religion of love is believed to have been blotted out by the fact that it failed to educate the Christian nations to peaceableness, and that in the War it associated itself with so much worldliness and hatred. from which to this day it has not yet broken away. It has been so terribly unfaithful to the spirit of Jesus. When preaching the Gospel in the mission-field, let us not minimize this deplorable fact in any way nor try to gloss it over. And why have we fallen so low? Because we fancied it an easy thing to have the spirit of Jesus. Henceforward we must strive after that spirit much more seriously.

Preaching the Gospel in foreign lands today we are the advance-guard of an army that has suffered a defeat and needs to be made fit again. Let us be courageous advance-guards. The truth which the Gospel of Jesus carries within itself cannot be impaired by men's errors nor by their lack of faithfulness. And if only our lives, in genuine nonconformity to the world, reveal something of what it means to be apprehended by the living, ethical God, then something of the truth of Jesus goes out from us.

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LIKE HIM

MY EARNEST PRAYER

I now make it my earnest prayer that God would have you and the State over which you preside in his holy protection; and that he would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion; without a humble recognition of whose example, in these things, we can never hope to be a happy nation.

George Washington In a letter to a governor of a state.

THE SECRET OF MORALS

THE GREAT SECRET of morals is love; or a going out of our nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own.

SHELLEY

TRUTH AND BEAUTY

I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion as it came from Christ himself, and the impossibility of going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it.

DICKENS

LIKE HIM

"I AIN'T sayin' I'm like Jesus," the preacher went on. "But I got tired like him, an' I got mixed up like him, an' I went into the wilderness like him, without no campin' stuff. Nighttime I'd lay on my back an' look up at the stars; morning I'd set an' watch the

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sun come up; midday I'd look out from a hill at the rollin' dry country; evenin' I'd foller the sun down. Sometimes I'd pray like I always done. On'y I couldn' figure what I was prayin' to or for. There was the hills, an' there was me, an' we wasn't separate no more. We was one thing. An' that one thing was holy.

"An' I got thinkin', on'y it wasn't thinkin', it was deeper down than thinkin'. I got thinkin' how we was holy when we was one thing, an' mankin' was holy when it was one thing. An' it on'y got unholy when one mis'able little fella got the bit in his teeth an' run off his own way, kickin' an' draggin' an' fightin'. Fella like that bust the holiness. But when they're all workin' together, not one fella for another fella, but one fella kind of harnessed to the whole shebang—that's right, that's holy."

STEINBECK

I LOVE POVERTY

I LOVE POVERTY because He loved it. I love riches because they afford me the means of helping the very poor. I keep faith with everybody; I do not render evil to those who wrong me, but I wish them a lot like mine, in which I receive neither evil nor good from men. I try to be just, true, sincere, and faithful to all men; I have a tender heart for those to whom God has more closely united me; and whether I am alone, or seen of men, I do all my actions in the sight of God, who must judge of them, and to whom I have consecrated them all.

These are my sentiments; and every day of my life I bless my Redeemer, who has implanted them in me, and who, of a man full of weakness, of miseries, of lust, of pride, and of ambition, has made a man free from all these evils by the power of His grace, to which all the glory of it is due, as of myself I have only misery and error.

PASCAL

THE founder of the Christian religion was not wise; He was divine. To believe in Him is to imitate Him and to seek union with Him.

RICHARD WAGNER

VIII THE PROBLEM OF JUDAS

RENAN

The Apostle Judas

There was a dinner at Simon the leper's, where many persons were assembled. . . . Mary, in order to give to the event a more festive appearance, entered during dinner, bearing a vase of perfume which she poured upon the feet of Jesus. . . . All the house was filled with the odor of the perfume, to the great delight of everyone except the avaricious Judas of Kerioth. Considering the economical habits of the community, this was certainly prodigality. The greedy treasurer calculated immediately how much the perfume might have been sold for, and what it would have realized for the poor. This not very affectionate feeling, which seemed to place something above Jesus, dissatisfied him. He liked to be honored, for honors served his aim and established his title of Son of David. Therefore, when they spoke to him of the poor, he replied rather sharply, "Ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always.". . .

A new council was held on the Wednesday (12th of Nisan) in the house of Joseph Kaïapha. The immediate arrest of Jesus was resolved upon. . . . Jesus being popular, they feared an outbreak; the arrest was therefore fixed for the next day, Thursday. It was resolved, also, not to seize him in the temple, where he came every day, but to observe his habits, in order to seize him in some retired place. The agents of the priests sounded his disciples, hoping to obtain useful information from their weakness or their simplicity. They found what they sought in Judas of Kerioth. This wretch, actuated by motives impossible to explain, betrayed his Master, gave all the necessary information, and even undertook himself (although such an excess of vileness is scarcely credible) to guide the troop which was to effect his arrest. The remembrance of horror which the folly or the wickedness of this man has left in the Christian tradition has doubtless given rise to some exaggeration on this point. Judas, until then, had been a disciple like the others; he had even the title of apostle; and he had performed miracles and driven

out demons. Legend, which always uses strong and decisive language, describes the occupants of the little supper room as eleven saints and one reprobate. Reality does not proceed by such absolute categories. Avarice, which the synoptics give as the motive of the crime in question, does not suffice to explain it. It would be very singular if a man who kept the purse, and who knew what he would lose by the death of his chief, were to abandon the profits of his occupation in exchange for a very small sum of money. Had the self-love of Judas been wounded by the rebuff which he had received at the dinner at Bethany? Even that would not explain his conduct. John would have us regard him as a thief, an unbeliever from the beginning, for which, however, there is no probability. We would rather ascribe it to some feeling of jealousy or to some dissension among the disciples. The peculiar hatred John manifests toward Judas confirms this hypothesis. Less pure in heart than the others, Judas had, from the very nature of his office, become unconsciously narrow-minded. By a caprice very common to men engaged in active duties, he had come to regard the interests of the treasury as superior even to those of the work for which it was intended. The treasurer had overcome the apostle. The murmurings which escaped him at Bethany seem to indicate that sometimes he thought the Master cost his spiritual family too dear. No doubt this mean economy had caused many other collisions in the little society.

Without denying that Judas of Kerioth may have contributed to the arrest of his Master, we still believe that the curses with which he is loaded are somewhat unjust. There was, perhaps, in his deed more awkwardness than perversity. The moral conscience of the man of the people is quick and correct, but unstable and inconsistent. It is at the mercy of the impulse of the moment. . . . A trifling spite sufficed to convert a partisan into a traitor. But if the foolish desire for a few pieces of silver turned the head of poor Judas, he does not seem to have lost the moral sentiment completely, since when he had seen the consequences of his fault he repented, and, it is said, killed himself. . . .

As to Jesus, we are led to believe that he knew of the treachery of Judas, and that he suspected the fate that awaited him. In the evening he took his last repast with his disciples. . . .

He had a word for each of his friends; two among them especially, John and Peter, were the objects of tender marks of attachment. John (at least according to his own account) was reclining on the divan, by the side of Jesus, his head resting upon the breast of the Master. Toward the end of the repast, the secret which weighed upon the heart of Jesus almost escaped him: he said, "Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." To these simple men this was a moment of anguish; they looked at each other, and each questioned himself. Judas was present; perhaps Jesus, who had for some time had reasons to suspect him, sought by this expression to draw from his looks or from his embarrassed manner the confession of his fault. But the unfaithful disciple did not lose countenance; he even dared, it is said, to ask with the others, "Master, is it I?"

Meanwhile, the good and upright soul of Peter was in torture. He made a sign to John to endeavor to ascertain of whom the Master spoke. John, who could converse with Jesus without being heard, asked him the meaning of this enigma. Jesus having only suspicions, did not wish to pronounce any name; he only told John to observe to whom he was going to offer a sop. At the same time he soaked the bread and offered it to Judas. John and Peter alone had cognizance of the fact. Jesus addressed to Judas words which contained a bitter reproach, but which were not understood by those present; and he left the company. They thought that Jesus was simply giving him orders for the morrow's feast.

It was nightfall when they left the room. Jesus, according to his custom, passed through the valley of Kedron; and, accompanied by his disciples, went to the garden of Gethsemane . . . all at once an armed troop appeared bearing lighted torches. It was the guards of the temple, armed with staves, a kind of police under the control of the priests. They were supported by a detachment of Roman soldiers with their swords. The order for the arrest emanated from the high priest and the Sanhedrin. Judas, knowing the habits of Jesus, had indicated this place as the one where he might most easily be surprised. Judas, according to the unanimous tradition of the earliest times, accompanied the detachment himself; and ac-

cording to some, he carried his hateful conduct even to betraying him by a kiss. . . .

As to the wretched Judas of Kerioth, terrible legends were current about his death. It was maintained that he had bought a field in the neighborhood of Jerusalem with the price of his perfidy. There was, indeed, on the south of Mount Zion, a place named Hakeldama (the field of blood). It was supposed that this was the property acquired by the traitor. According to one tradition, he killed himself. According to another, he had a fall in his field, in consequence of which his bowels gushed out. According to others, he died of a kind of dropsy, accompanied by repulsive circumstances, which were regarded as a punishment from heaven. The desire of showing in Judas the accomplishment of the menaces which the Psalmist pronounces against the perfidious friend [Psalms 69 and 109 may have given rise to these legends. Perhaps, in the retirement of his field of Hakeldama, Judas led a quiet and obscure life; while his former friends conquered the world, and spread his infamy abroad. Perhaps, also, the terrible hatred which was concentrated on his head, drove him to violent acts, in which were seen the finger of heaven.



WITH NO INVECTIVES

THE style of the Gospel is admirable in a thousand different views; and in this, among others, that we meet there with no invectives on the part of the historians against Judas or Pilate, nor against any of the enemies, or the very murderers of the Lord.

PASCAL

I too have seen Jesus. He revealed himself to me in all the beauty of precision. I love him; I hold him to my heart; and I will champion him against others if needs be.

BARBUSSE

MAURIAC

Judas' Despair

While they dragged him away from the attendants to take him toward the pretorium (no doubt to the Fortress Antonia which overlooked the Temple), a terrified man surveyed his handiwork. There are no monsters; Judas had not believed that things would go very far—imprisonment, perhaps several stripes from the scourge, and the carpenter would be sent back to his bench. Very little would have been needed for the tears of Judas to be allied in the memory of mankind with those of Peter. He might have become a saint, the patron of all of us who constantly betray Christ. He was stifled with remorse; the Gospel says clearly that he "repented." He brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the high priest and confessed, "I have sinned in betraying innocent blood." Judas was on the border of perfect contrition. God might still have had the traitor needed for the Redemption . . . and a saint besides.

What did the thirty pieces of silver mean to Judas? Perhaps he would not have delivered Jesus up if he had not loved him, had not felt himself less loved than the others. The miserable calculations of avarice would not have been sufficient to determine him. At the very moment when the head of John rested on the heart of the Lord, Satan was able to enter into his eternal reign over the heart of Judas.

"And flinging the pieces of silver into the temple, he . . . went away and hanged himself." The devil has gained nothing over the last of criminals who still retains hope. While there exists a ray of hope in the most guilty soul, it is separated from infinite love by only a sigh. And it is the mystery of mysteries that the son of perdition did not heave this sigh.

The priests did not wish to touch this money which was the price of blood, and used it to buy a potter's field, for the burial

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of strangers. They killed the Son of God and thought only of not contaminating themselves! Thus, on the eve of the Passover, they did not dare to penetrate into the pretorium for fear of soiling their feet and the Procurator himself was forced to come out and deal with them from the peristyle. Here is an example of the stupidity of the letter, the letter which kills—in the name of which so many lambs have been sacrificed, beginning with the Lamb of God.

呬

OF FEELING AND ACTION

I look upon all the four Gospels as thoroughly genuine; for there is in them the reflection of a greatness which emanated from the person of Jesus, and which was as divine a kind as ever was seen upon earth. If I am asked whether it is in my nature to pay him devout reverence, I say, Certainly. I bow before him as the divine manifestation of the highest principle of morality. . . . We have, in consequence of our increasing culture, become

We have, in consequence of our increasing culture, become capable of turning back to the fountainhead, and of comprehending Christianity in its purity. We have, again, the courage to stand with firm feet upon God's earth, and to feel ourselves in our divinely endowed human nature. Let mental culture go on advancing, let the natural sciences go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human mind expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity, as it glistens and shines forth in the Gospel. . . .

As soon as the pure doctrine and love of Christ are comprehended in their true nature, and have became a vital principle, we shall feel ourselves as human beings, great and free, and not attach especial importance to a degree more or less in the outward forms of religion. Besides, we shall all gradually advance from a Christianity of words and faith to a Christianity of feeling and action.

PAPINI

The Mystery of Judas

ONLY two creatures in the world knew the secret of Judas: Christ and the traitor.

Sixty generations of Christians have racked their brains over it, but the Iscariot, although he has drawn after him crowds of disciples, remains stubbornly incomprehensible. His is the only human mystery that we encounter in the Gospels. We can understand without difficulty the depravity of Herod, the rancor of the Pharisees, the revengeful anger of Annas and Caiaphas, the cowardly laxity of Pilate. But we have no evidence to enable us to understand the abomination of Judas. The Four Gospels tell us too little of him and of the reasons which induced him to sell his King.

"Then entered Satan into Judas." But these words are only the definition of his crime. Evil took possession of his heart, therefore it came suddenly. Before that day, perhaps during the dinner at Bethany, Judas was not in the power of the Adversary. But why suddenly did he throw himself into that power? Why did Satan enter into him and not into one of the others?

Thirty pieces of silver are a very small sum, especially for an avaricious man. In modern coinage it would amount to about twenty dollars, and, granting that its effective value or as the economists say its buying power were in those days ten times greater, two hundred dollars seem hardly a sufficient price to induce a man whom his companions describe as grasping to commit the basest perfidy recorded by history. . . .

The most significant indication is the office which Judas held among the Twelve. Among them was Matthew, a former tax collector, and it would have seemed almost his right to handle the small amount of money necessary for the expenses of the brother-hood. In place of Matthew, we see the Iscariot as the depository of

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the offerings. Money is insidious and saturated with danger. The mere handling of money, even if it belongs to others, is poisonous. It is not surprising that John said of Judas the thief, that he, "having the bag, took away what was put therein." And yet it is not probable that a man greedy for money would have stayed a long time with a group of such poor men. If he had wished to steal, he would have sought out a more promising position. And if he had needed those miserable thirty pieces of silver, could he not have procured them in another way, by running away with the purse, without needing to propose the betrayal of Jesus to the high priests?

These common-sense reflections about a crime so extraordinary have induced many to seek other motives for the infamous transaction. A sect of heretics, the Cainites, had a legend that Judas sorrowfully accepted eternal infamy, knowing that Jesus through his will and the will of the Father was to be betrayed to his death, that no suffering might be lacking in the great expiation. A necessary and voluntary instrument of the Redemption, Judas was according to them a hero and a martyr to be revered and not reviled.

According to others, Iscariot, loving his people and hoping for their deliverance, perhaps sharing the sentiments of the Zealots, had joined with Jesus, hoping that he was the Messiah such as the common people then imagined him: the King of the revenge and restoration of Israel. When little by little, in spite of his slowness of comprehension, it dawned on him from the words of Jesus that he had fallen in with a Messiah of quite another kind, he delivered him over to his enemies to make up for the bitterness of his disappointment. But this fancy to which no text either canonical or apocryphal gives any support is not enough to explain Christ's betrayer: he could have deserted the Twelve and gone in search of other company more to his taste, which certainly, as we have seen, was not lacking at that time.

Others have said that the reason is to be sought in his loss of faith. Judas had believed firmly in Jesus, and then could believe no longer. What Jesus said about his end close at hand, the threatening hostility of the metropolis, the delay of his victorious manifestation, had ended by causing Judas to lose all faith in him

whom he had followed up till then. He did not see the Kingdom approaching and he did see death approaching. Mingling with the people to find out the temper of the day, he had perhaps heard a rumor as to the decisions of the meeting of the Elders and feared that the Sanhedrin would not be satisfied with one victim alone, but would condemn all those who had long followed Jesus. Overcome by fear—the form which Satan took to enter into him—he thought he could ward off the danger and save his life by treachery; unbelief and cowardice being thus the ignominious motives of his ignominy.

An Englishman celebrated as an opium-eater, has thought out a new apology for the traitor which is the opposite of this theory. His idea is that Judas believed: he even believed too absolutely. He was so persuaded that Jesus was really the Christ that he wished by giving him up to the Tribunal to force him finally to show himself as the legitimate Messiah. So strong was his hope that he could not believe that Jesus would be killed. Or if he really were to die, he knew with entire certainty that he would rise again at once to sit on the right hand of the Father as King of Israel and of the world. To hasten the great day, in which the disciples were at last to have the reward for their faithfulness, Judas, secure in the intangibility of his Divine Friend, wished to force his hand and, putting him face to face with those whom he was to cast out, to compel him to show himself as the true Son of God. According to this theory the action of Judas was not a betrayal but a mistake due to his misunderstanding of the real meaning of his Master's teaching. He did not betray therefore through avarice or revengefulness or cowardice, but through stupidity.

On the other hand others give revenge as the reason. No man betrays another without hating him. Why did Judas hate Jesus? They remember the dinner in the house of Simon and the nard of the weeping woman. The reproof for his stinginess and hypocrisy must have exasperated the disciple who perhaps had been reproved for these faults on other occasions. To the rancor of this rebuff was added envy which always flourishes in vulgar souls. And as soon as he could revenge himself without danger, he went to the palace of Caiaphas.

But did he really think that his denunciation would bring Jesus to his death or did he rather suppose that they would content themselves with flogging him and forbidding him to speak to the people? The rest of the story seems to show that the condemnation of Jesus unnerved him as a terrible and unexpected result of his kiss. Matthew describes his despair in a way to show that he was sincerely horrified by what had happened through his fault. The money which he had pocketed became like fire to him: and when the priests refused to take it back he threw it down in the Temple. Even after this restitution he had no peace and hastened to kill himself. He died on the same day as his victim. Luke in the Acts sets down in another way the evil end of Judas, but the Christian tradition prefers the story of his remorse and suicide.

In spite of all the unraveling of unsatisfied minds, mysteries are still tangled about the mystery of Judas. But we have not yet invoked the testimony of Him who knew better than all men, even better than Judas, the true secret of the betrayal. Jesus alone could give us the key to the mystery; Jesus who saw into the heart of Judas as into the hearts of all men, and who knew what Judas was to do before he had done it.

Jesus chose Judas to be one of the Twelve and to carry the gospel to the world along with the others. Would he have chosen him, kept him with him, beside him, at his table, for so long a time if he had believed him to be an incurable criminal? Would he have confided to him what was dearest in the world to him, the most precious thing in the world—the prophecy of the Kingdom of God?

Up to the last days, up to that last evening, Jesus treated Judas exactly like the others. To him, as to all others, he gave his body, symbolized by bread, his soul, symbolized by wine. He washed and wiped, with his own hands, the feet of Judas, those feet which had carried him to the house of Caiaphas—with those hands which, through Judas' fault, were to be nailed to the cross on the following day. And when, in the red light of the flickering lanterns and the flashing of swords, Judas, under the dark shadow of the olive trees, came and kissed that face still wet with bloody sweat,

Jesus did not repel him, but said, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?"

Friend! It was the last time that Jesus spoke to Judas, and even in that moment he would use none other than that wonted word. Judas was not for him the man of darkness who came in the darkness to turn him over to the guards, but the friend, the same who a few hours before had been sitting with him before the dish of lamb and herbs, and had set his lips to his cup: the same who, so many times in hours of rest in leafy shade, or in the shadow of walls, had listened with the others like a disciple, like a companion, like a friend, like a brother, to the great words of the Promise. Jesus had said at the Last Supper, "Woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born." But now that the traitor was before him, that the treachery was complete, now that Judas had added to that betrayal the outrage of the kiss laid on the lips of him who has commanded love for our enemies, he answered him with the sweet and divine words of their habitual intercourse, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?"

Thus the testimony of him who was betrayed increases our bewilderment instead of raising the veil of the dreadful secret. He knew that Judas was a thief and he gave him the purse: he knew that Judas was evil and he confided to him a treasure of truth infinitely more precious than all the money in the universe: he knew that Judas was to betray him and he made him a participant of his divinity, offering him the mouthful of bread and the sip of wine; he saw Judas leading his assailants upon him and he still addressed him as at first, as he always had, with the holy name of friend.

"It had been good for that man if he had not been born." These words might have been, rather than a condemnation, an exclamation of pity at the thought of a fate which could not be escaped. If Judas hated Jesus, we see no signs that Jesus was ever repelled by Judas, because Jesus knew that the base bargain was necessary, as the weakness of Pilate was necessary, the rage of Caiaphas, the insults of the soldiery, the timbers and nails of the cross. He knew that Judas must needs do what he did and he did not curse him, as

he did not curse the people who wished his death, or the hammer which drove the nails into the cross. One prayer alone broke from him, to beg Judas to shorten the dreadful agony, "That thou doest, do quickly."

The mystery of Judas is doubly tied to the mystery of the Redemption and we lesser ones shall never solve it.



WISDOM OF GOD

Though we clearly understand that God can communicate immediately with men (for he communicates his nature to our mind without any bodily instrument), yet that a man should purely in his mind perceive matters which be not contained in the first principles of our knowledge, nor can be deduced therefrom, his mind must be of surpassing excellence and above man's capacity. Wherefore I believe not that any man ever came to that singular height of perfection but Christ, to whom the ordinances of God that lead man to salvation were revealed, not in words or in visions, but immediately: so that God manifested himself to the Apostles by the mind of Christ, as formerly to Moses by means of a voice in the air.

And therefore the voice of Christ may be called, like that which Moses heard, the voice of God. In this sense we may likewise say that the wisdom of God—that is, a wisdom above man's—took man's nature in Christ, and that Christ is the way of salvation.

Spinoza

IF I COULD COMPREHEND HIM

I SHOULD be ashamed to acknowledge him as my Savior if I could comprehend him—he would be no greater than myself. Such is my sense of sin, and consciousness of my inability to save myself, that I feel I need a superhuman Savior—one so great and glorious that I cannot comprehend him.

Noah Webster

DE QUINCEY

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859), famous for his Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, in this essay concerns himself with a defense of Judas. It is as though Judas were brought before the bar of justice and De Quincey, with his finely polished style, were his appointed advocate.

Judas, Man of Doubt

EVERYTHING connected with our ordinary conceptions of this man, of his real purposes, and of his scriptural doom, apparently is erroneous. Not one thing, but all things, must rank as false which traditionally we accept about him. That neither any motive of his, nor any ruling impulse, was tainted with the vulgar treachery imputed to him, appears probable from the strength of his remorse. And this view of his case comes recommended by so much of internal plausibility, that in Germany it has long since shaped itself into the following distinct hypothesis: Judas Iscariot, it is alleged, participated in the common delusion of the apostles as to that earthly kingdom which, under the sanction and auspices of Christ, they supposed to be waiting and ripening for the Jewish people. So far there was nothing in Judas to warrant any special wonder or any separate blame. If he erred, so did the other apostles. But in one point Judas went further than his brethren—viz., in speculating upon the reasons of Christ for delaying the inauguration of this kingdom. All things were apparently ripe for it; all things pointed to it; the expectation and languishing desires of many Hebrew saints-viz., the warning from signs; the prophetic alarms propagated by heralds like the Baptist; the mysterious interchange of kindling signals rising suddenly out of darkness as secret words between distant parties-secret question, or secret answer; the fermentation of revolutionary doctrines all over Judea; the passionate impatience of the Roman yoke; the continual openings of new convulsions at the great center of Rome; the insurrectionary temper of Jewish society, as indicated by the continual rise of

robber leaders, that drew off multitudes into the neighboring deserts; and, universally, the unsettled mind of the Jewish nation, their deep unrest, and the anarchy of their expectations. These explosive materials had long been accumulated; they needed only a kindling spark. Heavenly citations to war, divine summonses to resistance, had long been read in the insults and aggressions of paganism; there wanted only a leader. And such a leader, if he would but consent to assume that office, stood ready in the founder of Christianity. The supreme qualifications for leadership, manifested and emblazoned in the person of Jesus Christ, were evident to all parties in the Jewish community, and not merely to the religious body of his own immediate followers. These qualifications were published and expounded to the world in the facility with which everywhere he drew crowds about himself, in the extraordinary depth of impression which attended his teaching, and in the fear as well as hatred which possessed the Jewish rulers against him. Indeed, so great was this fear, so great was this hatred, that had it not been for the predominance of the Roman element in the government of Judea, it is pretty certain that Christ would have been crushed in an earlier stage of his career.

Believing, therefore, as Judas did, and perhaps had reason to do, that Christ contemplated the establishment of a temporal kingdom -the restoration, in fact, of David's throne; believing also that all the conditions toward the realization of such a scheme met and centered in the person of Christ, what was it that, upon any solution intelligible to Judas, neutralized so grand a scheme of promise? Simply and obviously, to a man with the views of Judas, it was the character of Christ himself, sublimely overgifted for purposes of speculation, but, like Shakespeare's great creation of Prince Hamlet, not correspondingly endowed for the business of action and the clamorous emergencies of life. Indecision and doubt (such was the interpretation of Judas) crept over the faculties of the Divine Man as often as he was summoned away from his own natural Sabbath of heavenly contemplation to the gross necessities of action. It became important, therefore, according to the views adopted by Judas, that his Master should be precipitated into action by a force from without, and thrown into the center of some popular

movement, such as, once beginning to revolve, could not afterward be suspended or checked. Christ must be compromised before doubts could have time to form. It is by no means improbable that this may have been the theory of Judas. Nor is it at all necessary to seek for the justification of such a theory, considered as a matter of prudential policy, in Jewish fanaticism. The Jews of that day were distracted by internal schisms. Else, and with any benefit from national unity, the headlong rapture of Jewish zeal, when combined in vindication of their insulted temple and temple worship, would have been equal to the effort of dislodging the Roman legionary force for the moment from the military possession of Palestine. After which, although the restoration of the Roman supremacy could not ultimately have been evaded, it is by no means certain that a temperamentum or reciprocal scheme of concessions might not have been welcome at Rome, such as had, in fact, existed under Herod the Great and his father. The radical power, under such a scheme, would have been lodged in Rome; but with such external concessions to Jewish nationality as might have consulted the real interests of both parties. Administered under Jewish names, the land would have yielded a larger revenue than, as a refractory nest of insurgents, it ever did yield to the Roman exchequer; and, on the other hand, a ferocious bigotry, which was really sublime in its indomitable obstinacy, might have been humored without prejudice to the grandeur of the imperial claims. . . .

The miscalculation, in fact, of Judas Iscariot—supposing him really to have entertained the views ascribed to him—did not hinge at all upon political oversights, but upon a total spiritual blindness; in which blindness, however, he went no farther than at that time did probably most of his brethren. Upon them, quite as little as upon him, had yet dawned the true grandeur of the Christian scheme. In this only he outran his brethren—that, sharing in their blindness, he greatly exceeded them in presumption. All alike had imputed to their Master views utterly irreconcilable with the grandeur of his new and heavenly religion. It was no religion at all which they, previously to the crucifixion, supposed to be the object of Christ's teaching; it was a mere preparation for a pitiably vulgar scheme of earthly aggrandisement. But, whilst the other apostles

had simply failed to comprehend their Master, Judas had presumptuously assumed that he did comprehend him; and understood his purposes better than Christ himself. His object was audacious in a high degree, but (according to the theory which I am explaining) for that very reason not treacherous at all. The more that he was liable to the approach of audacity, the less can he be suspected of perfidy. He supposed himself executing the very innermost purposes of Christ, but with an energy which it was the characteristic infirmity of Christ to want He fancied that by his vigor of action were fulfilled those great political changes which Christ approved, but wanted audacity to realize. His hope was, that, when at length actually arrested by the Jewish authorities, Christ would no longer vacillate; he would be forced into giving the signal to the populace of Jerusalem, who would then rise unanimously, for the double purpose of placing Christ at the head of an insurrectionary movement, and of throwing off the Roman yoke. As regards the worldly prospects of this scheme, it is by no means improbable that Iscariot was right. It seems, indeed, altogether impossible that he, who (as the treasurer of the apostolic fraternity) had in all likelihood the most of worldly wisdom, and was best acquainted with the temper of the times, could have made any gross blunder as to the wishes and secret designs of the populace in Jerusalem. This populace, however, not being backed by any strong section of the aristocracy, having no confidence again in any of the learned bodies connected with the great service of their national temple, neither in Scribes nor Pharisees, neither in Sadducees nor Levites, and having no leaders, were apparently dejected, and without unity. The probability meantime is, that some popular demonstration would have been made on behalf of Christ, had he himself offered it any encouragement. But we, who know the incompatibility of any such encouragement with the primary purpose of Christ's mission upon earth, know of necessity that Judas, and the populace on which he relied, must equally and simultaneously have found themselves undeceived forever. In an instant of time one grand decisive word and gesture of Christ must have put an end peremptorily to all hopes of that kind. In that brief instant, enough was made known to Judas for final despair. Whether he had ever drunk profoundly

enough from the cup of spiritual religion to understand the full meaning of Christ's refusal, not only the fact of this refusal, but also the infinity of what secretly it involved; whether he still adhered to his worldly interpretation of Christ's mission, and simply translated the refusal into a confession that all was lost, whilst in very fact all was on the brink of absolute and triumphant consummation, it is impossible for us, without documents or hints, to conjecture. Enough is apparent to show that, in reference to any hopes that could be consolatory for him, all was indeed lost. The kingdom of this world had melted away in a moment like a cloud; and it mattered little to a man of his nature that a spiritual kingdom survived, if in his heart there were no spiritual organ by which he could appropriate the new and stunning revelation. Equally he might be swallowed up by despair in the case of retaining his old worldly delusions, and finding the ground of his old anticipations suddenly giving way below his feet, or again, in the opposite case of suddenly correcting his own false constructions of Christ's mission, and of suddenly apprehending a far higher purpose; but which purpose, in the very moment of becoming intelligible, rose into a region far beyond his own frail fleshly sympathies. He might read more truly; but what of that, if the new truth, suddenly made known as a letter, were in spirit absolutely nothing at all to the inner sense of his heart? The despondency of Judas might be of two different qualities, more or less selfish; indeed, I would go so far as to say, selfish or altogether unselfish. And it is with a view to this question, and under a persuasion of a wrong done to Judas by gross mistranslation disturbing the Greek text, that I entered at all upon this little memorandum. Else what I have hitherto been attempting to explain (excepting, however, the part relating to the hakim, which is entirely my own suggestion) belongs in part to German writers. The whole construction of the Iscariot's conduct, as arising, not out of perfidy, but out of his sincere belief that some quickening impulse was called for by a morbid feature in Christ's temperament—all this, I believe, was originally due to the Germans; and it is an important correction; for it must always be important to recall within the fold of Christian forgiveness any one who has long been sequestered from human charity, and has

tenanted a Pariah grave. In the greatest and most memorable of earthly tragedies, Judas is a prominent figure. So long as the earth revolves, he cannot be forgotten. If, therefore, there is a doubt affecting his case, he is entitled to the benefit of that doubt; and if he has suffered to any extent—if simply to the extent of losing a palliation, or the shadow of a palliation—by means of a false translation from the Greek, we ought not to revise merely, or simply to mitigate his sentence, but to dismiss him from the bar. The Germans make it a question—in what spirit the Iscariot lived? My question is-in what spirit he died? If he were a traitor at last, in that case he was virtually a traitor always. If in the last hours of his connection with Christ he perpetrated a treason, and even (which is our vulgar reading of the case) a mercenary treason, then he must have been dallying with purposes of treason during all the hours of his apostleship. If, in reality, when selling his Master for money, he meant to betray him, and regarded the money as the commensurate motive for betraying him, then his case will assume a very different aspect from that impressed upon it by the German construction of the circumstances.

The life of Judas, and the death of Judas, taken apart or taken jointly, each separately upon independent grounds, or both together upon common grounds, are open to doubts and perplexities. And possibly the double perplexities, if fully before us, might turn out each to neutralize the other. Taking them jointly, we might ask-Were they, this life and this death, to be regarded as a common movement on behalf of a deep and heart-fretting Hebrew patriotism, which was not the less sincere, because it ran headlong into the unamiable form of rancorous nationality and inhuman bigotry? Were they a wild degeneration from a principle originally noble? Or, on the contrary, this life and this death, were they alike, the expression of a base, mercenary selfishness, caught and baffled in the meshes of its own chicanery? The life, if it could be appreciated in its secret principles, might go far to illustrate the probable character of the death. The death, if its circumstances were recoverable, and could be liberated from the self-contradictory details in the received report, might do something to indicate retrospectively the character and tenor of that life. The life of

Judas, under a German construction of it, as a spasmodic effort of vindictive patriotism and of rebellious ambition, noble by possibility in its grand central motive, though erring and worldlyminded of necessity in the potential circumstances of its evolution, when measured by a standard so exalted as that of Christianity, would infer (as its natural sequel) a death of fierce despair. Read under the ordinary construction as a life exposed to temptations that were petty, and frauds that were always mercenary, it could not reasonably be supposed to furnish any occasion for passions upon so great a scale as those which seem to have been concerned in the tragical end of Judas, whether the passions were those of remorse and penitential anguish, or of frantic wrath and patriotic disappointment. Leaving, however, to others the task of conjecturally restoring its faded lineaments to this mysterious record of a crime that never came before any human tribunal, I separately pursue a purpose that is narrower. I seek to recall and to recombine the elements, not of the Iscariot's life, nor of his particular offence, but simply of his death—which final event in his career, as a death marked by singular circumstances, might, if once truly deciphered, throw back some faint illustrative light, both upon the life, and upon the offense.

The reader is probably aware that there has always been an obscurity, or even a perplexity connected with the death of Judas. Two only out of the entire five documents, which record the rise and early history of Christianity, have circumstantially noticed this event. The evangelist, Mark, Luke, and John, leave it undescribed. St. Matthew and the Acts of the Apostles have bequeathed to us a picturesque account of it, which, to my own belief, has been thoroughly misunderstood; and, once being misunderstood, naturally enough has been interpreted as something fearfully preternatural. The crime, though great, of the Iscariot, has probably been much exaggerated. It was, under my interpretation, the crime of signal and earthly presumption, seeking not to thwart the purposes of Christ, still less to betray them—on the contrary, to promote them; but how?—by means utterly at war with their central spirit. As far as can be judged, it was an attempt to forward the counsels of God by weapons borrowed from the armory of darkness. . . .

KLAUSNER

The Reasoning of Judas

Legend gives to Jesus a foreknowledge of what Judas Iscariot was to do, though it is clear that had Jesus known that he was capable of betraying him, he would never have given him a place among the disciples. Jesus, therefore, in spite of his keen perception, could not have been a "discerner of hearts" in the highest sense. Judas came to Jesus from a distant part of the country, a proof that he was an exceptional man and attracted strongly by the new teaching. This alone persuaded Jesus to receive him as one of his most intimate Apostle-disciples; not till the very last did Jesus recognize in him that base character which made him a traitor.

Among the Twelve, otherwise all Galileans, was one from Judea, from the town of Kerioth. This disciple, Judas Iscariot, was at first as devoted a follower of Jesus as the best of the disciples since he was chosen to be one of the twelve Apostles who should preach the kingdom of heaven. Gradually his enthusiasm cooled and he began to look askance at his master's words and deeds.

He was gradually convinced that Jesus was not always successful in healing the sick; that Jesus feared his enemies and persecutors, and sought to escape and evade them; that there were marked contradictions in Jesus' teaching. One time he taught the observance of the Law in its minutest detail, ordaining the offering of sacrifices and submitting to priestly examination, and so forth; while at other times he permitted forbidden foods, paid little respect to Sabbath observance and the washing of hands, and hinted that "the new wine must be put in new bottles." One time he deferred to public opinion and paid the Temple half-shekel, and refused to countenance or discountenance the payment of tribute to Caesar; while another time he inveighs against the Temple and the best of the nation and the nation's rulers. One time he says, "Whosoever is not

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against us is for us," and another time, "Every one who is not with me is against me." One time he ordains, "Strive not against evil," while another time he himself rises up against the traffickers and money-changers in the Temple and takes the law into his own hands. One time he says that a man must give all his goods to the poor, and another time he allows himself to be anointed with oil of myrrh, worth three hundred dinars.

What was more, this "Messiah" neither would nor could deliver his nation, yet he arrogated to himself the role of "the Son of man coming with the clouds of heaven," asserting that he should sit at the right hand of God in the Day of Judgment, daring to say of the Temple, the most sacred place in the world, that not one stone of it should remain upon another and, actually, that he would destroy it and in its place raise up another after three days!

Judas Iscariot became convinced that here was a false Messiah or a false prophet, erring and making to err, a beguiler and one who led astray, one whom the Law commanded to be killed, one to whom the Law forbade pity or compassion or forgiveness. Till such time as Jesus divulged his messianic claims to the disciples at Caesarea Philippi, Judas had not thought to find in Jesus more than might be found in any Pharisaic Rabbi or, at the most, in a Jewish prophet. But after this revelation to the disciples at Caesarea, and to the entire people at Jerusalem, Judas expected that in the Holy City, the center of the religion and the race, Jesus would demonstrate his claims by mighty works, that he would destroy the Romans and bring the Pharisees and Sadducees to naught; then all would acknowledge his messianic claims and all would see him in his pomp and majesty as the "final savior."

But what, in fact, did Judas see? No miracles (Matthew alone tells how Jesus healed the blind and lame in the Temple, matters unknown to Mark), no mighty deeds, no one is subdued by him, the mighty Messiah escapes nightly to Bethany; except for "bold" remarks against the tradition of the elders and vain arrogance, Jesus reveals no plan by which he will effect the redemption. Was it not, then, a "religious duty" to deliver up such a "deceiver" to the government and so fulfill the law: Thou shalt exterminate the evil from thy midst?

This must have been Judas Iscariot's train of reasoning. The Gospels all say that he received payment for betraying his lord and Messiah; Matthew tells the exact amount, "thirty pieces of silver"—a number obviously derived from the passage in Zechariah. Yet it is hard to think that one who came to Jesus from afar and who followed him closely and proved himself of such merit that Jesus made him a leading disciple and sent him to preach the kingdom of heaven—that such a one as this could sell his master for gain. This could not have been the psychological cause for his action; rather was it the desperation which Judas endured because of his very proximity to Jesus and his knowledge of the human frailties of Jesus.

W.

CHAOS WITHOUT HIM

In MY view of the life, the teachings, the labors, and the sufferings of the blessed Jesus, there can be no admiration too profound; no love of which the human heart is capable too warm; no gratitude too earnest and deep of which he is justly the object.

Take away the blessings of the advent of his life and the blessings purchased by his death, in what an abyss of guilt would man have been left! It would seem to be blotting the sun out of the heavens—to leave our system in chaos, frost and darkness.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom, you particularly desire, I think the system of morals, and his religion, as he left them to us, is the best the world ever saw, or is likely to see.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

The most dangerous traitor of all is the one every man has in his own heart.

Kierkegaard

REINACH

SALOMON REINACH (1858-1932), the French archaeologist, was one of the first to interpret archaeology from an anthropological viewpoint. For twenty years he served as head of the national museums of France. His two best-known books are *Apollo*, a history of art, and *Orpheus*, a history of religion.

Is Judas Only a Legend?

A FURTHER interesting example of a legend thus concocted is the story of the traitor apostle. Judas of Kerioth is said to have shown his Master to the soldiers who came to arrest him. After the death of Jesus, remorseful Judas would not keep the money he had received for his black deed and hurled it into the sanctuary; the priests used it to purchase the potter's field, henceforth called Hakeldama, the field of blood. According to Acts, Judas bought that field himself and died there a miserable death. Now, there are verses in the Psalms (41: 9; 55: 12) mentioning the ill-treatment of the Righteous One by a "familiar friend"; there is a passage in Zechariah (11: 12, 13): "So they weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver, and the Lord said to me: Cast it unto the potter. . . . And I took the thirty pieces of silver and cast them to the potter in the house of the Lord." Whatever that may mean, it is the origin of the legend, as proved by Acts 1: 16: "This Scripture must needs have been fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost by the mouth of David spake before concerning Judas, which was guide to them that took Jesus." So the story of Judas is founded on the interpretation of obscure texts, not on tradition.

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MERITS OF ATONEMENT

I BELIEVE Jesus Christ to be the Son of God. The miracles which he wrought establish in my mind, his personal authority, and render it proper for me to believe whatever he asserts. I believe, therefore, all his declarations, as well when he declares himself to be the Son of God, as when he declares any other proposition. And I believe there is no other way of salvation than through the merits of his atonement.

DANIEL WEBSTER

HAD YOU HEARD OUR SAVIOR SPEAK

HAD you heard our Savior speak after this manner, when as yet his disciples were under no such trials, you would certainly have said within yourself: If these speeches of Jesus are true, and if, according to his prediction, governors and kings undertake to ruin and destroy those who shall profess themselves his disciples, we will believe, not only that he is a prophet, but that he has received power from God sufficient to preserve and propagate his religion; and that he would never talk in such a peremptory and discouraging manner, were he not assured that he was able to subdue the most powerful opposition that could be made against the faith and doctrine which he taught.

Addison



IX THE HISTORICAL CHRIST

H. G. WELLS

H. G. Wells (1866-1946), English novelist, historian and writer on social subjects, was all his life a passionate humanitarian. His books, which were translated into many languages, led to a better understanding between nations. His estimate of Jesus printed below is from his great work, *The Outline of History*.

Jesus, The Seed of Christianity

In the reign of Tiberius Caesar a great teacher arose out of Judea who was to liberate the intense realization of the righteousness and unchallengeable oneness of God, and of man's moral obligation to God, which was the strength of orthodox Judaism, from that greedy and exclusive narrowness with which it was so extraordinarily intermingled in the Jewish mind.

This was Jesus of Nazareth, the seed rather than the founder of Christianity . . . a being, very human, very earnest and passionate, capable of swift anger, and teaching a new and simple and profound doctrine—namely, the universal loving Fatherhood of God and the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven. He was clearly a person—to use a common phrase—of intense personal magnetism. He attracted followers and filled them with love and courage. Weak and ailing people were heartened and healed by his presence. Yet he was probably of a delicate physique, because of the swiftness with which he died under the pains of crucifixion. . . .

When he first appeared as a teacher he was a man of about thirty. He went about the country for three years spreading his doctrine, and then he came to Jerusalem and was accused of trying to set up a strange kingdom in Judea; he was tried upon this charge, and crucified together with two thieves.

This doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven, which was the main teaching of Jesus, . . . is certainly one of the most revolutionary

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doctrines that ever stirred and changed human thought. It is small wonder if the world of that time failed to grasp its full significance, and recoiled in dismay from even a half apprehension of its tremendous challenges to the established habits and institutions of mankind. It is small wonder if the hesitating convert and disciple presently went back to the old familiar ideas of temple and altar, of fierce deity and propitiatory observance, of consecrated priest and magic blessing, and—these things being attended to—reverted then to the dear old habitual life of hates and profits and competition and pride. For the doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven, as Jesus seems to have preached it, was no less than a bold and uncompromising demand for a complete change and cleansing of the life of our struggling race, an utter cleansing, without and within. To the gospels the reader must go for all that is preserved of this tremendous teaching; here we are only concerned with the jar of its impact upon established ideas.

The Jews were persuaded that God, the one God of the whole world, was a righteous god, but they also thought of him as a trading god who had made a bargain with their Father Abraham about them, a very good bargain indeed for them, to bring them at last to predominance in the earth. With dismay and anger they heard Jesus sweeping away their dear securities. God, he taught, was no bargainer; there were no chosen people and no favorites in the Kingdom of Heaven. God was the loving father of all life, as incapable of showing favor as the universal sun. And all men were brothers—sinners alike and beloved sons alike—of this divine father. . . . All whom God takes into the kingdom, he taught, God serves alike; there is no distinction in his treatment, because there is no measure to his bounty. . . . There are no privileges, no rebates, and no excuses in the Kingdom of Heaven.

And not only did Jesus strike at patriotism and the bonds of family loyalty in the name of God's universal fatherhood and the brotherhood of all mankind, but it is clear that his teaching condemned all the gradations of the economic system, all private wealth, and personal advantages. All men belonged to the kingdom; all their possessions belonged to the kingdom; the righteous life for all men, the only righteous life, was the service of God's will with

all that we had, with all that we were. Again and again he denounced private riches and the reservation of any private life.

It was not merely a moral and a social revolution that Jesus proclaimed; it is clear from a score of indications that his teaching had a political bent of the plainest sort. It is true that he said his kingdom was not of this world, that it was in the hearts of men and not upon a throne; but it is equally clear that wherever and in what measure his kingdom was set up in the hearts of men, the outer world would be in that measure revolutionized and made new.

Whatever else the deafness and blindness of his hearers may have missed in his utterances, it is plain that they did not miss his resolve to revolutionize the world. Some of the questions that were brought to Jesus and the answers he gave enable us to guess at the drift of much of his unrecorded teaching. . . .

The whole tenor of the opposition to him and the circumstances of his trial and execution show clearly that to his contemporaries he seemed to propose plainly, and did propose plainly to change and fuse and enlarge all human life. But even his disciples did not grasp the profound and comprehensive significance of that proposal. They were ridden by the old Jewish dream of a king, a Messiah to overthrow the Hellenized Herods and the Roman overlord, and restore the fabled glories of David. They disregarded the substance of his teaching, plain and direct though it was; evidently they thought it was merely his mysterious and singular way of setting about the adventure that would at last put him on the throne of Jerusalem. They thought he was just another king among the endless succession of kings, but of a quasi-magic kind, and making quasi-magic professions of an impossible virtue.

He was too great for his disciples. And in view of what he plainly said, is it any wonder that all who were rich and prosperous felt a horror of strange things, a swimming of their world at his teaching? Perhaps the priests and the rulers and the rich men understood him better than his followers. He was dragging out all the little private reservations they had made from social service into the light of a universal religious life. He was like some terrible moral huntsman digging mankind out of the snug burrows in which they had lived hitherto. In the white blaze of this kingdom

of his there was to be no property, no privilege, no pride and precedence; no motive indeed and no reward but love. Is it any wonder that men were dazzled and blinded and cried out against him? Even his disciples cried out when he would not spare them the light. Is it any wonder that the priests realized that between this man and themselves there was no choice but that he or priestcraft should perish? Is it any wonder that the Roman soldiers, confronted and amazed by something soaring over their comprehension and threatening all their disciplines, should take refuge in wild laughter, and crown him with thorns and robe him in purple and make a mock Caesar of him? For to take him seriously was to enter upon a strange and alarming life, to abandon habits, to control instincts and impulses, to essay an incredible happiness. . . .

Is it any wonder that to this day this Galilean is too much for our small hearts?



A PROPHET IN ISRAEL

We accept Jesus for what he was—a Jewish teacher, a Jewish leader, a prophet in Israel, clear-visioned, tenderly loving, selfless, Godlike. More than that, we do not believe Jesus to have been.

RABBI WISE

CHRIST OF THE WORKING CLASS

THE martyred Christ of the working class, the inspired evangel of the downtrodden masses, the world's supreme revolutionary leader, whose love for the poor and the children of the poor hallowed all the days of his consecrated life, lighted up and made forever holy the dark tragedy of his death, and gave to the ages his divine inspiration and his deathless name.

EUGENE DEBS

WILL DURANT

Will Durant, born in 1885, was a student of economics and philosophy at Columbia University. One of his early works, *The Story of Philosophy*, was a sensational best-seller. Since then he has traveled all over the world collecting material for his monumental work, *The Story of Civilization*, four volumes of which are already published. This work is of splendid scholarship and of great magnitude.

The Sources

Dm Christ exist? Is the life story of the founder of Christianity the product of human sorrow, imagination, and hope—a myth comparable to the legends of Krishna, Osiris, Attis, Adonis, Dionysus, and Mithras? Early in the eighteenth century the circle of Bolingbroke, shocking even Voltaire, privately discussed the possibility that Jesus had never lived. Volney propounded the same doubt in his *Ruins of Empire* in 1791. Napoleon, meeting the German scholar Wieland in 1808, asked him no petty question of politics or war, but did he believe in the historicity of Christ? . . .

What evidence is there for Christ's existence? The earliest non-Christian reference occurs in Josephus' Antiquities of the Jews (A.D. 93?): "At that time lived Jesus, a holy man, if man he may be called, for he performed wonderful works, and taught men, and joyfully received the truth. And he was followed by many Jews and many Greeks. He was the Messiah."

There may be a genuine core in these strange lines; but the high praise given to Christ by a Jew uniformly anxious to please either the Romans or the Jews—both at that time in conflict with Christianity—renders the passage suspect, and Christian scholars reject it as almost certainly an interpolation. There are references to "Yeshu'a of Nazareth" in the Talmud, but they are too late in date to be certainly more than counterechoes of Christian thought. The oldest known mention of Christ in pagan literature is in a

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letter of the younger Pliny (about A.D. 110), asking the advice of Trajan on the treatment of Christians. Five years later Tacitus described Nero's persecution of the Chrestiani in Rome, and pictured them as already (A.D. 64) numbering adherents throughout the Empire; the paragraph is so Tacitean in style, force, and prejudice that of all Biblical critics only Drews questions its authenticity. Suetonius (about A.D. 125) mentions the same persecution, and reports Claudius' banishment (about A.D. 52) of "Jews who, stirred up by Christ [impulsore Chresto], were causing public disturbances," the passage accords well with the Acts of the Apostles, which mentions a decree of Claudius that "the Jews should leave Rome." These references prove the existence of Christians rather than of Christ; but unless we assume the latter we are driven to the improbable hypothesis that Jesus was invented in one generation; moreover, we must suppose that the Christian community in Rome had been established some years before 52, to merit the attention of an imperial decree. About the middle of this first century a pagan named Thallus, in a fragment preserved by Julius Africanus, argued that the abnormal darkness alleged to have accompanied the death of Christ was a purely natural phenomenon and coincidence; the argument took the existence of Christ for granted. The denial of that existence seems never to have occurred even to the bitterest gentile or Jewish opponents of nascent Christianity.

The Christian evidence for Christ begins with the letters ascribed to St. Paul. Some of these are of uncertain authorship; several, antedating A.D. 64, are almost universally accounted as substantially genuine. No one has questioned the existence of Paul, or his repeated meetings with Peter, James, and John; and Paul enviously admits that these men had known Christ in the flesh. The accepted epistles frequently refer to the Last Supper and the Crucifixion.

Matters are not so simple as regards the Gospels. The four that have come down to us are survivors from a much larger number that once circulated among the Christians of the first two centuries. Our English term gospel (Old English godspel, good news) is a rendering of the Greek euangelion, which is the opening

word of Mark, and means "glad tidings"—that the Messiah had come, and the Kingdom of God was at hand. The Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke are "synoptic": their contents and episodes allow of being arranged in parallel columns and "viewed together." They were written in the Greek koiné of popular speech, and were no models of grammar or literary finish; nevertheless, the directness and force of their simple style, the vivid power of their analogies and scenes, the depth of their feeling, and the profound fascination of the story they tell give even the rude originals a unique charm, immensely enhanced for the English world by the highly inaccurate but lordly version made for King James.

The oldest extant copies of the Gospels go back only to the third century. The original compositions were apparently written between A.D. 60 and 120, and were therefore exposed to two centuries of errors in transcription, and to possible alterations to suit the theology or aims of the copyist's sect or time. Christian writers before 100 quote the Old, but never the New, Testament. The only reference to a Christian gospel before 150 is in Papias, who, about 135, reports an unidentified "John the Elder" as saying that Mark had composed his gospel from memories conveyed to him by Peter. Papias adds, "Matthew transcribed in Hebrew the Logia"—apparently an early Aramaic collection of the sayings of Christ. Probably Paul had some such document, for though he mentions no gospels he occasionally quotes the direct words of Jesus. Criticism generally agrees in giving the Gospel of Mark priority, and in dating it between 65 and 70. Since it sometimes repeats the same matter in different forms, it is widely believed to have been based upon the Logia, and upon another early narrative which may have been the original composition of Mark himself. Our Gospel of Mark was apparently circulated while some of the apostles, or their immediate disciples, were still alive; it seems unlikely, therefore, that it differed substantially from their recollection and interpretation of Christ. We may conclude, with the brilliant but judicious Schweitzer, that the Gospel of Mark is in essentials "genuine history."

Orthodox tradition placed Matthew's Gospel first. Irenaeus describes it as originally composed in "Hebrew"—i.e., Aramaic; but

it has come down to us only in Greek. Since in this form it apparently copies Mark, and probably also the Logia, criticism inclines to ascribe it to a disciple of Matthew rather than to the "publican" himself; even the most skeptical students, however, concede to it as early a date as A.D. 85-90. Aiming to convert Jews, Matthew relies more than the other evangelists on the miracles ascribed to Jesus, and is suspiciously eager to prove that many Old Testament prophecies were fulfilled in Christ. Nevertheless, it is the most moving of the four Gospels, and must be ranked among the unconscious masterpieces of the world's literature.

The Gospel according to St. Luke, generally assigned to the last decade of the first century, announces its desire to co-ordinate and reconcile earlier accounts of Jesus, and aims to convert not Jews but gentiles. Very probably Luke was himself a gentile, the friend of Paul, and the author of the Acts of the Apostles. Like Matthew he borrows much from Mark. Of the 661 verses in the received text of Mark over 600 are reproduced in Matthew, and 350 in Luke, mostly word for word. Many passages in Luke that are not in Mark occur in Matthew, again nearly verbatim; apparently Luke borrowed these from Matthew, or Luke and Matthew took them from a common source, now lost. Luke works up these candid borrowings with some literary skill; Renan thought this Gospel the most beautiful book ever written.

The Fourth Gospel does not pretend to be a biography of Jesus; it is a presentation of Christ from the theological point of view, as the divine Logos or Word, creator of the world and redeemer of mankind. It contradicts the synoptic gospels in a hundred details and in its general picture of Christ. The half-Gnostic character of the work, and its emphasis on metaphysical ideas, have led many Christian scholars to doubt that its author was the apostle John. Experience suggests, however, that an old tradition must not be too quickly rejected; our ancestors were not all fools. Recent studies tend to restore the Fourth Gospel to a date near the end of the first century. Probably tradition was correct in assigning to the same author the "Epistles of John"; they speak the same ideas in the same style.

In summary, it is clear that there are many contradictions be-

tween one gospel and another, many dubious statements of history, many suspicious resemblances to the legends told of pagan gods, many incidents apparently designed to prove the fulfillment of Old Testament prophecies, many passages possibly aiming to establish a historical basis for some later doctrine or ritual of the Church. The evangelists shared with Cicero, Sallust, and Tacitus the conception of history as a vehicle for moral ideas. And presumably the conversations and speeches reported in the Gospels were subject to the frailties of illiterate memories, and the errors or emendations of copyists.

All this granted, much remains. The contradictions are of minutiae not substance; in essentials the synoptic gospels agree remarkably well, and form a consistent portrait of Christ. . . . Despite the prejudices and theological preconceptions of the evangelists, they record many incidents that mere inventors would have concealed—the competition of the apostles for high places in the Kingdom, their flight after Jesus' arrest, Peter's denial, the failure of Christ to work miracles in Galilee, the references of some auditors to his possible insanity, his early uncertainty as to his mission, his confessions of ignorance as to the future, his moments of bitterness, his despairing cry on the cross; no one reading these scenes can doubt the reality of the figure behind them. That a few simple men should in one generation have invented so powerful and appealing a personality, so lofty an ethic and so inspiring a vision of human brotherhood, would be a miracle far more incredible than any recorded in the Gospels. After two centuries of Higher Criticism the outlines of the life, character, and teaching of Christ, remain reasonably clear, and constitute the most fascinating feature in the history of Western man.

THE GROWTH OF JESUS

Both Matthew and Luke assign Jesus' birth to "the days when Herod was king of Judea"—consequently before 3 B.C. Luke, however, describes Jesus as "about thirty years old" when John baptized him "in the fifteenth year of Tiberius"—i.e., A.D. 28-29; this would place Christ's birth in the year 2-1 B.C. Luke adds that "in those days there went out a decree of Caesar Augustus

that all the world should be taxed . . . when Quirinius was governor of Syria." Quirinius is known to have been legate in Syria between A.D. 6 and 12; Josephus notes a census by him in Judea, but ascribes it to A.D. 6-7; we have no further mention of this census. Tertullian records a census of Judea by Saturninus, governor of Syria 8-7 B.C.; if this is the census that Luke had in mind, the birth of Christ would have to be placed before 6 B.C. We have no knowledge of the specific day of his birth. Clement of Alexandria (ca. 200) reports diverse opinions on the subject in his day, some chronologists dating the birth April 19, some May 20; he himself assigned it to November 17, 3 B.G. As far back as the second century the Eastern Christians celebrated the Nativity on January 6. In 354 some Western churches, including those of Rome, commemorated the birth of Christ on December 25; this was then erroneously calculated as the winter solstice, on which the days begin to lengthen; it was already the central festival of Mithraism, the natalis invicti solis, or birthday of the unconquered sun. The Eastern churches clung for a time to January 6, and charged their Western brethren with sun worship and idolatry, but by the end of the fourth century December 25 had been adopted also in the East.

Matthew and Luke place the birth of Christ in Bethlehem, five miles south of Jerusalem; thence, they tell us, the family moved to Nazareth in Galilee. Mark makes no mention of Bethlehem, but merely names Christ "Jesus of Nazareth." His parents gave him the quite common name Yeshu'a (our Joshua), meaning "the help of Yahveh"; the Greeks made this into *Iesous*, the Romans into *Iesus*.

He was apparently one of a large family, for his neighbors, marveling at his authoritative teaching, asked, "Where did he get this wisdom, and the power to do these wonders? Is he not the carpenter's son? Is not his mother named Mary, and are not his brothers named James, Joseph, Simon, and Judas? And do not his sisters live here among us?" Luke tells the story of the Annunciation with some literary art, and puts into the mouth of Miriam—Mary—that Magnificat which is one of the great poems embedded in the New Testament. . . .

The evangelists tell us little of Christ's youth. When he was eight days old he was circumcized. Joseph was a carpenter, and the occupational heredity usual in that age suggests that Jesus followed that pleasant trade for a time. He knew the craftsmen of his village, and the landlords, stewards, tenants, and slaves of his rural surroundings; his speech is studded with them. He was sensitive to the natural beauties of the countryside, to the grace and color of flowers, and the silent fruitfulness of trees. The story of his questioning the scholars in the temple is not incredible; he had an alert and curious mind, and in the Near East a boy of twelve already touches maturity. But he had no formal education. "How is it," his neighbors asked, "that this man can read when he has never gone to school?" He attended the synagogue, and heard the Scriptures with evident delight; the Prophets and the Psalms above all sank deep into his memory, and helped to mold him. Perhaps he read also the books of Daniel and Enoch, for his later teaching was shot through with their visions of the Messiah, the Last Judgment, and the coming Kingdom of God.

The air he breathed was tense with religious excitement. Thousands of Jews awaited anxiously the Redeemer of Israel. Magic and witchcraft, demons and angels, "possession" and exorcism, miracles and prophecies, divination and astrology were taken for granted everywhere; probably the story of the Magi was a necessary concession to the astrological convictions of the age. Thaumaturgists—wonder-workers—toured the towns. On the annual journeys that all good Palestinian Jews made to Jerusalem for the Passover festival, Jesus must have learned something of the Essenes, and their half-monastic, almost Buddhistic, life; possibly he heard also of a sect called "Nazarenes," who dwelt beyond the Jordan in Peraea, rejected Temple worship, and denied the binding character of the Law. But the experience that aroused him to religious fervor was the preaching of John, the son of Mary's cousin Elizabeth. . . .

THE MISSION

When John was imprisoned Jesus took up the Baptist's work, and began to preach the coming of the Kingdom. He "returned to Galilee," says Luke, "and taught in the synagogues." We have an

impressive picture of the young idealist taking his turn at reading the Scriptures to the congregation at Nazareth, and choosing a passage from Isaiah:

The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach glad tidings to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set the down-trodden free.

"The eyes of everyone in the synagogue," Luke adds, "were fixed upon him. And he began by saying to them, 'This passage of Scripture has been fulfilled here in your hearing today.' And they all spoke well of him, and were astonished at the winning words that fell from his lips." When the news came that John had been beheaded, and his followers sought a new leader, Jesus assumed the burden and the risk, at first retiring cautiously to quiet villages, always refraining from political controversy, then more and more boldly proclaiming the gospel of repentance, belief, and salvation. Some of his hearers thought he was John risen from the dead.

It is difficult to see him objectively, not only because the evidence is derived from those who worshiped him, but even more because our own moral heritage and ideals are so closely bound up with him and formed on his example that we feel injured in finding any flaw in his character. His religious sensitivity was so keen that he condemned severely those who would not share his vision; he could forgive any fault but unbelief. There are in the Gospels some bitter passages quite out of key with what else we are told about Christ. He seems to have taken over without scrutiny the harshest contemporary notions of an everlasting hell where unbelievers and unrepentant sinners would suffer from inextinguishable fire and insatiable worms. He tells without protest how the poor man in heaven was not permitted to let a single drop of water fall upon the tongue of the rich man in hell. He counsels nobly, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," but he cursed the men and cities that would not receive his gospel, and the fig tree that bore no fruit. He may have been a bit harsh to his mother. He had the puritan zeal of the Hebrew prophet rather than the broad

calm of the Greek sage. His convictions consumed him; righteous indignation now and then blurred his profound humanity; his faults were the price he paid for that passionate faith which enabled him to move the world.

For the rest he was the most lovable of men. We have no portrait of him, nor do the evangelists describe him; but he must have had some physical comeliness, as well as spiritual magnetism, to attract so many women as well as men. We gather from stray words that, like other men of that age and land, he wore a tunic under a cloak, had sandals on his feet, and probably a cloth headdress falling over his shoulders to shield him from the sun. Many women sensed in him a sympathetic tenderness that aroused in them an unstinted devotion. The fact that only John tells the story of the woman taken in adultery is no argument against its truth; it does not help John's theology, and is completely in character with Christ. The episode is found also in some old manuscripts of Mark and Luke; it was expunged from later texts, perhaps through fear of encouraging immorality.] Of like beauty, and hardly within the inventive powers of the evangelists, is the account of the prostitute who, moved by his ready acceptance of repentant sinners, knelt before him, anointed his feet with precious myrrh, let her tears fall upon them, and dried them with her hair; of her Jesus said that her sins were forgiven "because she loved much." We are told that mothers brought their children to be touched by him, and "he took the children in his arms, laid his hands upon them, and blessed them."

Unlike the prophets, the Essenes, and the Baptist, he was no ascetic. He is represented as providing abundant wine for a marriage feast, as living with "publicans and sinners," and receiving a Magdalene into his company. He was not hostile to the simple joys of life, though he was unbiologically harsh on the desire of a man for a maid. Occasionally he partook of banquets in the homes of rich men. Generally, however, he moved among the poor, even among the almost untouchable Amhaarez so scorned and shunned by Sadducees and Pharisees alike. Realizing that the rich would never accept him, he built his hopes upon an overturn that would make the poor and humble supreme in the coming King-

dom. . . . Jesus was not without intellect; he answered the tricky questions of the Pharisees with almost a lawyer's skill, and yet with wisdom; no one could confuse him, even in the face of death. But his powers of mind were not intellectual, did not depend upon knowledge; they were derived from keenness of perception, intensity of feeling, and singleness of purpose. He did not claim omniscience; he could be surprised by events; only his earnestness and enthusiasm led him to overestimate his capacities, as in Nazareth and Jerusalem. That his powers were nevertheless exceptional seems proved by his miracles.

Probably these were in most cases the result of suggestion—the influence of a strong and confident spirit upon impressionable souls. His presence was itself a tonic; at his optimistic touch the weak grew strong and the sick were made well. The fact that like stories have been told of other characters in legend and history does not prove that the miracles of Christ were myths. With a few exceptions they are not beyond belief; similar phenomena may be observed almost any day at Lourdes, and doubtless occurred in Jesus' time at Epidaurus and other centers of psychic healing in the ancient world; the apostles too would work such cures. The psychological nature of the miracles is indicated by two features: Christ himself attributed his cures to the "faith" of those whom he healed; and he could not perform miracles in Nazareth, apparently because the people there looked upon him as "the carpenter's son," and refused to believe in his unusual powers; hence his remark that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house." We are told of Mary Magdalene that "seven demons had been driven out of her"; i.e., she suffered from nervous diseases and seizures (the word recalls the theory of "possession"); these seemed to abate in the presence of Jesus; therefore she loved him as one who had restored her to life, and whose nearness was indispensable to her sanity. In the case of Jairus' daughter Christ said frankly that the girl was not dead but asleep—perhaps in a cataleptic state; in calling upon her to awake he used not his wonted gentleness but the sharp command, "Little girl, get up!" This is not to say that Jesus considered his miracles to be purely natural phenomena; he felt that he could work them

only through the help of a divine spirit within him. We do not know that he was wrong, nor can we yet set limits to the powers that lie potential in the thought and will of man. Jesus himself seems to have experienced a psychical exhaustion after his miracles. He was reluctant to attempt them, forbade his followers to advertise them, reproved men for requiring a "sign," and regretted that even his apostles accepted him chiefly because of the "wonders" he performed.

These men were hardly of the type that one would have chosen to remold the world. The Gospels realistically differentiate their characters, and honestly expose their faults. They were frankly ambitious; to quiet them Jesus promised that at the Last Judgment they would sit upon twelve thrones and judge the twelve tribes of Israel. When the Baptist was imprisoned one of his followers, Andrew, attached himself to Jesus, and brought with him his brother Simon, whom Christ called Cephas—"the rock"; the Greeks translated the name into Petros. Peter is a thoroughly human figure, impulsive, earnest, generous, jealous, at times timid to the point of a forgivable cowardice. He and Andrew were fishermen on the Lake of Galilee; so were the two sons of Zebedee-James and John; these four forsook their work and their families to become an inner circle about Christ. Matthew was the collector of customs at the frontier town of Capernaum; he was a "publican"—i.e., a man engaged in public or state business, therefore in this case serving Rome, and hated by every Jew who longed for freedom. Judas of Kerioth was the only one of the apostles who did not come from Galilee. The Twelve pooled their material possessions, and entrusted Judas with their common funds. As they followed Christ in his missionary wandering they lived on the country, taking their food now and then from the fields they passed, and accepting the hospitality of converts and friends. In addition to the Twelve Jesus appointed seventy-two others as disciples, and sent two of them to each town that he intended to visit. He bade them "carry no purse, nor wallet, nor shoes." Kindly and pious women joined the apostles and disciples, contributed to their support, and performed for them those solicitous domestic functions which are the supreme consolation of male life. Through that little band, lowly and letterless, Christ sent his gospel into the world.

THE GOSPEL

He taught with the simplicity required by his audiences, with interesting stories that insinuated his lessons into the understanding, with pungent aphorisms rather than with reasoned argument, and with similes and metaphors as brilliant as any in literature. The parable form that he used was customary in the East, and some of his fetching analogies had come down to him, perhaps unconsciously, from the prophets, the psalmists, and the rabbis; nevertheless, the directness of his speech, the vivid colors of his imagery, the warm sincerity of his nature lifted his utterances to the most inspired poetry. Some of his sayings are obscure, some seem at first sight unjust, some are sharp with sarcasm and bitterness; nearly all of them are models of brevity, clarity, and force.

His starting point was the Gospel of John the Baptist, which itself went back to Daniel and Enoch; historia non facit saltum. The Kingdom of Heaven was at hand, he said; soon God would put an end to the reign of wickedness on earth; the Son of man would come "on the clouds of the sky" to judge all humanity, living and dead. The time for repentance was running out; those who repented, lived justly, loved God, and put their faith in his messenger would inherit the Kingdom, would be raised to power and glory in a world at last freed from all evil, suffering, and death. . . .

Many have interpreted the Kingdom as a communist utopia, and have seen in Christ a social revolutionist. The Gospels provide some evidence for this view. Christ obviously scorned the man whose chief purpose in life is to amass money and luxuries. He promised hunger and woe to the rich and filled, and comforted the poor with Beatitudes that pledged them the Kingdom. To the rich youth who asked what he should do besides keeping the commandments, Christ answered, "Sell your property, give your money to the poor, and . . . follow me." Apparently the apostles interpreted the Kingdom as a revolutionary inversion of the existing relationships between the rich and the poor; we shall find them and the early Christians forming a communistic band which "had all things in common."

The charge on which Jesus was condemned was that he had plotted to make himself "King of the Jews."

But a conservative can also quote the New Testament to his purpose. Christ made a friend of Matthew, who continued to be an agent of the Roman power; he uttered no criticism of the civil government, took no known part in the Jewish movement for national liberation, and counseled a submissive gentleness hardly smacking of political revolution. He advised the Pharisees to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." . . . The revolution he sought was a far deeper one, without which reforms could only be superficial and transitory. If he could cleanse the human heart of selfish desire, cruelty, and lust, utopia would come of itself, and all those institutions that rise out of human greed and violence, and the consequent need for law, would disappear. Since this would be the profoundest of all revolutions, beside which all others would be mere coups d'état of class ousting class and exploiting in its turn, Christ was in this spiritual sense the greatest revolutionist in history.

His achievement lay not in ushering in a new state, but in outlining an ideal morality. His ethical code was predicated on the early coming of the Kingdom, and was designed to make men worthy of entering it. Hence the Beatitudes, with their unprecedented exaltation of humility, poverty, gentleness, and peace; the counsel to turn the other cheek, and be as little children (no paragons of virtue!); the indifference to economic provision, property, government; the preference of celibacy to marriage; the command to abandon all family ties: these were not rules for ordinary life, they were a semimonastic regimen fitting men and women for election by God into an imminent Kingdom in which there would be no law, no marriage, no sexual relations, no property, and no war. Jesus praised those who "leave house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children," even those "who make themselves eunuchs, for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake"; obviously this was intended for a devoted religious minority, not for a continuing society. . . .

Were these moral ideas new? Nothing is new except arrangement. The central theme of Christ's preaching—the coming Judgment and Kingdom—was already a century old among the Jews.

The Law had long since inculcated brotherhood: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," said Leviticus; even "the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself." Exodus had commanded the Jews to do good to their enemies. Jeremiah and Isaiah had counseled, "Let him give his cheek to him that smiteth him." The prophets, too, had ranked a good life above all ritual; and Isaiah and Hosea had begun to change Yahveh from a Lord of Hosts into a God of Love. Hillel, like Confucius, had phrased the Golden Rule. We must not hold it against Jesus that he inherited and used the rich moral lore of his people.

For a long time Christ thought of himself purely as a Jew, sharing the ideas of the prophets, continuing their work, and preaching like them only to Jews. In dispatching his disciples to spread his gospel he sent them only to Jewish cities; "go not into the way of the gentiles, nor into the city of the Samaritans"; hence the apostles, after his death, hesitated to bring the Good News to the "heathen" world. When he met the Samaritan woman at the well he told her, "Salvation is of the Jews"-though we must not judge him from words perhaps put into his mouth by one who was not present, and who wrote sixty years after the event. When a Canaanite woman asked him to heal her daughter, he at first refused, saying, "I was sent only to the lost sheep of Israel." He told the leper whom he had cured to "go to the priest and . . . offer the gift that Moses prescribed." "Do everything that the scribes and Pharisees tell you, and observe it all; but do not do as they do." In suggesting modifications and mitigations of the Judaic Law Jesus, like Hillel, did not think that he was overthrowing it; "I came not to destroy the Law of Moses but to fulfill it." "It is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for one tittle of the Law to fail."

Nevertheless, he transformed everything by the force of his character and his feeling. . . . He brought religion back from ritual to righteousness, and condemned conspicuous prayers, showy charities, and ornate funerals. He left the impression, at times, that the Judaic Law would be abrogated by the coming of the Kingdom.

Jews of all sects except the Essenes opposed his innovations, and especially resented his assumption of authority to forgive sins

and to speak in the name of God. They were shocked to see him associate with the hated employees of Rome, and with women of low repute. The priests of the Temple and the members of the Sanhedrin watched his activity with suspicion; like Herod with John, they saw in it the semblance or cover of a political revolution; they feared lest the Roman procurator should accuse them of neglecting their responsibility for maintaining social order. They were a bit frightened by Christ's promise to destroy the Temple, and not quite sure that it was only a metaphor. . . .

The final break came from Jesus' growing conviction and clear announcement that he was the Messiah. At first his followers had looked upon him as the successor to John the Baptist; gradually they came to believe that he was the long-awaited Redeemer who would raise Israel out of Roman bondage and establish the reign of God on earth. "Lord," they asked him, "will you at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" He put them off by saying, "It is not for you to know the times and seasons which the Father has set." . . . When, on the last Monday before his death, he approached Jerusalem to make a final appeal to the people, "the whole throng of his disciples" greeted him with the words, "Blessed is the king who comes in the name of the Lord"; and when some Pharisees asked him to reprove this salutation, he answered, "I tell you, if they keep silence, the stones will cry out." The Fourth Gospel reports that the crowd hailed him as "King of Israel." Apparently his followers still thought of him as a political Messiah, who would overthrow the Roman power and make Judea supreme. It was these acclamations that doomed Christ to a revolutionist's death.



THE life of Christ . . . has the decisiveness of a supreme ideal, and that is why the history of the world divides at this point of time.

RENAN

At the age of fifteen, Renan, who was born in Breton in 1823, came to Paris to equip himself for his life's labors. He set to work to learn Chaldean, Syrian and Hebrew. At twenty-four he wrote a History of Semitic Languages. This was followed by studies in the History of Religion, and new translations of the Book of Job and The Song of Songs.

At thirty-four he joined an archaeological mission to the Holy Land, and it was here that he began his now famous The Life of Jesus. On his return to Paris he became professor of Hebrew at the College de France. But in his opening lecture he spoke of Christ as a historical figure, "an incomparable man" who changed the destiny of mankind. He did not speak of Christ the Messiah. The traditional scholastic air was disturbed. While the students applauded, others frowned and proclaimed this lecture a breach of the public peace. He was dismissed.

Soon after this occurrence appeared his *The Life of Jesus*. The publication of this volume in June, 1863 was a sensation. Before the end of the year eight editions were snatched up by a greedy public and translations appeared in German, Italian, Dutch and English. Five different German translations were published in a single year.

Renan was now famous and financially independent. He had succeeded without the comfort and protection of the College de France. Each word that fell from his lips was printed in the daily press. His *The Life of Jesus* was on every library table. There was only one subject for conversation, the Renan controversy.

But he did not rest on these laurels. He turned his attention to the Origins of Christianity and the History of Israel, a labor that was not completed until he was sixty.

Anatole France, reviewing Renan's five-volume History of Israel, wrote, "I may perhaps be understood when I say that faith does not possess him, but that he possesses faith. Thus happily endowed by nature for his work, he has also prepared himself for it with thoroughness. Born an artist, he has made himself a scholar. His youth was devoted to a fierce labor. For twenty years he studied night and day, and he acquired such a habit of toil that he can accomplish immense tasks in his maturity with all the calm of a contemplative genius. Today, everything is easy to him, and he renders everything easy to us."

There had been many lives of Jesus before, but Renan was the first

to accomplish a true biography, bringing to his work the mature scholarship of historian and philologist. He dared approach the Gospels not as scriptures but as historical documents.

The angry criticism evoked by the publication of this volume has long subsided. Its profound erudition and logical deductions have endured for almost a century. And of all the thousands of published lives of Jesus, Renan's is the only one to attain the stature of a modern classic.

Two chapters which illustrate the scope of Renan's scholarship are here reprinted. The first gives us a full picture of that strange historical setting into which Jesus was born. Here we see how the soil was ready for the seed. Only a historian could have drawn this picture. The second chapter, printed in the philosophical section of this volume, gives us the full scope of Renan's philosophy as he sums up the significance of the work of Jesus.

Political Background

As the cooled earth no longer permits us to understand the phenomena of primitive creation, because the fire which penetrated it is extinct, so deliberate explanations have always appeared somewhat insufficient, when applying our timid methods of induction to the revolutions of the creative epochs which have decided the fate of humanity. Jesus lived at one of those times when the game of public life is freely played, and when the stake of human activity is increased a hundredfold. Every great part, then, entails death; for such movements suppose liberty and an absence of preventive measures, which could not exist without a terrible alternative. In these days, man risks little and gains little. In heroic periods of human activity, man risked all and gained all. The good and the wicked, or at least those who believe themselves and are believed to be such, form opposite armies. The apotheosis is reached by the scaffold; characters have distinctive features, which engrave them as eternal types in the memory of men. . . .

If the government of the world were a speculative problem, and the greatest philosopher were the man best fitted to tell his fellows what they ought to believe, it would be from calmness and reflection that those great moral and dogmatic truths called religions would proceed. But it is not so. . . . Buddhism itself, whose origin is in pure thought, has conquered one-half of Asia by motives wholly political and moral. As to the Semitic religions, they are as little philosophical as possible. Moses and Mahomet were not men of speculation; they were men of action. It was in proposing action to their fellow-countrymen, and to their contemporaries, that they governed humanity. Jesus, in like manner, was not a theologian, or a philosopher, having a more or less well-composed system. In order to be a disciple of Jesus, it was not necessary to sign any formulary, or to pronounce any confession of faith; one thing only was necessary—to be attached to him, to love him. He never disputed about God, for he felt Him directly in himself. The rock of metaphysical subtleties, against which Christianity broke from the third century, was in nowise created by the Founder. Jesus had neither dogma nor system, but a fixed personal resolution, which, exceeding in intensity every other created will, directs to this hour the destinies of humanity.

The Jewish people had the advantage, from the captivity of Babylon up to the Middle Ages, of being in a state of the greatest tension. This is why the interpreters of the spirit of the nation during this long period seemed to write under the action of an intense fever, which placed them constantly either above or below reason, rarely in its middle path. Never did man seize the problem of the future and of his destiny with a more desperate courage, more determined to go to extremes. Not separating the lot of humanity from that of their little race, the Jewish thinkers were the first who sought for a general theory of the progress of our species. . . . The Jews . . . thanks to a kind of prophetic sense which renders the Semite at times marvelously apt to see the great lines of the future, has made history enter into religion. Perhaps he owes a little of this spirit to Persia. Persia, from an ancient period, conceived the history of the world as a series of evolutions, over each of which a prophet presided. Each prophet had his hazar, or reign of a thousand years (chiliasm). . . . At the end of the time when the cycle of chiliasms shall be exhausted, the complete paradise will come. Men then will live happy; the earth will be as one plain; there will be only one language, one law, and one govern-

ment for all. But this advent will be preceded by terrible calamities. . . . These ideas ran through the world, and penetrated even to Rome. . . . The book of Daniel, the book of Enoch, and certain parts of the Sibylline books, are the Jewish expression of the same theory. These thoughts were certainly far from being shared by all; they were only embraced at first by a few persons of lively imagination, who were inclined toward strange doctrines. . . . But the great achievements of a people are generally wrought by the minority. Notwithstanding all their enormous defects, hard, egotistical, scoffing, cruel, narrow, subtle, and sophistical, the Jewish people are the authors of the finest movement of disinterested enthusiasm which history records. Opposition always makes the glory of a country. The greatest men of a nation are those whom it puts to death. Socrates was the glory of the Athenians, who would not suffer him to live among them. Spinoza was the greatest Jew of modern times, and the synagogue expelled him with ignominy. Jesus was the glory of the people of Israel, who crucified him.

A gigantic dream haunted for centuries the Jewish people, constantly renewing its youth in its decrepitude. A stranger to the theory of individual recompense, which Greece diffused under the name of the immortality of the soul, Judea concentrated all its power of love and desire upon the national future. She thought she possessed divine promises of a boundless future; and as the bitter reality, from the ninth century before our era, gave more and more the dominion of the world to physical force, and brutally crushed these aspirations, she took refuge in the union of the most impossible ideas, and attempted the strangest gyrations. Before the captivity, when all the earthly hopes of the nation had become weakened by the separation of the northern tribes, they dreamt of the restoration of the house of David, the reconciliation of the two divisions of the people, and the triumph of theoracy and the worship of Jehovah over idolatry. . . .

The victory of Cyrus seemed at one time to realize all that had been hoped. The grave disciples of the Avesta and the adorers of Jehovah believed themselves brothers. . . . The prophetic tone of many of the teachings of Iran had much analogy with certain compositions of Hosea and Isaiah. . . . But the triumphal and

often cruel entry of Greek and Roman civilization into Asia, threw it [Israel] back upon its dreams. More than ever it invoked the Messiah as judge and avenger of the people. A complete renovation, a revolution which should shake the world to its very foundation, was necessary in order to satisfy the enormous thirst of vengeance excited in it by the sense of its superiority, and by the sight of its humiliation.

If Israel had possessed the spiritualistic doctrine, which divides man in two parts—the body and the soul—and finds it quite natural that while the body decays, the soul should survive, this paroxysm of rage and of energetic protestation would have had no existence. But such a doctrine, proceeding from the Grecian philosophy, was not in the traditions of the Jewish mind. The ancient Hebrew writings contain no trace of future rewards or punishments. While the idea of the solidarity of the tribe existed, it was natural that a strict retribution according to individual merits should not be thought of. So much the worse for the pious man who happened to live in an epoch of impiety; he suffered, like the rest, the public misfortunes consequent on the general irreligion. . . . With the complications which had taken place in the world since the time of Alexander, the old Temanite and Mosaic principle became still more intolerable. Never had Israel been more faithful to the Law, and yet it was subjected to the atrocious persecution of Antiochus. Only a declaimer, accustomed to repeat old phrases denuded of meaning, would dare to assert that these evils proceeded from the unfaithfulness of the people. What! these victims who died for their faith, these heroic Maccabees, this mother with her seven sons, will Jehovah forget them eternally? Will he abandon them to the corruption of the grave? . . . But the mass of the people could not be contented with that. Some, attaching themselves to the principle of philosophical immortality, imagined the righteous living in the memory of God, glorious forever in the remembrance of men, and judging the wicked who had persecuted them. "They live in the sight of God; . . . they are known of God." That was their reward. Others, especially the Pharisees, had recourse to the doctrine of the resurrection. The righteous will live again in order to participate in the Messianic reign. They will live again in the flesh,

and for a world of which they will be the kings and the judges; they will be present at the triumph of their ideas and at the humiliation of their enemies.

We find among the ancient people of Israel only very indecisive traces of this fundamental dogma. The Sadducee, who did not believe it, was in reality faithful to the old Jewish doctrine; it was the Pharisee, the believer in the resurrection, who was the innovator. But in religion it is always the zealous sect which innovates, which progresses, and which has influence. Besides this, the resurrection, an idea totally different from that of the immortality of the soul, proceeded very naturally from the anterior doctrines and from the position of the people. Combining with the belief in the Messiah, and with the doctrine of a speedy renewal of all things, it formed those apocalyptic theories which, without being articles of faith (the orthodox Sanhedrin of Jerusalem does not seem to have adopted them), pervaded all imaginations, and produced an extreme fermentation from one end of the Jewish world to the other. The total absence of dogmatic rigor caused very contradictory notions to be admitted at one time. . . . Sometimes the righteous were to await the resurrection [John 11:24]; sometimes they were to be received at the moment of death into Abraham's bosom [Luke 16:22]; sometimes the resurrection was to be general [Dan. 12:2]; sometimes it was to be reserved only for the faithful [Macc. 7:14]; sometimes it supposed a renewed earth and a new Jerusalem; sometimes it implied a previous annihilation of the universe.

Jesus, as soon as he began to think, entered into the burning atmosphere which was created in Palestine by the ideas we have just stated. These ideas were taught in no school; but they were in the very air, and his soul was early penetrated by them. Our hesitations and our doubts never reached him. On this summit of the mountain of Nazareth, where no man can sit today without an uneasy, though it may be a frivolous, feeling about his destiny, Jesus sat often untroubled by a doubt. Free from selfishness—that source of our troubles, which makes us seek with eagerness a reward for virtue beyond the tomb—he thought only of his work, of his race, and of humanity. Those mountains, that sea, that azure sky, those

high plains in the horizon, were for him not the melancholy vision of a soul which interrogates Nature upon her fate, but the certain symbol, the transparent shadow, of an invisible world, and of a new heaven.

He never attached much importance to the political events of his time, and he probably knew little about them. The court of the Herods formed a world so different to his, that he doubtless knew it only by name. Herod the Great died about the year in which Jesus was born, leaving imperishable remembrances-monuments which must compel the most malevolent posterity to associate his name with that of Solomon; nevertheless, his work was incomplete, and could not be continued. Profanely ambitious, and lost in a maze of religious controversies, this astute Idumean had the advantage which coolness and judgment, stripped of morality, give over passionate fanatics. But his idea of a secular kingdom of Israel, even if it had not been an anachronism in the state of the world in which it was conceived, would inevitably have miscarried. . . . Antipater, or Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee and of Peraea, of whom Jesus was a subject all his life, was an idle and useless prince, a favorite and flatterer of Tiberius, and too often misled by the bad influence of his second wife, Herodias. Philip, tetrarch of Gaulonitis and Batanea, into whose dominions Jesus made frequent journeys, was a much better sovereign. As to Archelaus, ethnarch of Jerusalem, Jesus could not know him, for he was about ten years old when this man, who was weak and without character, though sometimes violent, was deposed by Augustus. The last trace of self-government was thus lost to Jerusalem. United to Samaria and Idumea, Judea formed a kind of dependency of the province of Syria, in which the senator Publius Sulpicius Quirinus, well known as consul, was the imperial legate. A series of Roman procurators, subordinate in important matters to the imperial legate of Syria—Coponius, Marcus Ambivius, Annius Rufus, Valerius Gratus, and lastly (in the twenty-sixth year of our era), Pontius Pilate—followed each other, and were constantly occupied in extinguishing the volcano which was seething beneath their feet.

Continual seditions, excited by the zealots of Mosaism, did not cease, in fact, to agitate Jerusalem during all this time. The death

of the seditious was certain; but death, when the integrity of the Law was in question, was sought with avidity. To overturn the Roman eagle, to destroy the works of art raised by the Herods, in which the Mosaic regulations were not always respected—to rise up against the votive escutcheons put up by the procurators, the inscriptions of which appeared tainted with idolatry—were perpetual temptations to fanatics, who had reached that degree of exaltation which removes all care for life. Judas, son of Sariphea, Matthias, son of Margaloth, two very celebrated doctors of the law, formed against the established order a boldly aggressive party, which continued after their execution. The Samaritans were agitated by movements of a similar nature. The Law had never counted a greater number of impassioned disciples than at this time, when he already lived who, by the full authority of his genius and of his great soul, was about to abrogate it.

A movement which had much more influence upon Jesus was that of Judas the Gaulonite, or Galilean. Of all the exactions to which the country newly conquered by Rome was subjected, the census was the most unpopular. This measure, which always astonishes people unaccustomed to the requirements of great central administrations, was particularly odious to the Jews. We see that already, under David, a numbering of the people provoked violent recriminations, and the menaces of the prophets. The census, in fact, was the basis of taxation; now taxation, to a pure theocracy, was almost an impiety. God being the sole Master whom man ought to recognize, to pay tithe to a secular sovereign was, in a manner, to put him in the place of God. Completely ignorant of the idea of the State, the Jewish theocracy only acted up to its logical induction—the negation of civil society and of all government. The money of the public treasury was accounted stolen money. The census ordered by Quirinus (in the year 6 of the Christian era) powerfully reawakened these ideas, and caused a great fermentation. An insurrection broke out in the northern provinces. One Judas, of the town of Gamala, upon the eastern shore of the Lake of Tiberias, and a Pharisee named Sadoc, by denying the lawfulness of the tax, created a numerous party, which soon broke out in open revolt. The fundamental maxims of this party were—that they ought to call no man "master," this title belonging to God alone; and that liberty was better than life. . . . Judas was evidently the chief of a Galilean sect, deeply imbued with the Messianic idea, and which became a political movement. The procurator, Coponius, crushed the sedition of the Gaulonite; but the school remained, and preserved its chiefs. Under the leadership of Menahem, son of the founder, and of a certain Eleazar, his relative, we find them again very active in the last contests of the Jews against the Romans. Perhaps Jesus saw this Judas, whose idea of the Jewish revolution was so different from his own; at all events, he knew his school, and it was probably to avoid his error that he pronounced the axiom upon the penny of Caesar. Jesus, more wise, and far removed from all sedition, profited by the fault of his predecessor, and dreamed of another kingdom and another deliverance.

Galilee was thus an immense furnace wherein the most diverse elements were seething [Luke 13:1]. And extraordinary contempt of life, or, more properly speaking, a kind of longing for death, was the consequence of these agitations. Experience counts for nothing in these great fanatical movements. . . . The Roman power, very stern on the one hand, yet little disposed to meddle, permitted a good deal of liberty. Those great, brutal despotisms, terrible in repression, were not so suspicious as powers which have a faith to defend. They allowed everything up to the point when they thought it necessary to be severe. It is not recorded that Jesus was even once interfered with by the civil power, in his wandering career. Such freedom, and, above all, the happiness which Galilee enjoyed in being much less confined in the bonds of Pharisaic pedantry, gave to this district a real superiority over Jerusalem. The revolution, or, in other words, the belief in the Messiah, caused here a general fermentation. Men deemed themselves on the eve of the great renovation; the Scriptures, tortured into divers meanings, fostered the most colossal hopes. In each line of the simple writings of the Old Testament they saw the assurance, and, in a manner, the programme of the future reign, which was to bring peace to the righteous, and to seal forever the work of God.

From all time, this division into two parties, opposed in interest and spirit, had been for the Hebrew nation a principle which contributed to their moral growth. Every nation called to high destinies ought to be a little world in itself, including opposite poles. Greece presented, at a few leagues' distance from each other, Sparta and Athens—to a superficial observer, the two antipodes; but, in reality, rival sisters, necessary to one another. It was the same with Judea. Less brilliant in one sense than the development of Jerusalem, that of the North was on the whole much more fertile; the greatest achievements of the Jewish people have always proceeded thence. A complete absence of the love of Nature, bordering upon something dry, narrow, and ferocious, has stamped all the works purely Hierosolymite with a degree of grandeur, though sad, arid, and repulsive. With its solemn doctors, its insipid canonists, its hypocritical and atrabilious devotees, Jerusalem has not conquered humanity. The North has given to the world the simple Shunammite, the humble Canaanite, the impassioned Magdalene, the good foster-father Joseph, and the Virgin Mary. The North alone has made Christianity; Jerusalem, on the contrary, is the true home of that obstinate Judaism which, founded by the Pharisees, and fixed by the Talmud, has traversed the Middle Ages, and come down to us.

A beautiful external nature tended to produce a much less austere spirit—a spirit less sharply monotheistic, if I may use the expression, which imprinted a charming and idyllic character on all the dreams of Galilee. The saddest country in the world is perhaps the region round about Jerusalem. Galilee, on the contrary, was a very green, shady, smiling district, the true home of the Song of Songs, and the songs of the well-beloved. During the two months of March and April, the country forms a carpet of flowers of an incomparable variety of colors. The animals are small, and extremely gentle—delicate and lively turtle doves, bluebirds so light that they rest on a blade of grass without bending it, crested larks which venture almost under the feet of the traveler, little river tortoises with mild and lively eyes, storks with grave and modest mien, which, laying aside all timidity, allow man to come quite near them, and seem almost to invite his approach. In no country in the world do the mountains spread themselves out with more harmony, or inspire higher thoughts. Jesus seems to have had a peculiar love for them. The most important acts of his divine career took place upon the mountains. It was there that he was the most inspired; it was there that he held secret communion with the ancient prophets; and it was there that his disciples witnessed his transfiguration.

This beautiful country has now become sad and gloomy through the ever-impoverishing influence of Islamism. But still everything which man cannot destroy breathes an air of freedom, mildness, and tenderness, and at the time of Jesus it overflowed with happiness and prosperity. The Galileans were considered energetic, brave, and laborious. If we except Tiberias, built by Antipas in honor of Tiberius (about the year 15), in the Roman style, Galilee had no large towns. The country was, nevertheless, well peopled, covered with small towns and large villages, and cultivated in all parts with skill. From the ruins which remain of its ancient splendor, we can trace an agricultural people, no way gifted in art, caring little for luxury, indifferent to the beauties of form and exclusively idealistic. The country abounded in fresh streams and in fruits; the large farms were shaded with vines and fig trees; the gardens were filled with trees bearing apples, walnuts, and pomegranates. The wine was excellent, if we may judge by that which the Jews still obtain at Safed, and they drank much of it. This contented and easily satisfied life was not like the gross materialism of our peasantry, the coarse pleasures of agricultural Normandy, or the heavy mirth of the Flemish. It spiritualized itself in ethereal dreams—in a kind of poetic mysticism, blending heaven and earth. Leave the austere Baptist in his desert of Judea to preach penitence, to inveigh without ceasing, and to live on locusts in the company of jackals. Why should the companions of the bridegroom fast while the bridegroom is with them? Joy will be a part of the kingdom of God. Is she not the daughter of the humble in heart, of the men of good will?

The whole history of infant Christianity has become in this manner a delightful pastoral. A Messiah at the marriage festival—the courtesan and the good Zaccheus called to his feasts—the founders of the kingdom of heaven like a bridal procession; that is what Galilee has boldly offered, and what the world has accepted. Greece has drawn pictures of human life by sculpture and by

charming poetry, but always without backgrounds or distant receding perspectives. In Galilee were wanting the marble, the practiced workmen, the exquisite and refined language. But Galilee has created the most sublime ideal for the popular imagination; for behind its idyl moves the fate of humanity, and the light which illumines its picture is the sun of the kingdom of God.

Jesus lived and grew amidst these enchanting scenes. From his infancy, he went almost annually to the feast at Jerusalem. The pilgrimage was a sweet solemnity for the provincial Jews. Entire series of psalms were consecrated to celebrate the happiness of thus journeying in family companionship during several days in the spring across the hills and valleys, each one having in prospect the splendors of Jerusalem, the solemnities of the sacred courts, and the joy of brethren dwelling together in unity. The route which Jesus ordinarily took in these journeys was that which is followed to this day through Ginaea and Shechem. From Shechem to Jerusalem the journey is very tiresome. But the neighborhood of the old sanctuaries of Shiloh and Bethel, near which the travelers pass, keeps their interest alive. Ain-el-Haramie, the last halting-place, is a charming and melancholy spot, and few impressions equal that experienced on encamping there for the night. The valley is narrow and somber, and a dark stream issues from the rocks, full of tombs, which form its banks. It is, I think, the "valley of tears," or of dropping waters, which is described as one of the stations on the way in the delightful Eighty-fourth Psalm, and which became the emblem of life for the sad and sweet mysticism of the Middle Ages. Early the next day they would be at Jerusalem; such an expectation even now sustains the caravan, rendering the night short and slumber light.

These journeys, in which the assembled nation exchanged its ideas, and which were almost always centers of great agitation, placed Jesus in contact with the mind of his countrymen, and no doubt inspired him while still young with a lively antipathy for the defects of the official representatives of Judaism. It is supposed that very early the desert had great influence on his development, and that he made long stays there. But the God he found in the desert was not his God. It was rather the God of Job, severe and terrible,

accountable to no one. Sometimes Satan came to tempt him. He returned, then, into his beloved Galilee, and found again his heavenly Father in the midst of the green hills and the clear fountains—and among the crowds of women and children, who, with joyous soul and the song of angels in their hearts, awaited the salvation of Israel.



HOPE

I BELIEVE in the historical existence of Jesus, because I have seen the reflection of his face on the faces of the poor. With Jesus an immense hope swept through the world. That hope still lingers.

VAN PAASSEN

Christ's ideal of society involved the abolition of rank and the extinction of those badges of rank in which former inequality was incrusted. The only title to greatness was to be distinguished service at cost to self.

RAUSCHENBUSCH

GANDHI AND PASSIVE RESISTANCE

IN a conversation with his friend, the Rev. J.J. Doke, a Baptist minister of Johannesburg, Gandhi said that he got the idea of passive resistance in the spirit of Ahimsa from the sayings of Jesus, "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil," and "Love your enemies . . . pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven." And then his idea developed under the influence of the Bhagavad-Gita and Tolstoy's The Kingdom of God Is Within You.

Schweitzer

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KLAUSNER

In the foregoing excerpt from Renan we get a clear account of political conditions in the days of Jesus. But an understanding of the economic conditions at the time is also important, for those were days of stress. The great extremes of wealth and poverty created a human rub. Translating the currency of the time into our own values, we find that a pound of meat was sold for three cents, a loaf of bread for two, doves for twenty-five cents a dozen and a good slave for twenty-five dollars. On the other hand, a China silk dress cost two hundred dollars. And there were many ladies in Jerusalem at that time who owned a number of silk dresses. Such were the economic extremes of the period.

A study of these conditions is here provided by the learned scholar, Joseph Klausner, whose distinguished work, Jesus of Nazareth, presents a sympathetic Hebrew view of Jesus. In this modern work, historically informed, unbiased, and steeped in learning, Jesus emerges as a living figure, more convincing and more alive than in many other volumes. The work was originally written in Hebrew and the translation which follows is by Herbert Danby, professor at Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church.

A Hebrew View of the Last Supper

SINCE the disciples were, most of them, Galileans, they bestirred themselves and on the morning of Thursday asked Jesus where they were to eat the Passover and prepare the "Seder." This might not be done in Bethany since the rule was that in Jerusalem alone were the ceremonies to be performed. Furthermore the Passover "could be consumed only in the night" and "only by them for whom it had been prepared."

For privacy's sake, Jesus had already made the necessary arrangements with a simple Jerusalem water carrier in whose upper chamber everything was made ready for Jesus and the disciples. All, apparently, was done in secret for the same reason which compelled Jesus to lodge outside the city during that week—fear of his perse-

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cutors; and but for Judas Iscariot, Jesus and the Twelve would not have been discovered.

In the evening Jesus "and the Twelve" (including Judas Iscariot) came to the upper chamber, "and they sat down and did eat" according to the Jewish Passover rule. From this state post-Pauline Christianity begins to elaborate the various episodes. After betraying Jesus, Judas Iscariot sat with him at table. Was it conceivable that Jesus the wonder worker, Jesus the Messiah, Jesus the Son of God, was unaware of the treachery? Such is the problem raised by the uncritical belief in Jesus the Messiah.

The only possible answer was that Jesus knew of the treachery from the beginning, indicated Judas as the traitor and actually referred to him as such by name. Yet again, since the rest of the Twelve, and even Peter their leader, were terrified at the time of the arrest and escaped in every direction, was it possible that Jesus the wonder worker, Jesus the Messiah, Jesus the Son of God, did not foresee this also? Again uncritical belief makes a like answer: Jesus prophesied to Peter that the same night before the cock should crow twice, he, Peter, should deny him thrice; and so, of course, did it happen exactly.

Jesus broke the bread ("Mazzoth," the unleavened bread, "the bread of affliction"), gave it to the disciples and said to them that they should take and eat it, for "this is my body"; he also gave them to drink from his cup, saying, "this is my blood, the blood of the new covenant, which is shed for many"; and he may have added, "for the forgiveness of sins," and also, "Do this in remembrance of me," though this last occurs in neither Mark nor Matthew.

This was the origin of the rite of the "Lord's Supper" and the mystical theory of "Transubstantiation" (the conversion of the bread into the body of the Messiah, and the conversion of the wine into his blood), which induced the heathen of those days to believe that the Christians used blood for their Passover. And when, in their turn, the heathen became Christians they accused the Jews, on the basis of this Christian belief, of kneading their unleavened bread in Christian blood. But the rite arose much later than the time of Jesus.

He, as an observant Jew, celebrated the Passover "Seder" on the

night before the 14th of Nisan, since the 14th fell on the eve of the Sabbath and it was therefore not possible to kill the victim and roast it at the moment of sunset. Hillel's ruling, that the Passover was a public sacrifice abrogating the Sabbath laws, did not yet hold good among the priests who had charge over the sacrifices.

among the priests who had charge over the sacrifices.

Scripture says of the Passover, "With unleavened bread and bitter herbs shall they eat it"; therefore Jesus also ate unleavened bread with the Passover, and this is the "bread" which the Gospels refer to. He said over it the prescribed liturgical blessings ("Blessed art thou, O Lord our God! King of the universe; who bringest forth bread from the earth." "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God! King of the universe, who has sanctified us with thy commandments, and commanded us to eat unleavened bread"); he "brake it" (the usual Jewish way with the bread and "Mazzoth," which then, as with the Arabs today, was not cut with a knife . . . and gave it to his disciples, and they all ate it as they sat. Jesus and the Twelve "dipped" into the dish, and drank the first of the four cups, which he had blessed and given them all to drink (as is also the custom of the Jews today).

According to the Law they would eat bitter herbs, and these brought to Jesus' mind the "pangs of the Messiah"; they may also have drunk the four cups, following the usage laid down in the Mishna, which would seem to be fairly old. Finally they sang the Hallel, likewise an ancient use and one which gave rise to an early proverb: "The Passover is like an olive, and the Hallel splits the roofs" (the point being, to make much ado about nothing). All was in line with the religious practices of the Jews.

Jesus may have urged the disciples to remember this solemn meal (the most ceremonious of all meals among the Jews), the first "Seder" which he had celebrated in Jerusalem in their company. He may have said, "Verily I say unto you, I shall in no wise drink of the fruit of the vine till that day when I shall drink it new in the kingdom of God," since he considered the kingdom of heaven as very near, and the disciples, still less the authors of the Gospels, would not have attributed such a material sentiment to Jesus at a later stage.

But it is quite impossible to admit that Jesus would have said to

his disciples that they should eat of his body and drink of his blood, "the blood of the new covenant which was shed for many." The drinking of blood, even if it was meant symbolically, could only have aroused horror in the minds of such simple Galilean Jews; and had he expected to die within a short space of time he would not have been so disturbed when death proved imminent.

Economic Conditions

Though the Jews, in the time of Jesus, were no longer solely an agricultural people, they were still essentially an agricultural people; especially was this the case in Galilee where Jesus was born and where he began his ministry: Josephus tells us that Galilee "was wholly under cultivation and seemed to be one great garden." Particularly famous was the wheat from Galilee, from the valley of Arbel and from Chorazim and Capernaum (places mentioned in conjunction with each other both in the Gospels and in the Talmud). A good quality of wheat was also grown in Samaria (in the valley of Ain Sokher) and in Judea, at Michmash and Zanochah, and also at Apharaim, famous for its large ears of corn and the abundance of straw obtained after the threshing.

In the period of the Second Temple the Jew proved himself a skillful agriculturalist; he knew how to prepare the soil, manure it and clear it of stones and thorns. He was accustomed to terrace the hills and valleys so that the "sweeping rains" (Prov. 28:3), so violent in the Palestinian winter, should not wash away the thin layer of soil off the rocks, and he knew how to practice irrigation by means of cisterns, wells and canals.

In a normal season the Judean farmer repeated fivefold from a normal soil, while with good seasons and from fruitful soil he reaped as much as a hundredfold; and Galilee was even more fruitful than Judea. In ordinary years, if we take no account of droughts, Palestine produced bread enough not only for its population but even for exportation.

Besides grain crops (wheat, barley, spelt, oats, rye, millet and even rice, which had been brought from the east and acclimatized),

the country was rich in vegetables (cabbages, carrots, cucumbers, gourds, onions, garlic, radishes, rape-seed, lettuce, lentils, beans, peas, and acclimatized vegetables like melons, artichokes, orach, lupine, asparagus, Egyptian beans, Egyptian and Greek gourd-fruit), which provided the bulk of the ordinary food for the poorer classes; while Palestine was especially rich in fruit (grapes, olives, figs, pomegranates, charobs, citrons, cherries, plums, nuts, almonds, dates, mulberries, apples, pears, apricots, quinces, and acclimatized fruits like crustumenian pears, peaches and medlars).

The wine of Judea and Samaria was plentiful and good; the grapes were so plentiful that they were used for raisins, and so sweet that they were used to make honey. From the sour wine, vinegar was obtained. Oil too was plentiful and good, especially in Galilee. The best came from Gush Halab, the very name of which testifies to its luscious olives; we can comprehend why it should be just Yochanan of Gush Halab who, about the time of the Destruction, received the monopoly for selling Galilean oil to the merchants of Caesarea or to the Syrian Jews.

Likewise famous for oil were the districts Netopha, Meron and Thekoa in Galilee, and Shiphkon and Beth Shean in Samaria. In Judea too the olive was plentiful as is evident from the name "Mount of Olives," "Gethsemane," and the like. Palestinian olive oil was exported to Tyre and Sidon and Syria and Egypt. Another source of wealth was the date palm which produced "date palm oil" and "date honey;" according to Pliny Judea was as famous for dates as Egypt for spices, and he enumerates five varieties of Jericho dates, famous for their fine flavor and delicate odor. He also extols the balm of Ain Gedi which, according to him, was sold for twice its weight in gold.

The Jews were also shepherds, cowherds and cattlemen, and Jerusalem had a special "cattle-market." The name "Tyropaean" (cheese-market) proves that they were dairymen, too. The Jews of Transjordania trafficked in wool, and in the new portion of Jerusalem was a "Woolen-merchants' market," to the north of the city adjoining the markets of the ironworkers and carpenters, and the shops of the dealers in cotton and clothes. As for poultry, the Jews had, from very early times, reared doves and pigeons; other species

which they began to breed at a later stage were those which bear a foreign name: cocks and hens, geese and ducks.

Hunters were few, but fishermen were numerous, especially in Galilee. The Sea of Galilee contained all manner of fish, including certain very choice varieties. Countless fishing boats filled the lake which was surrounded with villages inhabited wholly by fishermen. So plentiful were the fish that they were salted and sold in Palestine and abroad; this accounts for the fact that a town on the lakeshore, which apparently bore the Hebrew name Migdal or Migdal-Nunaya, was in Greek called by the name "Tarichaea," from the word salted fish. The newly built Tiberias became the fishing center and fish market of Galilee.

Galilean fishermen who became attached to Jesus play a prominent part in the Gospels, and two of them, Simon Peter and Andrew his brother, after having been fishers in the Sea of Galilee, were called by Jesus to become "fishers of men." In the Jordan and the Mediterranean Sea fish were also plentiful, and as early as the time of Nehemiah, when the Tyrians used to bring fish, probably salted, to sell in Jerusalem (the coast towns were then in the hands of the Phoenicians and Philistines) there was a special gate called "the fishgate."

From the Dead Sea ("the Sea of Sodom") came salt, bitumen, varieties of phosphorus and tar, for home consumption or export. Pliny tells us that "Judean pitch" was world-famous, and to this day bitumen is known by the name of "Jewish pitch" (Judenpech, Judenharz). The country also contained "Antipatris nitre." The henna-flower (Song of Songs, 1:14) produced a dye employed in the female toilet, and from roses, to which entire gardens were devoted, was made a precious "attar of roses." Iron mines were to be found in the Lebanon and in the north of Edom, near the town Pinon or Punon, and Josephus mentions "the hill of iron" which "extended as far as the land of Moab." There were certainly such mines in Transjordania since Ibrahim Pasha still used to quarry iron near Jebel Ma'rad, about an hour and a half north of the Jabbok (Wadi Zeraqa).

The Jews were equally alert and practiced in handicrafts. Even though we were to regard the many *Talmudic* passages in praise

of handicrafts, and the dictum that a man must teach his son a trade, as nothing more than abstract, academic ideas, it is still apparent from the actual lives of the greatest of the *Tannaim* at the close of the period of the Second Temple and after the Destruction that the Jews of that time were skilled in handicrafts: Hillel the Elder was, for some time, employed as a wood cutter; R. Yehoshua ben Hananya was a smith; R. Nehunya, in the latter days of the Second Temple, was a well digger. We hear too of R. Yehudah "the baker," of R. Yochanan "the shoemaker," of R. Yehudah the "apothecary," of R. Yehoshua the "miller," and so forth. Jesus of Nazareth was a carpenter and maker of cattle yokes, and Saul of Tarsus, Paul the Apostle, was a tent-cloth weaver or tapestry worker.

We find, almost contemporary with Jesus, mention of no less than forty kinds of craftsmen in the Jewish literature: Tailors, shoemakers, builders, masons, carpenters, millers, bakers, tanners, spicemerchants, apothecaries, cattlemen, butchers, slaughterers, dairymen, cheesemakers, physicians and bloodletters, barbers, hairdressers, laundrymen, jewelers, smiths, weavers, dyers, embroiderers, workers in gold brocade, carpet makers, matting makers, well diggers, fishermen, bee keepers, potters and platemakers (who were also pottery dealers), pitcher makers, coopers, pitch refiners and glaze makers, makers of glass and glassware, armorers, copyists, painters and engravers.

Handicrafts were passed on from father to son, a fact indicated by the expression in the *Talmud*: "a carpenter and son of a carpenter," or "or carpenters," or "Hananya the son of apothecaries," and, in the Old Testament, "Malkhiya the son of metal refiners." And Christian-Jewish tradition tells that both Jesus and his father Joseph were carpenters. There were entire families, especially skilled in some craft, who would not reveal their secret outside the family.

Whole cities were famous for one class of work: e.g. in Magd'la (Migdal Sabo'aya in Transjordania) were numerous dyers, Beth Saida had numerous fishermen, in Kefar Hananya and Kefar Sihin were jarmakers and "to bring jars to Kefar Hananya" was like "bringing straw to Apharaim;" Sepphoris had its weavers, and the

finest cotton came from Beth Shean, while the commoner sort came from Arbel. Nazareth was apparently a town of carpenters and

wood sawyers. . . .

Before, and most probably during, Jesus' time the Jews had something like factories giving employment to whole families, e.g., "the families of the fine linen workshop of the house of Ashbe'a," and "the inhabitants of Netaim . . . which were potters." There were smaller workshops where a man worked by himself or with his sons or one or two apprentices: "Beth kaddad" (house of the jar maker) and "Beth tsabba'" (house of the dyer); but "Beth y'tsirah," with the abstract "y'tsira" and not "Beth ha-yotser" (house of the potter, as in the Old Testament), refers apparently to an entire factory, employing a larger or smaller number of hands.

But in spite of the comparatively large number of artisans and the many and various handicrafts in Palestine, the bulk of the people were not artisans but peasants possessed of small holdings. . . . Therefore the part played by native artisans was not so prominent.

It was quite otherwise, however, with the peasant class, and especially with what we now call the "small-holder." He is the "ba'al ha-bait," the "householder." . . . These middle-class peasants, whose land provided them with an adequate though limited subsistence, were the bulk and the mainstay of the nation. They populated most of the villages (of which there were, especially in Galilee, hundreds) and also the small and medium-sized towns, such as retained the title "Kefar," village, even after they had ceased to be villages in the ordinary sense.

These "small-holders" lived by the labor of their hands. They, their wives and children, did their own ploughing and sowing, reaping and sheaf binding, threshing and winnowing. Most of their produce they reserved for their own household needs, and the rest was brought to the town and either bartered or sold for money to procure absolute necessaries. Such a peasant was not able to lay by any wealth, and one or two years of bad seasons or illness would be enough to deprive him of his property and reduce him to the status of a hireling or laborer, or even cause him to be sold into slavery to a richer land owner because of his debts. In any case some of his children would be forced to become hirelings or laborers

since the small-holding sufficed only for the eldest son who received "a double share" of their inheritance. The other sons, not having land enough for their needs, were, in spite of themselves, turned into members of the "proletariat," the class which owns nothing but its powers of work. When no work is forthcoming they are reduced to the level of "unemployed laborers," and become beggars or—robbers and brigands.

In Judea, however, and in a lesser degree also in Galilee, was a class of wealthier peasants whose land earned for them more than enough for their needs; it was they who would lend money or seed to the impoverished small-holders on the security of the latter's property, and this property sometimes passed into the possession of the lenders to enlarge still further their holdings.

These "wealthy proprietors" laid the foundation of a produce market and of Hebrew trade generally. The middle-class land-owner traded with the money gained by the sale of such of his produce—vegetables and fruit—as was left on his hands after satisfying the needs of his own household. This class was fairly numerous compared with the class of really wealthy landowners, of whom there were but few.

There were "men of property" even in the time of the Macabees and especially in Herodian times; they were mostly connections of the royal family and of the high-priestly families, but the same class was to be found among the merchants already in the time of Joseph ben Tobias. "Latifundiae," large landed estates such as were to be found in Italy and which brought about the downfall of Rome, were not a prominent feature of Palestine; but they did exist. The Gospels speak of the Oikonomos and the Epitropos, the "steward" who supervised the numerous servants of a great property while the wealthy owner lived in the city or was absent traveling in pursuit of business. The Mishna refers to the fact that Rabban Gamaliel II ("of Yabneh") had workmen who tilled his land, and that he used to let his fields.

Palestine thus possessed both the artisan and the hireling class. The hireling hired himself out for a definite period, not exceeding six years; he could also hire out his services for a single day (hence the term "daily hireling.") He was either an impoverished small-

holder or the son of a small-holder who, not having inherited land enough to support him, allowed himself to be hired by a rich landowner for a certain length of time until he could improve his position. His relations with the wealthier proprietor were those of the "client" with the "patron" in Rome.

There were, again, in Judea and Galilee peasants who had no land and spent all their life in the position of hired workmen to rich peasants and others; such were known as *l'qutoth*, and an entire village in Palestine, "Kefar-L'qutaia" was named after them. The hireling lent himself for any kind of labor and was the counterpart of the English "unskilled laborer." The artisan, po'el, on the contrary, was hired only for some definite craft or crafts.

The Talmud refers to the "unemployed Po'el," and the Gospels contain a parable about a householder who went out to hire workmen and found "workmen who had been idle all the day" because "no man had hired them." The householder or employer used to enter into an agreement with the workman, usually by word of mouth though sometimes also in writing, and whoever should break the agreement had to pay a fine, whether employer or employed. The sympathy shown in the Mishna and the Tosefta in favor of the laborer redounds to the Talmud's credit; but this sympathy dates from a period later than the Second Temple and is mainly no more than an academic view never widely held in real life.

Yet the position of the Hebrew laborer was better than that of the Roman, Egyptian or Babylonian laborer, both by reason of the simpler conditions and fewness of men of great wealth, and also because of the democratic spirit infused into daily life by the Scribes and their successors, the Pharisees and *Tannaim*.

The laborers mostly worked on the land, but the craftsmen also employed laborers who were called apprentices. They worked ten hours a day and were paid anything from an as to a sela, though the average was a drachma or a dinar a day (about eightpence). This was the rate in Macabbean times, about the time of writing of the Book of Tobit, and in the reign of Domitian when the Gospel of Matthew was written.

Besides the unattached laborers there were the "children of the household," corresponding to the male and female domestics of to-day, and the "ministers", usually personal attendants, especially of aged people and students requiring personal assistance and service, the valet and lady's maid of today.

Thus, apart from the comparatively few large land owners with great estates ("fathers' houses" is the Hebrew term), and the more numerous well-to-do peasant class, we find a multitude of small-holders and a complete "proletariat" of every kind: hirelings, artisans, landless peasants, tenants, lessees, renters (and, to a certain extent, contractors), household servants and personal attendants. These were all men and women who had no means of subsistence beyond their ability to work. So long as they could secure work, all was well with them; but if not, they were reduced to want and beggary—the passive victims of grievances and the dreamers of dreams, or else imbued with violent rage and the spirit of revolt.

All the proletariat so far enumerated were, however, independent—at least from the legal standpoint: their labor might be sold to others, but their bodies were not enslaved by strangers. But there were, in Palestine, also slaves. It is true that the slave did not lack work and so did not lack bread; but he was not free: he could not choose his work or his master. The Hebrew slave was a hireling for six years, but he differed from the hireling in not having the right to change his master or choose his work. It might be true from the humanitarian standpoint of the *Talmud* that the body of the Hebrew slave is not "a thing that can be bought," and that "whoso getteth a Hebrew slave is as he that getteth himself a master," but such humanitarian laws were, so far as the time of Jesus was concerned, merely academic expressions of opinion.

The Hebrew slave in his master's house was then an *actual* slave, enslaved in body and mind to his master and feeding from the crumbs off his master's table; he was, however, spared the consciousness of perpetual slavery and so his spirit was not wholly crushed. The primitive relationship prevailing between master and slave in a country where the simple life was the rule and the democratic Pharisaic spirit was much in evidence, largely removed

the possibility of cruelty and persecution; nonetheless, a master could scourge an idle or disobedient slave and treat him altogether as an inferior being. . . .

Their sale was completed by a written contract as though they had been goods or cattle; they were "marked" so that in case of escape they might be everywhere recognized: a seal was stamped on them or else a bell was hung upon them, round their necks or on their clothes . . . and sometimes their flesh was branded just like cattle. Legally the Canaanite slave was his master's chattel: he could have no private property ("what a slave has acquired, his master has acquired"); the work of his hands, his finds, and even money accruing to him as compensation for harm incurred, belonged not to himself but to his master. But in spite of all this "the hand of a slave is as the hand of his master" and "a man's slave is as his own body"—which was hardly the case with the Roman slaves.

Canaanite slaves were not so well fed as Hebrew slaves, and the former were deemed idle, dissolute, shameless and lewd: so little respect did their master feel for their presence that "some performed the most private actions in front of them." And there were some masters and their sons who "considered all things lawful with the female slaves." The owners held their slaves in complete subjection, scourging them with whips and thongs, with the "fargel" (flagellum) and "magleb" (some kind of knout, with a knob of metal at the end), and inflicted on them "forty stripes save one," or "sixty strokes" (pulsim). Only if the slaves suffered in consequence some manner of deformity they used to be freed; and if they died as a result of their injuries inflicted by their master, the master was put to death (thus removing the slave from the category of a chattel or mere animal).

In all other respects they were treated like cattle: they had legally no family relationships, no rights of marriage, divorce or widowhood, and the incest laws did not hold in their case. In actual fact, however, it was different; if Herod's brother, Pherora, had a slave girl as paramour and the all-powerful Herod could not separate them, and if Rabban Gamaliel ha-Nasi suffered his slave Tabi to fulfill the injunctions of the Law and mourned over him and re-

ceived consolation at his death (as enjoined in the Law), and if in the Nasi's house the eldest slave was styled (though this was at a late period) *Abba*, father, and the eldest female slave, *Amma*, mother—then the same human conditions probably held good in the time of Jesus.

But in any case, "Canaanitish slavery" was then a horrible plague affecting the national body of Israel as was also the case with other nations in those early days. Even if the Canaanitish slaves took no part in the subversive political and religious movements in Palestine, by their very existence they unwittingly helped to bring them about. Harsh slavery invariably produces a body of malcontents, and there is no more readily available fuel for such movements than those men who have been crushed and reduced to the level of brute beasts.

Besides agriculture and handicrafts, commerce also flourished in Palestine at the time of Jesus. During the time of the First Temple and the beginning of the Second, in the Persian period, the merchants were mainly Canaanites, and it was from them and in company with them that the Jews learned the business of the merchant and peddler (i.e., to go round from place to place "on foot" with the object of bartering various commodities), and, later, to practice salesmanship in one fixed place (shop, shopkeeper), to bargain and trade, and, finally, to practice commerce.

From the time of Alexander the Great, however, when Jerusalem began to be surrounded by Greek cities, mainly trade centers, the Jews learned commerce from the Greeks. . . .

The taxation of exports and imports brought the Maccabeans, from John Hyrcanus to Hyrcanus the Second, into important negotiations with the Senate of Rome. The Maccabean monument at Modin gives a picture of ships, and the anchor (together with ears of corn, grape clusters and pomegranates) is a symbol on the Jewish coinage from Alexander Jannaeus till the Herods.

Internal trade, too, was also well developed. "Market days had long been in existence, and to these were added permanent markets [or streets devoted solely to trade], an old Jewish institution, as opposed to the "goings down" i.e., to the coast towns, in the low-lands by the sea: cf. "they that go down to the sea," markets in-

stituted by non-Jews. The regular pilgrimages to Jerusalem at the great festivals served also to develop internal trade. The Palestinian towns exchanged their agricultural produce. Sharon in Judea sold its wines and bought bread. Jericho and the Jordan valley sold their famous fruits for bread and wine. The Judean Shefela had a superabundance of bread and oil, and Galilee of corn and vegetables. Palestine also exported its surplus of oil, wine, wheat and fruit, while it imported a considerable number of commodities.

Of the two hundred and forty articles of commerce mentioned in the *Talmud* and *Midrash* in connexion with Palestine, enumerated by Herzfeld, one hundred and thirty, or more than a half, came from abroad. Trade routes within the country were numerous, and many important routes radiated toward neighboring states. Jewish sailors were just as numerous as Jewish donkey drivers and camel drivers. . . .

Export and import dues were levied on merchandise, and paid to tax gatherers, excise officers and publicans, who farmed the tax from the government or from other publicans. We are not aware of the extent of taxation at the time of the Maccabees but we know that the Seleucids took from the Jews a poll tax, a salt tax, a "crown" tax (crowns of the bride and bridegroom), a land tax, a cattle tax, and a tax on fruit trees. We may assume that, most probably, the Maccabees did not add to these taxes but may even have reduced them, since we hear no complaints against their method of taxation (e.g., from the popular delegates who came to complain to Pompey against Hyrcanus and Aristobulus).

On the other hand, the moment Herod died we hear an emphatic demand from the nation to abolish the "annual tax" and the "tax which was levied indiscriminately on everything bought and sold in the market." The inference is that Herod increased the burden of taxes and duties (what the Romans called "tributum" and also "vectigalia") beyond endurance. It was, apparently from that time—that of the Romans and their agent Herod—that the name "publican" became synonymous with robber, brigand, ruffian, murderer, and reprobate; one whose evidence was invalid, whose money could not be accepted as alms for the poor nor used in exchange, since it was suspected of having been acquired by robbery.

In this the Gospels are in complete agreement with the *Talmud*, and the collocation "publicans and sinners" commonly occurs. The procurators taxed far more heavily even than Herod. The Romans exacted from the Palestinians (to the same extent as from the natives of other countries subject to Rome) a water tax, a city tax, a tax on such necessities of life as meat and salt, a road tax and a house tax.

The frontier taxes proved a special hardship: every city was a frontier in itself and Pliny tells how "that at every stopping place, by land or sea, some tax was levied," with the result that goods were sold in the Roman market at a hundred times higher cost than at the place of their origin or manufacture, in spite of the fact that the fixed duty imposed by the general Roman administration in, for example, the province of Asia (in which Palestine was included) was only two and a half per cent of the value of the goods. Such taxes impoverished the people and made them full of impotent rage against the "despotic kingdom" which, through its many minions, drained their blood.

When at last all power of endurance failed them, a part, the healthiest and strongest, utterly rebelled against this government; but another part waited, in its helplessness, for the kingdom of heaven which should make an end of this "kingdom of wickedness"—for the King-Messiah and all his wondrous works.

But notwithstanding the many heavy taxes and customs dues, home and foreign trade enriched a portion of the Jews. As we have seen, they were much concerned in shipping and for this reason often resorted to the "cities of the sea." This fact is apparent from the innumerable names to be found in *Talmudic* and *Midrashic* literature for the ship and all its fittings, and also from the figures of ships and the anchor inscribed on the Maccabean and Herodian coins, and yet again from the coin, struck by Titus in commemoration of the Fall of Jerusalem, on which are engraved a date palm and the symbolic figure of "Judea" seated on the ground surrounded by discarded shields, while on the reverse is the head of Titus with the Latin words "Judea Navalis"!

Jewish ships, manned by Jewish crews and laden with Jewish merchandise, sailed the Jordan, the Dead Sea, the Sea of Galilee,

the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, the Nile and the Euphrates, and traveled as far as France, Spain, Cyrene, Carthage and even India. As the result of this commerce and the great industry of the Jewish peasantry, part of the Jews became wealthy. From the time of Alexander Jannaeus, Palestine contained not only retailers and ordinary merchants, but merchants on a considerable scale.

Besides the greater land proprietors we find rich bankers who did business not with the *dinar* merely, but with the *talent* (worth about 9,500 francs), i.e., with very large sums in comparison with the financial conditions of the time. Such bankers were not only occupied with the business of exchange connected with the conversion of local and foreign money, but also acted as money-lenders to the small-holder, the shopkeeper, corn merchant and caravan master.

The people of Jerusalem are described as being vainglorious folk, given up to pleasure, finicking in their speech and, like the wealthy of every age and place, priding themselves in their excesses. The source of such wealth was most probably commerce, but it was just as probably acquired through the gradual accumulation by the wealthier peasant class of the small holdings of the poorer peasants in payment of debts.

Palestine thus came to possess a class of poor, destitute and unemployed, and landless peasants, side by side with a class of wealthy farmers, great landed proprietors and rich bankers. The former waxed poorer and poorer, sinking into mendicancy, crushed and depressed, hoping for miracles, filling the streets of town and village with beggary and piety or (in the case of the more robust) with brigandage, highway robbery and revolt; outcasts, haunting the caves and desert places and the rocks and crevices of the mountains.

Both alike sought a release from poverty and want. Some sought it by natural means, civil and social, urging revolt against Rome and social revolution with all that came in its train—murder and rapine against the richer and upper class, which the poorer, exploited class looked upon as its social, political and national enemy. The others sought release by means of prayers, repentance, and submission to the will of God. And these brought into being the spirit-

ual messianic movements, the pedantically severe observance of the commandments, separatism and asceticism; and certain of this latter type, for whom the fulfilling of the commandments brought no spiritual satisfaction, were induced to look forward to a mystic redemption "not of this world," a desire later embodied in Christianity. . . .

Why should it have been just after the death of Herod "the Great" that there arose, contemporaneously, a most terrible rebellion and a new sect—Christianity—which endeavored to separate itself from Israel?

The answer is that . . . the Maccabeans built up Palestine on a sound economic foundation, while Herod destroyed it in the economic sense, for, like Solomon, he placed too heavy a burden on the country and thereby hastened the end.

With all their efforts to find a sea outlet, to conquer the southern ports and, as far as possible, the northern ones too, the Maccabeans still exercised a wise moderation in their economic demands. . . .

Herod, on the other hand, placed no limit to his ambition, and where he failed to satisfy it owing to his subjection to Rome, he found other means of acquiring fame and glory. Not only did he bedeck his own country with magnificent buildings, but even Tyre and Sidon, Greece and Asia Minor, Rhodes and Antioch, Athens, Lacedemonia and Pergamon.

Money was required for all this. Furthermore he was obliged to placate the Romans, to give many presents to their politicians and bribes to their generals. He also kept a brilliant court, a great palace and an army of mercenaries and spies and innumerable detectives: there was no end to his expenses. The necessary funds could be got only by confiscation of property, unbearable taxation, and an economic policy beyond the powers of such a small country and contrary to the inclinations of the Jewish farming class who, after all, were the backbone of the nation in those days. . . .

To increase his income he sought to establish in Palestine Greek trade (and the Greek culture which was bound up with it) beyond the present capacity of the Jews. And side by side with this went an unendurable increase in taxation, precisely as in the days of Solomon. . . .

But Solomon—at least in appearance—was an independent monarch, whereas Herod was subject to the Roman Emperor. Hence the elders of Israel complained against Herod not only before his son but also before the Roman rulers. Among other charges they alleged the outstanding fact that "He brought the people to a state of complete poverty, though he had found it, with certain exceptions, in a state of prosperity." Or, differently expressed, "thus, in place of the prosperity and virtue of the past, came complete poverty and vice."

This is strong proof of economic welfare under the Maccabees and of deterioration under Herod. This material deterioration brought with it also a spiritual deterioration. As with every case of bad economic conditions which multiply the number of the unemployed and the "Lumpenproletariat," Herod increased the number of malcontents, both rebels and idealists. These two types effected, on the one hand, the civil eruptions that began with Archelaus and reached a climax in the revolt in the time of Nero and the consequent Destruction; and, on the other, spiritual and messianic eruptions, which, receiving a strong impetus in the time of Herod, came to a head with the rise of Christianity.

Herod's economic policy, which hastened the natural process of decay and led to the ultimate catastrophe, was followed by Archelaus and, in a measure, by his other sons, Antipas and Philip, and also attracted the Roman procurators. All alike practiced the policy of Herod with all his defects but without any of his glamour.

Two results followed this policy: (a) by taking the Jews out of their proper economic sphere and turning them into a cosmopolitan rather than a national people, it served to create within Judaism a desire for a world religion, a desire which later became embodied in the shape of Christianity; and (b) by destroying nation and state, through constant rebellions resulting from the unnumerable class of malcontents brought into being through Herod's civil and economic policy, this same policy brought about the rise of Christianity and its adoption in certain Jewish circles. The Jews no longer possessed a national-civil vitality, rooted in their own territory, enabling them to stand firm in the face of the new denationalizing Creed.

None is so conservative or tenacious of ancient customs as the

peasant associated with the soil; and Herod's policy, which increased both the number of traders and of destitute, increased also the class which had no stake in the country. Such a class, with no stable position and nothing to lose, served as the foundation of the enthusiasm for the new political and religious movements. It was not specially from this class that Jesus and his disciples arose (they were all artisans and fishermen living by the labors of their hands); but if Jesus successfully taught of the kingdom of heaven, it was simply and solely because of the disordered condition of life in the country, and the bad economic conditions generally. The humble and simple and the downtrodden from among the uprooted and discontented class sought a release from their sufferings and a firmer basis of life, both in the material and spiritual sense; and this they found in the "kingdom of heaven" (in its moral and abstract sense) as taught by the carpenter and son of a carpenter from Galilee.

TRIBUTE BY AN ATHEIST

For the man Christ who loved his fellow men and believed in the Infinite Father, who would shield the innocent and protect the just; for the martyr who expected to be rescued from the cruel cross, and who at last, finding that his hope was dust, cried out in the gathering gloom, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—for that great and suffering man I have the highest admiration and respect. They crucified a kind and perfectly innocent man. Had I lived in his day I would have been his friend. His life is worth its example—its moral force, its heroism of benevolence. For that name I have infinite respect and love. To that great and serene man I gladly pay my homage of admiration and my tears. The place where this man has died for man is holy ground.

ROBERT INGERSOLL

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

Van Paassen studied theology in Paris and was ordained a minister in 1946. "In 1940," he writes, "I had in my possession a library containing no less than seven thousand 'lives' and critical studies of Jesus' deeds and utterances, all of recent origin, i.e. published within the last three-quarters of a century. These volumes, along with many others, were confiscated by the Nazis and shipped to Germany."

Informed by modern scholarship and archaeology, van Paassen tells, in the following piece, how the revolt of the Zealots was instigated and exactly how they tried to use Jesus to accomplish their ends. This stirring account of the revolt, in which van Paassen attempts to recreate history, was published in 1949 in his Why Jesus Died.

The Revolt Against Rome

Jesus dreamed of the Kingdom of God in Galilee. There can be no question about that. The thought of it filled his days and nights from his youth onward. He warned his contemporaries again and again that the Kingdom of God was at hand. He urged people on all sides to prepare for its advent, to be ready for its realization, insisting that they set their houses and minds and hearts in order for the materialization of a divine theocratic dispensation in the place of the nefarious regime of the Roman interlopers. The Roman Empire, it was thought, was beginning to show signs of decrepitude. It was growing more and more shaky as the imperial lines of communication extended further and the nationalist spirit among the subject peoples rose to an ever higher pitch.

When would the end come, and how? Would the Romans quit on their own account, shorten their lines of empire for security's sake, and in the general process evacuate Palestine? Or would they wait until an upheaval of some sort, brought on perhaps by God's direct intervention, threw them into confusion and collapse? There were many Jews who believed that such an apocalyptic, world-shaking

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thunderstorm had been brewing for a long time and that it might burst any moment.

Others, the more intense messianists among them, held that God runs with the feet of all and works with the hands of all, in other words, that God would not move without man taking the initiative. The Jews considered themselves God's chosen people, co-partners with Yahveh in the plan to liberate and redeem their nation and the world. The carrying into effect of this plan was to begin in Palestine, where else? The elimination of the heathen idolatrous Roman power from God's house was to be the initial objective of any messianist movement. All nationalist Jews were committed to that undertaking. Even if they should not be quite successful at the start, they believed that God himself would intervene, and carry the plan to fruition. He would come to the aid of his children. He could not do otherwise. The establishment of his Kingdom could not for long remain a matter of indifference to him. He was bound to show his might as of old, and scatter his enemies. All the messianist rebels of the time, the dozen or more who rose against Rome in the era of the Second Temple, thought that way about the coming great change.

If they did not think that way, they were the maddest fools of history.

Simon bar Jonah, known to us as St. Peter, reasoned in a similar manner. He was one of Jesus' earliest followers. He remained loyal to the Galilean master when others shrugged their shoulders and passed Jesus by, or deserted him. Nothing could shake Peter's devotion to Jesus. "To whom else shall we go, Lord," he said once to Jesus, "thou hast the words of the world to come," i.e. the key to the coming era.

In Peter's opinion they were wasting their time in Galilee. Jesus must carry the message of the coming of the Kingdom of God right into Jerusalem, bring it home to the heart of the nation.

In the course of time, after a great deal of discussion, Jesus was persuaded to accept Peter's point of view. He would go to Jerusalem and test the impact of his ideas on the masses in the capital. He was led to believe that the people of Jerusalem would prove more receptive to his message than were the peasants of Galilee. They

would be quicker to sense the meaning of his rallying cry to be prepared for the coming day of the Lord.

At home in the northern province he had, by bitter experience, learned the truth of the old saying that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." The men of Bethsaida, Capernaum, Cana, Nazareth and other Galilean communities, who had seen him frequently, who had virtually watched him grow up, knew him too well. Familiarity had bred, if not contempt, then at least indifference. . . .

True, there had been friends. No doubt of that. Many of the common people, it is reported, heard him gladly. They had been especially impressed with his thaumaturgic powers. He did cast out devils and sometimes cured mental ailments. He had a wondrously calming influence on little children afflicted with moon sickness. Unlike other people, he did not spit in contempt and horror on these epileptics. He would pick them up when the spasms came on and their bodies twisted with pain till the eyeballs rolled upward and bubbles of foam appeared on the lips, and hold them in his arms and rock and hush and soothe them until they grew quiet. He could not bring himself to speak harshly to prostitutes, or join in condemning females caught in adultery.

He knew all the vagaries of the human heart. He sympathized with the poor and tried desperately to give them comfort and instill in them hope for a better world. From their side the poor felt his sympathy to be genuine, warming. Jesus did not behave toward them as did the condescending rich with their self-righteous charity. When he saw the multitudes flocking to hear him, hungry for a word of encouragement, he was innerly moved with compassion, and compared them to sheep without a shepherd. He was distressed for their sake. He felt their sorrows as his very own, and they loved him for it. To the people he was one of theirs.

Yet his principal message, the thing that lay nearest to his heart, lacked both appeal and precision. He advanced no definite program. He was often vague and confused and hesitant. He did not say when and by what means he expected the new era to be ushered in. Frequently he went over the heads of his Galilean hearers.

"They understood him not." What the common people wanted of him was something more direct and immediate than counsel to have faith in God and to pray for the coming of the Messiah. They wanted to be shown the road to action. They expected more than words, however inspiring and comforting.

How would he be received in Jerusalem? Would he find more understanding hearts there? Jesus himself expressed some doubt on that score. When his friends mentioned the need for going to the Holy City, Jesus grew pensive and showed a growing anxiety. He did not feel himself a match for the erudite doctors and teachers with their plausible speech and well-brushed raiment. His Hebrew was poor, his Aramaic brought smiles to the lips of the cognoscenti. He was afraid that to the letter-perfect scribes he would appear a coarse, almost uncouth Galilean country yokel, a hot-headed but superficial agitator. He was not grounded in the Torah as they were. . . .

In spite of all that, he felt drawn to Jerusalem as steel is drawn to a magnet, as moth to the flame. There in that city, he knew, lay his task. There were the men and powers that could effectively bring the messianic dream to reality. These men and powers he must activate, even if he perished in the attempt. . . .

He gravely debated the pros and cons of the journey to Jerusalem with his friends before embarking upon it. He shared the misgivings some entertained and the somber presentiments troubling their minds. He clearly foresaw that once in the city, having begun to speak on the subject that lay nearest his heart, he was bound, sooner or later, to come into conflict, not only with the Romans, but also with the defenders and beneficiaries of the precariously balanced Judean social order.

He knew he had nothing to fear from the side of the tolerant Pharisaic schools whose teachers were universally loved and respected by the common people and who, in broad outline, shared his own conception of the coming Kingdom. It was from the Pharisees in fact that he had acquired that sacred enthusiasm for God's Kingdom and for the things that are God's.

How would they begin their campaign in Jerusalem? Would he

be permitted to speak in the Temple courts, at the schools, in the synagogues? Would he meet with the same experience he had had in Galilee? What would they take him for?

Who did people say he was? he asked his disciples one day.

Then they answered: Some said he was John the Baptist come back to life, others said he was Elijah, still others one of the prophets. . . .

"But you, who do you say I am?" interrupted Jesus.

It was then that Simon Peter spoke the words that would prove fatal to the Master.

"Thou art the Messiah, the son of the Living God. Thou art he who is destined to liberate the people of Israel."

Jesus was taken aback by Simon Peter's bold language. He begged him not to repeat those words. He forbade him to mention the title again, to tell anybody. But Jesus had suddenly seen himself in a new light. For the moment the light dazzled and disconcerted him. Was he really the Messiah? Would he dare to perform the task which that designation involved?

They were already on the road to Jerusalem when the impetuous Peter made his revealing statement. They were no longer alone, not merely twelve disciples with their inspired teacher. A few hundred men had attached themselves to the party at the invitation of Peter.

Husky men they were, patriots to the core, Zealots, fishers and peasants, Sicarii, who hated the reigning tyrants with a deadly hatred and who knew how to wield a knife or a sword when the occasion demanded. Jesus became suddenly aware of the dangerous venture in which Peter had recklessly engaged him. What was he expected to do in Jerusalem? What had Peter planned for him?

Peter reassured Jesus, told him not to lose courage. There was a great multitude waiting for him in Jerusalem. They would have a splendid reception. The friendliness of the Jerusalemites would surpass all expectations. Jesus would ride into the gate on the colt of an ass as the ancient kings of Judah had done when they came to the City to be anointed and to take the scepter in hand. There would be crowds on hand to welcome him who came "in the name of Yahveh." They would sweep him along in a great triumphal demonstration to the Temple, to the palace, to power. The élan en-

gendered by his appearance with a message from God would be irresistible. Jesus would not need to do anything himself. Have no fear! Wait and see!

Peter had arranged everything. He was sure of himself and of his Galilean companions. Every one of them was a tested loyalist to the national ideal, a firm believer in his people's destiny, willing to prove his devotion by deeds. They would make that gory beast Pontius Pilate tremble in his shoes. They would chase him back to where he came from, him and his barbarian, heathen mercenaries.

Yahveh [God] would be in the vanguard of the attack as of old when Moses hurled the Holy Name at Israel's adversaries, when the Ark of the Covenant with the indwelling Presence advanced in the forefront of battle, and its magic destroyed the enemy like a withering fire. If it came to a showdown with the Romans, all Jerusalem would be on the side of the Galileans.

What was Jesus afraid of? Did he not trust Yahveh to attend to His own business? How long could the Eternal One, blessed be He, stand aside when the glory of His Name was at stake? Was it not high time to cleanse the City of God's choice from the abomination of the *goyim*? Judas Maccabee had done it!

But not Judas the Galilean! Jesus remembered the upheaval he had witnessed as a youth when a popular movement swept through Galilee. The Gaulonite had not prevailed, nor Thaddeus after him, nor so many other messianists. They were attacked by the legions, massacred, hewn to pieces, dispersed, crucified. Horrible was their fate! What if Pontius Pilate should resort to similar tactics against Jesus and his band of Galileans?

Ah, but Judas the Galilean's error had been that he raised the banner of resistance in Galilee, in open country. That was the initial mistake he made. It proved to be his undoing. He, Peter, was not so foolish. He would benefit by the experience of others. He would not be caught at a disadvantage. He would occupy the Temple Citadel and challenge the Romans from there. Then he would be able to laugh at them. The Temple fortress was impregnable. The Roman soldiery would break their heads dashing them against those walls, three cubits in width and sixty feet high.

When Jesus, according to Matthew's gospel, "was come into Jerusalem, all the city was stirred." He mounted the colt of an ass. The crowds shouted *Hosanna*, threw palm branches in his path and even spread out cloaks and other garments as a carpet for him to ride and walk over. And that is all. There the story ends. Nothing more is heard of that triumphal entry which the Christian Church commemorates as Palm Sunday, one week before Easter. Neither the Roman authorities nor the Jewish leaders seemingly pay the least attention to that elaborately staged messianic procession.

It may be, as some critics aver, that the whole affair went off unnoticed in the general noise and tumult of the streets filled with Passover pilgrims and caravans. If so, what does Matthew mean by saying that "all the city was stirred"?

If the demonstration passed unnoticed, the Roman police were strangely negligent, for here was a man from Galilee proclaiming himself "king of peace." He rode on a white donkey as tradition demanded at the installation of a new monarch. The crowds reportedly welcomed him as "a son of David," as a member of the most illustrious and warlike dynasty. The people surely did not mistake the intention of the demonstration. For they spread out their garments, something that was not done when a rabbi or teacher, however renowned or beloved, came into town, but only when a new ruler arrived to occupy the throne. They, moreover, cried *Hosanna*, a messianic *vivat*, meaning as much as: welcome to you, liberator; strength to you; be of good courage and cheer!

Why does Matthew break off the story at this point, and then intimate by hints and covert insinuations that the situation in Jerusalem was tense virtually from the moment of Jesus' arrival?

Scholars have known for a long time . . . that the New Testament story, especially at the point where it has Jesus coming into Jerusalem to carry out his messianic mission, swarms with emendations, rearrangements, additions, erasures and all manner of pious frauds to hide the real circumstances of the hour.

Jesus, or those in charge of his dramatic appearance in Jerusalem, aimed at nothing less than an insurrection. They came for the same purpose as that which had launched, and which would launch subsequent premature messianic movements: to clear out the

enemy, to crush the occupying power, to annihilate the foreign troops and to regain national independence. This is the reason Matthew does not continue the story of Jesus' entry in the style and with the trappings of a popular liberator. He suppresses further details because, at the end of his account, he must present Jesus as innocent as a lamb who does not know himself why he is led before Pontius Pilate and why he is crucified.

That innocence of Jesus was to be maintained in order to prepare the unmolested diffusion of the gospels through the Roman Empire. Without that suppression of the truth, the fundamentalist Christian creeds of later days could not have been framed. The truth would have shown Jesus not a god-like being but a human being, too human in fact.

The triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem on the colt of an ass, and his hasty retreat prepared the Romans for what was to follow. The incident put them on the alert. The procession was probably broken up by rumors that the garrison was on the way to give battle. Jewish collaborationists, Sadducean aristocrats or their hangers-on, stool pigeons (who have flourished in all ages and countries), realizing the messianic nature of the procession headed by Jesus and his Galilean bodyguard, no doubt quickly warned the authorities what was afoot. The equally quick mobilization of the legion stationed at the Antonia Citadel, its march in full battle equipment to the gate quarter where the commotion was getting under way, scattered the crowds far and wide. The Jerusalemites knew, by experience, what happened to upstart messianic rebellious movements. They did not wait for the troops to arrive. . . .

The messianist group had brought Jesus to Jerusalem . . . But in staging a royal entry, they overreached themselves. They had indeed counted on attracting a large crowd from the start, and expected that crowd to increase to an immense multitude before it reached the Temple area and met the Roman troops, only to sweep these away in an irresistible human avalanche. They had not figured on the spectators and curiosity-seekers and urban partisans melting away at the first sign of trouble. The Romans were too quick. They were not caught napping. In fact, they were in Jerusalem for the specific purpose of watching for and suppressing any

such attempt as the Galileans sought to carry out. The Romans also knew history and the tactics of previous messianist insurrectionaries.

Frustrated in their initial coup, the followers of Jesus, perhaps a few hundred secretly armed men, withdrew to the Mount of Olives, there to reassemble and plan further action. . . .

From the Mount of Olives the messianists planned new action. They were still determined to get into the Temple, to occupy the most strategic positions in the city, and to drive the Roman garrison and Pontius Pilate into the desert. Instead of appearing a defeat, their first encounter gave them new hope and encouragement. . . .

The chief problem was how to get into the City. The gates were, of course, closely watched after that first messianist onrush. The Roman patrols were on the alert. Every caravan was halted and the pilgrims searched for hidden arms and questioned. . . .

Indeed, as Matthew remarks, "the City was all stirred" with hope and fear and anticipation. The air was tense with portents of a

political upheaval.

Long years after Jesus' death, when the excitement over the abortive messianic coup was almost forgotten and his crucifixion was remembered only by a handful of intimate friends, there was in Jerusalem a group, or conventicle, which devoted itself to the memory of the man who had given his life in the attempt to liberate Israel. Members of this group were sometimes called Nazarenes. They were also known as the "People of the Way." Except for their special devotion to the Galilean Master's memory, they differed in no way from the average Jew in religious sentiment and practice.

For instance, James the Just, the Lord's own brother, who stood at the head of the group because he could recall so many details of Jesus' life, was particularly assiduous in his attendance at the Temple. He could be seen there daily, bowed in prayer, profoundly absorbed in meditation. He was pointed out to visitors as a curiosity, as one of the last remaining participants in that hectic affair in which his brother had been the chief character.

It is specifically recorded [in the Slavonic text] that this James,

by reason of his mirth-provoking appearance and diminutive size, was frequently the object of raillery and banter. He invited smiles and laughter, unintentionally of course. One of the questions that people asked to provoke him was this: "Where is the Gate of Jesus? How did Jesus manage to get into the Temple?"

"Where is the Gate of Jesus? How did the companions of Jesus get into the Temple?" The questions seem to imply that Jesus or some of his Zealot companions did manage to enter the Temple otherwise than as a pilgrim to pray and worship. James would reply to the second question by saying, "Jesus is with God the Father." But the first question, about the gate, seems to have thrown him into uncontrollable fury, to the great amusement of the questioners.

How did the band of Galilean Zealots get into the Temple? . . .

In 1913–1914, Major Raymond Weill, of the École Prâtique des Hautes Études of Paris, on an archaeological expedition in the Holy Land for the Baron Edmond de Rothschild Foundation, found and excavated the remnants of the Tower of Siloam, and laid bare the watercourse to a point where the lower chambers of the Temple had once been located. The watercourse was found to terminate precisely beneath a natural fissure in the rocks. The fissure pointed upwards and ran to a spot in the present gardens surrounding the Mosque of Omar where once stood the Temple of Yahveh. . . .

But Major Weill did more. By uncovering that underground passage and the fissure in the rocks, which can be seen today by anyone willing to take the trouble, the French scientist solved the riddle of the cause of Jesus' death. For it was along that subterranean route that the Galilean Master's rebel companions entered the Temple, not merely to upset a few tables and booths of moneychangers, but to seize the fortress and to hold it for Yahveh and His Kingdom.

I do not think Jesus approved of the attack which his Galilean followers launched upon the Temple. It is almost certain that he did not accompany his impetuous Zealot friends on that foolhardy undertaking, although, it must be admitted, there exist documents

which set forth that Jesus usurped the priestly function and made a sacrifice on the golden altar in the course of the brief occupation of the Temple by the Galileans.

What happened is most likely this: the band of Galilean messianists, as we have seen, was rebuffed in its initial attempt to march boldly into the Temple with Jesus riding at their head in the traditional trappings of a king on his way to assume the royal power. They withdrew to the Mount of Olives to hold a council of war and to plan further action. Even Josephus the historian, who is entirely uninfluenced by any idealizing and apologetic aims, [in the Slavonic text] confidently assumes that Jesus had most strictly enjoined his followers to avoid bloodshed.

But the Zealots, who had attached themselves to Jesus' following, and who predominated in the crowd that marched on Jerusalem with him, paid no attention to Jesus' advice. They were, in the phrase of that day, standing "in the gates of Jerusalem." They were in sight of their objective. They had brought their swords. They were going to use their blades and not sheathe them again until they were victorious. They laughed at Jesus' scruples. Did he think that the theocracy could be restored by sermons, by sweet reasonableness, by urging the people to repent and pray and be patient? Had not that method been tried for ever so long? What results had been attained from that? If Jesus thought that piety and prayer could ever sweep the Romans out, and put the arrogant Sadducean collaborationists in their place, he was a naive fool. They, the hot-headed Zealot fanatics, would show him how the thing was to be done. In a few days they would come to fetch him and bring him into Jerusalem and install him on the throne of David. Then there would be no more Roman legionaries or Pontius Pilates to bar the way. Wait and see! The Zealots had a plan!

Having explored the neighborhood, the graves and tombs in the Valley of Kidron, and hidden arms in the caves of the Mount of Olives, Zealot scouts examined the City walls for a spot where they might be scaled. No doubt they questioned citizens living in the vicinity of the walls, both outside and inside the City, as to their sentiments with regard to a messianic restoration. They were looking for reliable allies, men who would stand up and fight in a pinch.

When they found the walls unassailable, the Roman sentries doubled everywhere, the gates barred, traffic in and out of the City rigorously controlled, the lookout posts on the walls manned day and night, the Zealots hit upon the idea of trying to enter by way of the watercourse. It lay underground. It was not watched. They probably learned of its existence from partisans in Jerusalem itself. For we may be sure that, in spite of official precautions, there was a daily exchange of information between messianist groups inside Jerusalem and the Zealots outside.

First they explored the tunnels and the fissure in the rocks. They found that the fissure was used to bring water from the aqueduct into a chamber located on the side of the court of priests. In that chamber stood a huge basin where the officiating clergy performed its ablutions. The door from the fissure to the ablution chamber was open in the daytime. At night it was bolted, but it could easily be forced. Nobody paid any particular attention to it.

While the deliberations went forward and the conspiracy ripened, Jesus undoubtedly withdrew from the camp of the Zealots to stay with friends in the not too distant hamlet of Bethany. He may well have visited the house of Martha and Mary and their brother Lazarus. These devoted friends were aghast at the account he gave them of the unsuccessful messianic entry and of the grave risk he had run in allowing himself to be mixed up in that political brawl. They, and others come from Jerusalem to meet the Master, counseled him, the New Testament informs us, to return to Galilee, or, at least, to stay away from Jerusalem, and have no further dealings with the Zealot fanatics.

Jesus must have answered that he desired no battle with the Romans. He had had no intimation that his followers intended violence. He was amazed when the affair at the City gate took the turn it did. He had been led to expect something entirely different. What he planned on entering Jerusalem was not a messianic war. He wanted to teach and talk with the people, to urge them to prepare themselves for the inevitable Day of the Lord. That day could not dawn, in his estimation, if men's hearts were not ready for it. The Kingdom of God could not come by ungodly means. The means must correspond with the goal. One could not expect to

serve Yahveh and Mammon at the same time. If the peoples first learned to love Yahveh their God with all their mind and all their soul and all their strength, God Himself would lead them in the paths of freedom and happiness. They must first seek the Kingdom of God and its righteousness. . . .

When the messengers came to Jesus, they did not come to fetch

him for a second and more successful triumphal entry.

They told him that a party of some two hundred Galileans had entered the watercourse one morning and had climbed up the rocky wall in the fissure. There they had waited till the officiating group of the priesthood performed its ritual ablutions prior to offering the morning sacrifice. They were hoping that upon entering the basement chamber, a number of the priests and Levites would perhaps join the undertaking and lead them to those secret chambers stocked with arms, the existence of which Pilate suspected, but on which he had never been able to lay hands.

Shortly after dawn, the Galileans forced the door into the basement chamber. Quick as lightning they ran upstairs, emerging just at the moment when the sacrifice was to begin in the court where the altars stood. There was an instant of bewilderment among the priests. Some fled in panic. The service was interrupted. But the Galileans reassured the sacerdotal group that they intended no harm to any son of Israel. The sacrifice was to go on. In fact an extra bullock was to be offered as a thanksgiving to God for having crowned the enterprise with glorious success.

The invaders had no time for a long discussion with the priests and Levites. They ran off to secure the salient strong points in the Temple area, such as the towers and the gates. . . .

The Galileans were searching for the arms depots in the vast subterranean labyrinth of the Temple when the alarm was sounded. Pilate's cohorts were entering the gates of the sanctuary. Someone must have warned the Procurator of what was happening. The crowds of worshippers in the outer courts could not have failed to notice that the service had been interrupted, that strange men in Galilean peasant garb were running amongst the white-

robed priests, and that there was an unusual bustle and agitation in the lower chambers.

Whatever it was that brought the legionaries to the scene, the Galileans were soon trapped. A bitter fight developed in the underground passages and chambers. The Galileans fought like lions. They counterattacked again and again. But Pilate, who was probably present himself, ordered up reinforcements. In a few hours he had the better of the rebel forces.

Instead of taking his prisoners outside the sacred precincts to have them crucified, the Procurator commanded his men to lead the Galilean captives upstairs. There they were slaughtered, and by order of Pilate, their blood, as the New Testament says, mingled with the blood of the bullock they had asked the priest to immolate. Only the leaders were led away to be crucified a few days later.

Still, that was not the end of the sanguinary affair. Some of the Zealots had managed to get back into the fissure and into the watercourse. They emerged at the other end of the tunnel, inside the Tower of Siloam. There they overpowered the sentinels and established themselves.

As soon as Pilate learned that the Tower of Siloam was in the hands of the insurrectionaries, he brought up the battering rams to attack the place. He could not afford to do otherwise. Anyone holding the Tower of Siloam dominated half the City, for it was one of the chief structures in the defense system of Jerusalem.

In view of the comparative weakness of the Roman garrison in Palestine, the position of Pilate would be extremely serious if the country, roused by the bands of pilgrims streaming in and out of Jerusalem, should join in the revolt. Passover was not far away. Men were even then making ready all over the land to go on the annual pilgrimage. Jerusalem would be overrun by the crowds in a short time. What if the crowds should take up the Galileans' cause and liberate them from the Tower?

True, Pilate still held the Antonia Citadel and the Palace of Herod, but the troops stationed at these two fortified places were for the most part Samaritan auxiliaries. The Samaritans bore a deep grudge against the Romans. Pilate did not trust the Samaritans. Moreover, they formed a troop of cavalry which was of little use in street fighting, or in storming that formidable structure of Siloam against which Titus was to hurl his best legions in vain some forty years later.

The Siloam bastion was battered with the huge wooden rams. Against these tactics the Galileans, who were equipped only with swords, could offer no defense. After a few days the walls collapsed, burying the Zealots under the ruins.

This was the message Jesus received from his Galilean friends who took part in the coup. The attempt had failed. Jesus had been right: "not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord," shall it come to pass. God's Kingdom could not be built by brother killing brother. Most of the surviving Zealots were glad enough to go back to Galilee or escape to the Judean hills.

Jesus did not feel himself involved. He had not taken part in the attempt on the City. Except for the tumult at the gate when he first arrived, and to which he had made a quick end by withdrawing indignantly, he had had no share in the messianic revolt. Passover was coming on. He would not return to Galilee till the Feast was over. With a handful of friends he would attend the services in the Temple. Nobody could object to that. Every Jew had a right to be in Jerusalem on the holy day and to eat the traditional lamb with his friends.

With the massacre in the Temple and at the Tower of Siloam the insurrection might be regarded as quelled, though the real author of the sedition was still at large. That author was Jesus.

Jesus had been the central personage, the animating spirit of that messianic revolt which now lay crushed and shattered. Back in Galilee it was he who had spoken of installing the Kingdom of God in Jerusalem. He had appealed to the common people, and warned them that the time was at hand, that the "Day of the Lord" was about to dawn, and the Kingdom to become manifest. He had urged his countrymen to be ready for the great historical change when God, according to the ancient prophecies, would reassert his right over the people of Israel and confound its enemies.

A group of Zealots and other extreme nationalists and messianists had rallied to his side and accepted his leadership. They differed with him on the interpretation of how the Kingdom was to be initiated. . . . They used Jesus for their own ends, and he, largely in the dark as to their specific intentions, but in warm sympathy with their general aims, allowed himself to be used.

Somewhat reluctantly and foolishly he had ridden at the head of the messianic procession into Jerusalem. Only when that demonstration was broken up and the real intentions of the movement's leaders were disclosed, were Jesus' eyes opened to the political and military character of the partisans' intended coup d'état.

Jesus did not openly break with the Galilean insurrectionaries after that. He dissociated himself from their intrigue and from the violence of their conspiracy. He still believed in the necessity of making a beginning toward the Kingdom, but he left his Galilean partisans to their own devices, retaining in his company only the Twelve who had been his early associates.

He refused to join in the plan to make a second and more determined attempt to seize the Temple and fortifications. He would have nothing to do with tactics that were diametrically opposed to the means he had in mind to usher in the Kingdom's coming. Nevertheless, he remained interested in the welfare of the men he had led from Galilee to Jerusalem. He inquired daily what they were doing and what they planned. When the news arrived of the armed incursion through the watercourse and the capture of the Tower of Siloam and its subsequent destruction, the matter came as a surprise and disappointment to Jesus. He disapproved of the action of the Zealots, but he did not condemn them. He lamented their cruel fate.

Had Pilate known of Jesus' role in the march on Jerusalem, he would have instituted a search for him immediately. But Pilate thought the rebellion quelled and the surviving insurgents dispersed in panic.

Pilate was not aware of Jesus' existence. And Jesus was not aware of having done any wrong. He minimized the danger he ran in remaining in close proximity to the City. Why should he flee when he was not conscious of having committed any wrong?

The City was quiet. The danger was over. . . . Passover was coming on. Caravans with pilgrims were beginning to arrive. Jesus, still camping on the Mount of Olives, or residing at Bethany with Martha and Mary, began to re-enter the City with a few of his intimate companions to attend the services in the Temple.

On one of these brief visits may have occurred the incident known as the "Purification of the Temple." Jesus' religious sensibilities may have been aroused, his temper might have flared up at sight of the trafficking in animals and money in such close proximity to the Holy Place. He may have stopped to reprimand the dealers and hucksters. He may have spoken vehemently against their money-grubbing spirit. But he committed no act of violence such as the gospels attribute to him.

By speaking to the merchants, however, he did inadvertently betray himself and his presence in Jerusalem. It is recorded in the New Testament that "from that time onward," certain persons conspired to eliminate him.

Who did that Galilean rustic think he was, to interfere in legitimate business? What was he up to? Somebody should warn the Procurator that a few of those Galilean agitators who had recently been beaten, were still around and that Jesus of Nazareth was one of them.

Jesus went his way unconcerned for a few days longer. But Pilate was notified. The Procurator took no chances.

The Revolt of Judas the Gaulonite

ONE INCIDENT, however, that did occur in Jesus' youth, but which is only cursorily mentioned in the New Testament, must have made a deep impression on the boy. It was the popular revolt initiated by Judas the Gaulonite, or Judas the Galilean. Many messiahs arose in the days of the Second Temple, particularly in Jesus' lifetime. They and their followers were all crushed. But Judas the Galilean had a temporary success. He came from northern Galilee and roused the countryside against the Roman usurper. With bands of armed men he attacked certain Roman garrisons, probably the fortress built by Herod the Great at Sepphoris, about three

miles from Nazareth. He ambushed a few cohorts that were sent from Jerusalem to restore order, and wiped them out. But that was the end of him. The Procurator dispatched a full legion to Galilee. The rebels broke ranks when they saw the Roman military machine go into action. They were overtaken by the cavalry as they fled. Many were massacred. Thousands of prisoners were crucified.

Jesus must have seen some of those Gaulonites who threw the whole of Galilee into an uproar in his youth. He may have listened to Judas himself preaching revolt in Nazareth's market place. Later, when the insurrection collapsed, he heard the clash of arms, the shouting and the tumult of battle, as fleeing groups of messianist rebels made their last stand in the hills before being overwhelmed by Roman power. He could not have failed to see along the highway as far as the eye could reach the long rows of crosses to which the captured rebels had been nailed. The whole brief but bloody affair took place in the immediate vicinity of Nazareth.



MANY STANDARDS OF SINCERITY

Honesty and imposture are words which, in our rigid consciences, are opposed as two irreconcilable terms. In the East, they are connected by numberless subtle links and windings. . . . The literal truth has little value to the Oriental; he sees everything through the medium of his ideas, his interests, and his passions. History is impossible, if we do not fully admit that there are many standards of sincerity.

RENAN

Jesus was not humanly divine, but he was divinely human: not divinely humanized but a Godward-bent human soul. It is no mean joy and no ignoble pride in us of the House of Israel to recognize, to honor and to cherish among our brothers—Jesus the Jew.

Rabbi Wise

JOSEPHUS

The Problem of Josephus

THE EARLIEST historical mention of Jesus is found in two much debated works by the Jewish historian, Josephus.

Flavius Josephus was a Hellenized Jew born in Jerusalem only a few years after the death of Jesus. He was born in 37 A.D. His father held a high priestly office in the Temple in Jerusalem and may well have been an eyewitness to some of those stirring events which led to the Crucifixion.

Josephus was first a foe of the Romans and wrote his early works in Hebrew for his own people. He later, however, became a friend and flatterer of the Romans and wrote in Greek. He was an intimate of Vespasian and Titus and through these friendships he had access to the Roman archives.

Two great works in Greek by Josephus have survived: History of the Jewish War (73 A.D.) and Jewish Antiquities (93 A.D.). The former work contains no mention of Jesus, although this history begins with the capture of Jerusalem in 170 B.C. It is in the Antiquities that a passage about Jesus appears—a passage that has been the cause of much controversy. The text reads as follows:

At this time appeared Jesus, a wise man, if indeed he is to be called a man. For he accomplished marvelous things, was the master of men who accept truth gladly, and drew many Jews and also many Greeks after him. This man was the Christ. He was denounced by the elders of our nation to Pilatus, who condemned him to be crucified; but those who had loved him from the beginning did not cease to revere him; for he appeared on the third day, risen from the dead, as the holy prophets and a thousand other marvels connected with him had foretold. And the sect which received the name of Christians from him still exists.

It is reasoned by many scholars of history and theology that these flattering lines could have been written only by a Christian; and since Josephus was a Jew, this text is held to be an interpolation. But is it a complete forgery? For years it was considered so, and there are many today who still hold this opinion. But there are some scholars who feel that the passage cannot be entirely discarded. Although the words themselves are most probably an interpolation, written at a later date by some Christian, there is good reason to believe that Josephus might well have mentioned Jesus in his *Antiquities* though his own words have been changed or even replaced.

The reason for this belief is that in 1906 a Slavonic version of Josephus' History of the Jewish War was discovered. In this War there is mention of Jesus and these passages are held, in the main, to be authentic. Therefore, if Josephus wrote of Jesus in his War, could he not also have mentioned Jesus in his Antiquities?

The distinguished French scholar, Solomon Reinach, in his Orpheus, A History of Religions, discusses this Slavonic manuscript. He says that this translation is very different from the Greek War and certainly not a translation of the Greek text. How can this be explained?

Josephus himself records that he began writing the History of the Jewish War in his native language and that he sent his work to Jews living farther north in Parthia, Adiabene and Mesopotamia. This original work is lost. But many scholars believe that the recently discovered Slavonic text stems directly from the lost Hebrew original.

An Austrian historian, Dr. Robert Eisler, made a detailed study of the Slavonic text and placed his findings before a congress of historians in 1925. He came to the following conclusions: 1.) The Slavonic text is equivalent to the Hebrew original, for it was obviously written for Jews not for Romans. This was translated in about the thirteenth century. 2.) The Slavonic translators were Christians and added to the original many lines and phrases taken from the Gospels and the Apocrypha. There is also internal evidence that they deleted many lines. While it is impossible to supply what was deleted, it is easy to recognize and remove what was added. 3.) After removing what was added there remain several passages of great historical importance. In these passages Jesus appears as a worker of miracles surrounded by a great crowd of devoted Jews who accept him as the long-awaited Messiah and oblige

him to take their lead against the Romans. A trace of this revolt remains in the second Gospel. "One named Barabbas, which lay bound with them that had made insurrection with him, who had committed murder in the insurrection." (Mark 15:7) The revolt was put down by Pilate and the leader crucified. No Christian interpolator would have presented the facts in this light. These passages present a Jewish point of view which Josephus would certainly have held. This same viewpoint would also have been Roman and it is possible that Josephus informed himself from some Roman documents. The very hostility of these passages bolster their authenticity. If these passages are authentic, they are of the greatest importance for they then present the only definite historical evidence of the existence of Jesus.

Salomon Reinach, in making the translation printed below, omitted the obvious interpolations.

Jew. War, II, 9, 3: At this time appeared a man, if indeed I may call him so, because, though human in form, he accomplished things more than human, thanks to some invisible power [Jesus not named; something must have been said about his parents and possibly his physical appearance, but that was erased]. Some thought that he was our first legislator [Moses] come to life again, others that he had been sent by God. For my part, knowing what I do, I would not say that, for he transgressed our Law on many points and did not observe the Sabbath according to the rules of our ancestors. But he did nothing shameful nor wicked, acting only through [magic] words. Many people followed him and accepted his teachings; many were moved by the hope that he would free the Jews from the Roman yoke. His usual abode was on the Mount of Olives, where he healed the sick. About 150 followers and a great many more poor people gathered around him. Seeing the power of his words, they exhorted him to enter the town, kill the Roman soldiers and Pilatus, and assume authority. But when the foremost Jews heard of that, they said to the High Priest, "We are really too weak to fight the Romans. But as the danger is also one for us, we must inform Pilatus. If he learns what is going on from another source he will bespoil or kill us, and disperse our children." Pilatus, warned by those Jews, sent soldiers who killed many of the mob and arrested the worker of cures. Pilatus had him tried and crucified according with [Roman] custom.

Jew. War, II, 11, 6: At this time [about 46 A.D.] many people showed

their allegiance to the miracle-monger mentioned above; they said that this rabbi was still alive, though he had died, and that he would free them from servitude. A number of people listened to them; they all belonged to the class of artisans, such as cobblers and the like. The governor consulted with the scribes and, fearing that the movement would spread, sent some of those people to the emperor, others to Antioch for judgment, others to the places they came from.

Jew. War, VI, 2, 3: Above those three inscriptions [on a platform leading to the Temple] was a fourth one written in Hebrew, to the effect that: Jesus has not been King, but was crucified, because he announced that the town and the Temple would be destroyed.

Jew. War, VI, 5, 4: [An oracle having foretold that a man in this country would rise to supreme power] some believed that it meant Herodes, others the crucified miracle-monger [Jesus], others Vespasian.

How much was originally deleted from this Slavonic text remains a mystery. These missing lines cannot be supplied until a new and unaltered version of Josephus is discovered. Such a fresh discovery is not impossible. In fact it is highly probable that scholars or archaeologists will, in the future, discover a fresh Josephus as well as other long sought-after missing pages. Then the full life of Jesus will be unrolled like an ancient scroll before our eyes.



THE FABULOUS IN HISTORY

THE HISTORIAN ought not to conclude that a fact is false because he possesses several versions of it, or because credulity has mixed with them much that is fabulous.

Renan

MAN REVEALED

THERE IS no historical task which so reveals a man's true self as the writing of a life of Jesus.

Schweitzer

H. E. JACOB

Six Thousand Years of Bread by H. E. Jacob is a fascinating history of our civilization told from the viewpoint of bread. This work of keen scholarship was originally written in German over a period of many years. By good fortune the author was able to save himself and his manuscript from the Nazis. The work was first published in America.

Bread and Christ

INTO THIS WORLD of the Roman imperium came Jesus Christ. It was . . . a world of real distress, of physical hunger; a world in which the grain speculators withheld the grain and the emperor misused bread for political purposes by feeding only those who supported his power. Into such a world came Christ. And said that he was the Son of God.

This world was also fecund with metaphysical hunger. Countless people felt that it was not the right world. The Roman genius for rule spent itself in perfecting administration, but it gave nothing to the soul. Wherever the Romans went, everything was organized—but simultaneously men could feel tangibly that everything had died. Values were at a low ebb. Even in the realm of religion, Rome conducted herself like a filing clerk. The flamen cerealis, for example, the high priest of agriculture, was required to appeal to the following "gods" at the great sacrifices:

Vervactor, the god of the fallowing
Redarator, the god of the second plowing
Imporcitor, the spirit of furrowing
Insitor, the spirit of sowing
Obarator, the genius of plowing in
Sarritor, the genius of hoeing
Subruncinator, the genius of weeding
Messor, the divine assistant in mowing
Convector, the divine binder of the sheaves
Promitor, the god who distributed the grain. . . .

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Rome's juridical rule literally disenchanted the earth. Aside from local religions (the Jewish, for example), which were not overcome by Rome, however, certain great spiritual forces still existed throughout the vast empire. There was, first of all, Greek culture; the artistic heritage of Athens and the teachings of Epicurus and the Stoa. These teachings were the philosophical consolation of all cultivated men. But only of cultivated men. The noblest gift of the Greeks was an artistic skepticism. But the people did not enjoy doubt; the people demanded positive belief.

Consequently, the Egyptian priests of magic were far more influential and powerful. The prestidigitators from Alexandria who traveled through the whole Roman Empire demonstrating transsubstantiation—changing water into wine—were far more important to the people than the pallid intellectual culture of the Hellenized salons. Here was something direct. From the Egyptians one could learn to make magic scientifically. Papyri and formulae were sold which were alleged to extend the powers of the will. With them one could compel fate, could practice spells and magic upon one's foes. . . .

There existed side by side with the Egyptian magician a force more powerful than he. This was his opposite, the Assyrian astrologer. Although the empires of the Assyrians, the Babylonians, and the Persians had been destroyed utterly, the national religion, the belief in the stars, persisted among the people. And the same Roman subjects who had but recently believed that the will of man strengthened by magic was capable of all things now believed they were playthings of cosmic forces. The destiny of each individual was dictated by the position of sun and stars at any given time. Even the lives of great heroes had been lived out in obedience to the nocturnal heavens. The twelve labors of Hercules symbolized the progression of the sun through the zodiac. After the death of Jesus Christ, Mark the Evangelist, who was himself probably an astrologer, arranged the events of Jesus' life so that they corresponded to a sun year and to the "adventures of the sun." The astrological parallels with the life of Jesus were worked out to the very minutest detail. The account of John the Baptist at the

beginning of the narration is explained by Aquarius, the constellation of the Water Carrier who appears above the horizon at the winter solstice. The two fish in the zodiac correspond to the fishermen, Simon and Andrew, whom Jesus made his disciples. When the sun entered Virgo, the "Constellation with the Corn Ear (Spica)," the disciples gathered ears on the Sabbath in order to clear a path through the wheat field for the master. The salvation from the tempest at sea took place as the Milky Way retired from the sun. The miracle when five thousand were fed with seven loaves and two fishes took place when the sun was in the sign of the Fishes. Many men would not have accepted Jesus as the Savior if his life had not been symbolic of cosmic events. His fate seemed like that of the sun: dawn, rise, culmination, descent, and setting.

But if one sweeps all this aside and attempts to find the real life of Jesus amid the layers of Greek, Egyptian, and Babylonian mythology and to see it as it actually was: the life of a great prophet who revolted against the theology of his people, the Jews-even then there remains in his life much that is unreal. The evangelists who portrayed his life seem inordinately concerned with symbols of agriculture. Where they do not transform him into a sun myth they connect him at every step of his way with the year of vegetation. Consider, for example, the significance that this son of Joseph and Mary was born in Bethlehem. "Beth-Lehem" means "house of bread"; and in order that there be no suspicion that Jesus was a dispenser of bread, like Emperor Augustus, he was born in a stall: a poor child who was warmed by the breath of the beasts of the field, oxen and asses. (The vegetation god Bacchus, we remember, was placed in a grain fan.) Even the hill of Gethsemane has a place in the agrarian passion, for it means "oil press." These things are in themselves remarkable. But it is even more remarkable that Jesus, in the period from solstice to solstice in which his destiny was enacted, clothed his ethical teachings in a number of parables taken from the art of cultivation. It is remarkable because he himself was not a farmer, but the son of a carpenter. Yet with few exceptions—like the parable of the beams and the splinters—his parables are concerned not with structures

and cabinet work, but with the subtle processes of plowing, sowing, harvesting, cattle raising, herding and shepherding, cutting grapes, and baking bread. Obviously a large number of people were interested in placing him in the realm of the agrarian and limiting him to this realm. That is, they would accept his ethics and his prophecies for the other world only if he founded an earthly realm of plenty, a realm of bread.

Jesus felt that these interests were just; on the other hand, he resisted them—therein lay the heroism of his life. For we must not forget that the chief problem of the times was hunger. It was virtually a new problem, considered only rarely by Roman writers because the ruling caste as yet had not perceived it. Ovid, for example, speaks of hunger in purely rhetorical fashion as a mythological horror dwelling somewhere in the underworld beside "cold" and "fear." Mass hunger seemed something unreal. It was still too new to be seen clearly, for before the Roman Empire organized the world, only local hunger, of short duration, had existed—when a city was besieged or when a plague dealt widespread death among the reapers. Such small misfortunes were repaired by the next harvest. For example, in 430 B.C. the Athenian orator Lysias delivered an oration against the traders who cornered grain. But how small a matter was it that Athens received more or less grain from the Black Sea coast during a season. Thirty miles from the city the shortages were unknown.

The Syrians, to be sure, had dedicated a temple in their city of Smyrna to the goddess of famine, Bubrostis. But the temple was rarely opened. The problem of worked-out soil did not exist in the older period—nor was there the insidious political handling of bread, with the bread provinces being stripped to feed other provinces. Since most areas fed themselves, there were also no transport crises. But overnight all this had changed. Hunger coursed through the provinces of the Roman Empire—natural hunger, and along with it the artificial hunger produced by Roman administrative measures. . . .

The day came when the province of Judea had to deliver ton tetarton tu situ (a fourth part of its grain) to the Roman state treasury.

No wonder Jesus Christ encountered bread as soon as he began his calling of prophet! It was the devil who suggested that if Christ were really the Son of God, let him remove the evil that most plagued his contemporaries: let him destroy famine. And as Matthew and John tell us, the Devil chose the moment that was psychologically apt for his plan. Jesus had gone into the desert, to prepare himself for his work as a savior of men. "And," we read, "when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungred. And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread. But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." He was here referring to Moses' explanation of the miracle of the manna. . . .

Jesus recognized the danger. If he solved the chief problem of the earthly Roman world, if he removed hunger by turning chance inanimate objects into nourishing bread, he would have become king of this world. The small round stones of the desert which so closely resembled the bread of the Jews could very well be transformed by the fevered imagination of a famished man into bread. But if Christ had followed the suggestion, he would have undone the spiritual and heavenly part of his mission. . . . If Jesus had actually placed his hand upon this instrument of force, this lever, he could have lifted the earthly world out of joint. He would have become emperor of the opposition and won the victory over Augustus.

This he did not desire, although he loved men also in their earthly guise and would have liked to free them from hunger. He had a precise and realistic understanding of the real value of bread as a human food. When your son asks you for bread, you cannot give him a stone, he says—this is the reverse side of the temptation in the desert. The need for bread is also more weighty than the comfort of one's neighbor: if a friend has come to us from a journey and we wish to borrow three breads to set before him, then we knock at our neighbor's door even at midnight, when he is already asleep (Luke 11:5–8). Bread is also more important than the law—like David who took the sacred bread of the temple

when he was hungry, the disciples of Christ plucked the ears of grain on the Sabbath. To the Syro-Phoenician woman who asks the Lord to heal her possessed daughter, he replies, after glancing into the house, with the astonished question: How was it that she gave the dogs in the room bread, but none to the children?

And she answered and said to him, "Yes, Lord: yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs."

Jesus praised her for this answer, and seconds her thought: no creature of God can be excluded from the enjoyment of bread. When he teaches his disciples the Lord's Prayer, he asks above all for "daily bread." That is, he asks for the very thing which he desires his followers not to be overly concerned with. He knows that concern for bread stupefies men. Who looks after the ravens and the lilies of the field? he asks. The goodness of God provides for them. Such words, spoken to men, are intended to soothe their minds. But when he speaks to his Father, he reveals his own deep concern for bread. For bread is the only earthly thing for which Jesus, otherwise wholly spiritual, asks. He does not plead for bread in general, but for daily bread. He is not afraid, like the Roman poor, to ask for the panis quotidianus, for bread as the Roman emperors distributed it. But his request is addressed to one infinitely greater than the Roman emperor. This plea is so moving that one must have a heart of stone in order not to weep when repeating it. It is, we repeat, real bread, daily bread, for which Jesus asks. St. Cyprian (A.D. 252) is wholly wrong when he says, "It was unnecessary for Jesus to ask his Father for *real* bread. Bread has a figurative meaning; it signifies heavenly wisdom. Jesus was a righteous man. The righteous man can suffer no lack and can never hunger. He possesses all!" This view is a distortion; it overlooks the spirit of community which Jesus felt toward all men. He wished to be not only the God of the righteous, but of the sinners also.

. . . The people of the Near East did not believe in a single, invisible god—as the Jews insistently and fervently demanded—but in a number of gods who succeeded but never wholly sup-

pressed one another. The Near East had been politically part of Egypt for a long time; then, for centuries, it was ruled by the Persians and Greeks; later Roman mercenaries from all parts of the world brought their diverse beliefs into the receptive country. The people drank them up gladly. A dozen living religions circulated through Asia Minor, a variegated cup of mixed wines. The intellectual atmosphere of Palestine which the Jew, Jesus, breathed, was by no means purely Jewish. If the artisans and farmers to whom he preached his doctrine had actually been pious Jews, people who knew the Scriptures and the law, he would have been put to death far sooner. He would scarcely have been given time to travel about for a full year.

Whatever the mass of the people believed, in one respect they were agreed: if a new god were to appear, he must bring them some easing of their lot. This he could do in many ways. He could start a revolution, a nationalistic war, and undertake a just redistribution of all goods. In the parable of the penny (that one must "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's") Jesus rejected this course. But there was still another open to him: to allow the political order to remain, but to revolutionize the order of nature by means of a miracle. It was the second course that men entreated. They followed him, they importuned him, they asked for individual salvation from material evils. Some desired the healing of diseases, some desired more food. They demanded the miracle of created bread—precisely what Jesus had refused to do when the devil tempted him in the desert.

Then why did he grant their request? He did so from the noblest motive: because—as the evangelists stress again and again—he "had compassion" for them. It was easier to resist the Devil than to resist pity. These people suffered from terrible diseases; they were helpless, hungry, and died too young. And, therefore, out of love for men, he did what was perhaps not best for the purity of his teachings—he cured them and gave them bread. Certainly he should not have done what was done by an unscrupulous charlatan like Apollonius of Tyana, who traveled through Italy and Spain awakening the dead. It is scarcely likely that Apollonius did this out of pity for the bereaved; he was looking for power. But Christ immersed himself so deeply in the sufferings of others that it seemed intolerable to him not to help. The consequence was that men believed in him. This was a consequence he desired, but he made a mistake in choosing the means. He, who had come to prepare a more perfect society for the Kingdom of Heaven, became ever more entangled in the miraculous. If he were a God in human form, he must do something to prove himself one to the people. He forgot that the consequences for him, the giver, were greater than for those who received. They listened to him only when he produced miracles for them. They wanted him as a God of earthly bread. As such they worshipped him. So long as he failed to see the danger, he fell in with this compromise.

With the greatest psychological insight the evangelists describe Jesus' innocence in performing his miracles and the growth of his understanding of the danger. The transmutations of matter began, according to the account of John, at the marriage in Cana, where the celebrants had no wine and Jesus transformed water into wine. Here he behaves like a Greek god, like Bacchus; a dispenser of joy, using his talents to provide a festival.

Then he feeds five thousand men. He and his disciples had betaken themselves to a desert (he was compelled to do this because John the Baptist had just been beheaded and Jesus was in danger). Many people followed him, however, to hear his preaching. Soon they begin to be hungry.

He saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? go and see. And when they knew, they say, Five, and two fishes.

And he commanded them to make all sit down by companies upon the green grass.

And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties.

And when he had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, he looked up to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves, and gave them to his disciples to set before them; and the two fishes he divided among them all.

And they did all eat, and were filled.

And they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes.

And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men.

We must remember that feeding the people in distress was of old one of the functions of the Jewish prophets. Thus the prophet Elisha, who apparently provided the model for Jesus, fed a multitude with little at a time of sudden famine.

And there came a man from Baal-shalisha, and brought the man of God bread of the firstfruits, twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn in the husk thereof. And he said, Give the people, that they may eat.

And his servitor said, What, should I set this before an hundred men? He said again, Give the people, that they may eat: for thus saith the Lord, They shall eat, and shall leave thereof.

So he set it before them, and they did eat, and left thereof, according to the word of the Lord.

If we read this story from the Book of Kings attentively, we see that no physical miracle necessarily took place: the bread may not have been increased at all. Rather, the multitude were sated because they were psychically prepared to be sated. A multitude who received not only bread but the Word that proceeded from the mouth of God could be satisfied with little. Similarly, Jesus, too, may not have multiplied the bread; perhaps he created only the psychic readiness for satiation, which was sufficient unto itself.

This interpretation would make the miracle an "inward," psychological one. But this was precisely what the multitude did not want. They wanted the crudest of physical miracles, the transmutation of matter. They did not consider that they could be sated because, in addition to the five loaves and two fishes, they were fed upon the Word of God. They saw only that they had been sated—and the consequences were immediate and undesirable, for not only the common people, but the disciples also were incapable of comprehending what had happened. They did not see that their hunger had been satisfied "in concordance with the divine will, which Jesus consummated by prayer." They saw it only as a breach of natural law and were terribly frightened of Jesus. They were frightened also when, in the night, he walked across the water to their ship. How was this possible? "For," adds Mark, "they considered not the miracle of the loaves." The first great bread miracle,

then, had worked negatively upon Jesus' followers: they saw in it only magic.

This should have been a warning to Jesus. It may almost be considered an intellectual fault that he did not act in accordance with this warning. Moreover—and this is so hard to believe that, characteristically, the Apostles Luke and John omit the tale—he shortly afterward repeated the miracle for four thousand men, who, in the same fashion, had listened to him preach for three days, until they no longer had anything to eat. This time it was seven breads which he transformed into bread for four thousand. But perhaps Mark recounts this story for the moral in it. A realm of plenty would begin as soon as God entered upon actual rule, and to the average man God's kingdom upon earth would be marked by much eating and drinking. The miracles of the bread were, as it were, rehearsals of what would be in the realm of plenty. . . .

Now, after the second miracle of the bread, the doors were wide open for misunderstanding. The common people no longer doubted that a man who had the power to make thousands of breads out of air was the new "god of bread" whom all men fervently longed for. Not because the earth was unfruitful—it was not at all; enough wheat and barley grew in Palestine—but because a curse lay upon bread which all men wished to have lifted—the curse of "In the sweat of thy face. . . ." Miraculous bread was food that need be neither sowed nor harvested; therein lay its magnificence. Whoever gratified this dream of eating without labor was certainly the new god.

His was a tragic entanglement in miracles. Even his foes, the Pharisees, no longer able to escape the profound impression of his personality, demanded a miracle, a sign, from him. Naturally he refused. Everything that he had previously done he had received by asking God for it. How, in their presence, could prayer establish the necessary harmony between himself and God? We find him in this distressed and sorrowful mood when the disciples, who are embarked on a ship with him, once more ask him to create bread because they "had forgotten to take bread." This is too much for Jesus. He retorts angrily, "Why reason ye, because ye have no

bread? Perceive ye not yet, neither understand?" When he broke five breads among the five thousand, did they not take up twelve baskets of fragments? And when he broke seven breads among four thousand, were there not seven baskets remaining? Yet they repeatedly ask him to perform the miracle again!

Thus St. Mark describes Jesus' rising bitterness and his growing consciousness of the danger. John, however, tightens up the account of this story, cutting here, adding there, and building up the whole to a great climax. According to him, there was just one miracle of the loaves, when Jesus feeds five thousand. But immediately thereafter it became necessary for Jesus to conceal himself from men. He perceived "that they would come and take him by force, to make him a king," and withdrew again to a mountain. They would give him a kingly crown as the creator of bread, and that was the most drastic misunderstanding of his doctrines. The emperor in Rome was a bread king, for he was head of the bakers' guilds that distributed the tessera frumentaria, the bread stamp for the poor. Were they to make Jesus a king like this? A bread king and a bread god against his will? Already the people were going everywhere through the land searching for him; were sailing the sea in ships. Finally they found him and surrounded him in the synagogue at Capernaum. Then Jesus turned to them; like a wild creature that cannot escape, he hurled the truth in their faces: that they were seeking him not for the sake of the spirit, "but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled. Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." They asked him, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" And Jesus replied, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." Shouting, they retorted that if they were to believe him, they would do so for the sake of the miracle of the loaves—just as they believed Moses when he gave their fathers manna in the desert. This was not the proper bread, the bread of heaven, Jesus told them; he alone could give them the true bread: "the bread of God which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world."

The people pricked up their ears. Was he going to create bread for them once more? They pressed close and cried flatteringly,

"Lord, evermore give us this bread." But Jesus remained inexorable: "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst." The crowd did not savor these words. Had he struck awe into them with one of his miracles, they would at once have fallen on their knees before him. But Christ abandoned miracles—he began to emphasize spiritual values and spiritual gifts. They pressed close to him once more, staring into his weary face and murmuring because he remarked, "I am the bread which came down from heaven." They said among themselves, "Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? How is it, then, that he saith, I came down from heaven?"

. . . . When he sensed in the listening crowd an obstinate resistance, a wicked refusal to comprehend, he became furious. Then he no longer spoke in parables, but in hyperboles. . . .

The passage in the Gospel of St. John where Jesus says, "I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever," is still parabolic. . . . But immediately afterward he perceived that the Jews did not understand this parable; they strove among themselves and said, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" Up to this moment Jesus had said not a word about eating flesh. Now we can imagine his eyes flaming with anger. Against this rock of incomprehension his speech breaks into foam. He abandons the logic of parabolic speech and hurls out his rage in hyperboles. He tells his listeners things he could not, originally, have meant; things which, moreover, no longer conform to the metaphoric meaning of what he wishes to say. With emphasis he cries, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat of the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him."

These were words of anger—delivered to people who had not understood the simple parable that he, as the bread of heaven, was a warranty of eternal life as earthly bread was of earthly life. How simple and comprehensible that had been—and these wretched men did not understand it. How, then, did they behave when Christ denounced them in hyperboles, lashed at them with words that no longer contained any degree of logic? The Gospel gives us the answer, "Many therefore of his disciples, when they heard this, said, This is a hard saying; who can hear it?" But Jesus by no means checked his fury or returned to the simple, comprehensible parable. He spoke even more sharply. "Doth this offend you?" he replied. "What and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where he was before?" Thus he heaped a new hyperbole upon the old, and repelled those men who would have preferred to consider him either an innocuous moral teacher or a charlatan miracle worker. He did not need them. And St. John reports, "From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him."

The belief that there existed a "bread of life" which assured immortality was one that had long prevailed in the Orient. The Greeks called this bread ambrosia; they had taken the idea from the Babylonians. During their Babylonian captivity (597–537 B.C.) the Jews had learned from cuneiform inscriptions of the "bread of life" and had become familiar with the legend of the hero Gilgamesh, who desired immortality. Utnapishtim, the ferryman of the gods, bakes seven divine breads for Gilgamesh, in order to keep him awake during the "period of probation for immortality":

For one bread the dough is mixed,
A second bread is already kneaded,
A third bread is already moistened,
A fourth bread I have dusted with flour and put into the oven,
A fifth bread is already brown,
A sixth . . . But Gilgamesh, you are asleep!

By falling asleep (sleep is here considered a preliminary to death) Gilgamesh has lost his chance for immortality.

Thus it was no alien concept to the multitude when Jesus spoke of a bread that assured the one who ate of it eternal life. What was so monstrous was his claim that he himself was that bread! Christ lost not some hundreds or thousands, but most of his followers through this speech. Consider, after all, what he had said! With terrifying directness he had commanded his listeners to eat his flesh and drink his blood. The news of this spread like wildfire through the Jewish countryside. Was he insane? In any case, he was blasphemous. For though most of his listeners were not pious Jews but Jews open to the motley influences of the pagan world around them, they were united in one feeling: their abhorrence of human blood. The Jewish dietary laws prohibited altogether the eating of blood. In the Third Book of Moses we read:

And whatsoever man there be of the house of Israel, or of the strangers that sojourn among you, that eateth any manner of blood; I will even set my face against that soul that eateth blood and will cut him off from among his people.

And in another passage we read:

Ye shall eat the blood of no manner of flesh: for the life of all flesh is the blood thereof. Whosoever eateth it shall be cut off.

For the soul itself dwells in the blood—the soul and the blood are of God. God established blood as an offering of atonement; to use it for other purposes was sinful.

To be sure, the Pentateuch was concerned only with the prohibition against drinking animals' blood. The drinking of human blood was not mentioned because it was inconceivable. As is well known, there was no law against patricide in ancient Rome. Who would kill his own father? It was unnecessary for such abominations to be declared by law as forbidden—the deepest emotions of men made them impossible. And now there came this carpenter's son demanding so horrible a toll for salvation. Eating human flesh, drinking blood! If he had wished to be rid of his followers, there could have been no more effective means. As they had come in crowds, so they now fled in crowds.

Christ lost not only the Jews, he lost the finest minds among the pagans. He erected a wall between the urban cultivated people, the philosophers of reason, and himself. . . .

But though Christ lost his contemporaries; though, as Paul said,

his teachings were "unto the Jews a stumbling block and unto the Greeks foolishness," his vigorous speech won him countless men yet unborn, when neither dietary laws nor reason could quell the worship they felt for something which was beyond their understanding.

When the time was fulfilled, Jesus desired to eat the Easter lamb with his disciples. He knew his fate, knew that this was his last meal in their midst. He was sorrowful and agitated at once; and when he saw the wine upon the table he broke out with the words that, while he yet remained upon earth, he would "not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine." But he said more than this. Before, something of vital importance had happened, as St. Matthew tells us:

And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body.

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it;

For this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

Once more he proclaims this hyperbole! It is like some mountain cliff which Jesus had reached through going astray, and from which he could never descend again. But this is not so; he had often descended since the time he told all in the synagogue of Capernaum to eat of the bread of his body. Since that time he had frequently dealt with men and things with the greatest realism. What was it that once more brought on the state of fearful excitement in which his suffering spirit saw bread and wine as something they were not to other men? We know that those who are condemned to death have a feeling about their own bodies peculiar to their state. They see their bodies, their flesh, and their longings caught up in the midst of their transgressions, as already scattered amid lifeless nature. Christ looked upon the bread and the wine and saw how white and red they were. Like human skin and human blood. And he thought: these will live on while I must be extinguished. The torment of this thought-perhaps-made him desire to be not a man, but bread and wine. . . . Perhaps this was it. Or did he see the breads on the board and the eleven disciples sitting with him? Since Judas had gone out, there were only eleven, and he himself made the twelfth. Twelve breads were the number in the Jewish tabernacle. They were the shewbreads which were also, profoundly, called "bread of the face" or lechem panim, that is, the bread of the Presence—for Jehovah was present as soon as the twelve breads—the number of the tribes of Israel—lay on the table before him. The Presence! Perhaps Jesus thought: as my Father is present in the temple of the Jews, so shall I always be present among these disciples whom I love when the bread is upon the table. . . . Perhaps these were his thoughts. We shall never know.

We know indeed very little of the greatest mysterium that ever took place among men. Strangely enough, St. John does not record the entire scene of the Last Supper, which should logically have been an interesting theme after he had so vividly described how Jesus offended the people with his flesh-and-blood speech in the synagogue at Capernaum. What is still stranger: although the other three evangelists recount the story of the Last Supper, none of them say a word about the reactions that Christ's words aroused in the disciples. The disciples do not rebel when Christ once more urges them to do what he admonished earlier in anger before the crowd at Capernaum: to eat his flesh and drink his blood. They are not disturbed about it, and St. Luke reveals why. Luke, the physician, the natural scientist, says that Jesus added to his words, "This do in remembrance of me!" Here we seem to have the clue to the problem of the quietness of the disciples. Their Lord was asking of them nothing horrible, but something deeply moving and sorrowfully beautiful—an act of remembrance.

Undoubtedly the earliest Christians were careful to take this in no other sense. Thus we find in the *Didache* (the church book of the Greek Christians, which was found only a few decades ago in Constantinople) that the priests said when they gave the cup to the community at mass: "We thank Thee, our Father, for the Holy Wine of Thy servant, David, which Thou hast made known to us through Thy son, Jesus."

And when he broke the bread he said: "As this broken bread was strewed on the mountains and being collected became one, so let Thy church be brought together from the ends of the earth into

Thy kingdom."

Here the words are plainly symbolical, and flesh and blood are not even mentioned. The earliest Christians anxiously avoided giving cause for any other impression. They had to be cautious so long as the state religion was still pagan. For they were accused—as we learn from a writer who did not hate them, Minucius Felix—of making "Thyestean meals" at their meetings; of eating the flesh and blood of murdered people, particularly of murdered children (Such wild accusations are the price that all mystery religions must pay from time to time. We have seen similar things in Eleusis.)

If this view of Luke is correct (and it is supported by Paul in the First Epistle to the Corinthians), then Christ merely employed a harmless parable when he gave his disciples the bread and wine; he asked them to remember, when they saw bread and wine, this last meal they were having with him. And to remember that he had been broken as men broke bread; and that his blood had been spilled as men spilled red wine. If, however, Matthew and Mark have recounted the true story when they add no other words, "This do in remembrance of me," then Christ did say and did mean, "The bread that ye eat is my body; the wine that ye drink is my blood." For there is only one possible truth: the two accounts are irreconcilable.

With boundless eagerness men have set about interpreting these words for two thousand years. Millions of them have contended about the scene. How Jesus took leave of his disciples and what his words really meant will never be learned. The ambiguity has brought vast misery upon mankind and upon Christianity in particular. Armies of men have died in wars, falling for the words, "This is my body!" Indeed, at the threshold of modern times Christianity itself, as we shall see, was rent apart into three and four new Christianities, and the mystery of the bread was the source of the dissent. English Christianity parted from the Roman church of the Popes, and the Swiss church from the Germans.

This was the incalculable ferment that Jesus introduced into the world by the phrase that none understood—the phrase that the bread was his body.

Today it is obvious that it was not the lucidity of his doctrine that made Christ a conqueror of the world after his crucifixion. On the contrary, it was the mystery, the incomprehensibility, the force of secrecy, that won him the world. It was not his easily grasped parables, but the inexplicable hyperbole of his existence that conquered the earth. Christ is the Middle Ages. But it seems also as though he had absorbed the entire ancient Orient into his teachings and all the dark conceptions of prehistoric times. Stamped with the power of Christ's personality, these ideas were bequeathed to the Middle Ages. Within the broad folds of his teachings Christ unwittingly gathered up all that men had believed before him. In Babylonian, astrological terms, he ascribed his being to the cosmos. He is the Osiris of the Egyptians-murdered, torn to pieces, and rising again into the world as the spring. He himself is the Passover lamb of the Jews and the Messiah promised by the prophets. He is the lord of all seed, the redeemer of the dead; he is the bread of this world and of the hereafter. He is the wine stock; he is Bacchus bound to the wood, tormented in the press, and resurrected in the wine to march in a divine processional of victory to Persia and India. He is the second coming of Adonis, the youth who was felled by the boar, who spilled his blood among the roses, and was lamented by the Syrian women. He is Tammuz, the spring god of the Sumerians, who is sought by his mother, Ishtar. . . . As Ishtar wailed over Tammuz and Demeter mourned Persephone, so the Mater dolorosa approached the sepulcher of Jesus Christ. And behold, he was arisen! The entire Orient which rejoiced at the risen Osiris, Bacchus, and Tammuz, now rejoiced with Mary at the resurrection of Christ.

He is the "Lord of Vegetation"; at the same time he is the victim, the seed. From remote Persia and India Christ absorbed these conceptions. Persian homa, Indian soma is a climbing plant resembling the ivy in appearance. "Homa is the first of three gifts planted by Ahuramazda in the fountains of life. He who drinks

of its juice never dies. Homa gives health and generative powers and bestows the gifts of life and resurrection." At first merely a drink, soma later becomes a god filling and penetrating those he loved. The communion with soma is the same for the Indians of the Vedas as, for the Christians, the communion with their God in bread and wine. All these ideas from the very frontiers of the inhabited world Christ carried over into the Middle Ages and transmitted to the victorious barbarians from the north. Even his last and perhaps mightier foe, the Persian god Mithras, the god of the soldiers, he overcame—although the sun-god Mithras had long outshone all other gods. Mithras felled the bull of fertility, in whose body the force of all plants and animals mysteriously slept. The soldiers called Mithras the "mediator between man and eternity" and prayed to him in grottoes into which no women were admitted. Like St. Paul, they considered women lesser creatures who must be silent before the god. . . . But what became of Mithras? By the earliest Middle Ages none remembered him or his omnipotent cult. He was merely a fold in the mantle of Christ.

To the peoples of the Middle Ages, Christ became the God of all gods and the king of all kings. Peoples who had never seen him rose out of their seats when they heard of his death and drew their swords to avenge him. The Germans of the year 830 heard the gospels recited to them in their traditional verse-the Old Saxon Heliand (savior). When they heard that St. Peter attacked the bailiffs with his sword, striking off the ear of the servant of the high priest . . . they lifted their own swords to save Christ, whose vassals they were. Yes, this was what they were—his vassals. For the separation of church and state which characterized the Roman Empire, the separation which Jesus himself recommended when he commanded that men render unto God the things that were God's and unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's—this separation did not exist in the Middle Ages. Christ himself was a ruler of the world. The Pope, ruling in Rome, and the Emperor in Germany were at best his right arm and his left arm; and the people of the Middle Ages were not more than the footstool under his feet.

ARNOLD TOYNBEE

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A Footnote to History

In the person of Christ Jesus—Very God yet also Very Man—the divine society and the mundane society have a common member who in the order of this world is born into the ranks of the proletariat and dies the death of a malefactor, while in the Other World he is the King of God's Kingdom—and a king who is God himself and not God's less-than-divine deputy.

This Christian conception of Christ the King has points both of likeness to and of difference from both of the two Tewish conceptions of Yaveh the King on the one hand, and of the Messiah on the other. Christ is, like Yahveh, a king who is also God; but at the same time Christ's divinity differs from Yahveh's in being not exclusively transcendant; and on this account Christ's kingship can be felt as a concrete and personal exercise of royal authority, whereas the awful remoteness and aloofness of the God of Israel from his worshippers makes it difficult for them to conceive of Yahveh's kingship as a real function which is something more than a formal title of honor. In this point of realism—and it is a point of capital importance—the figure of Christ the King bears less resemblance to that of Yahveh the King than to that of the Messiah; and it is no accident that the very name of Christ is derived historically from the title (in its Greek dress) of the king whose coming was awaited by the Jewish futurists. The Christian idea of Christ's kingship agrees with the Jewish expectation of the Messiah's kingship in conceiving of the kingship as a reality; but at the same time it differs from this Jewish expectation in be-

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lieving the king to be God instead of expecting him to be a man sent by God as his human deputy. This point of difference—and it is not less capital importance than the point of likeness—between the Christian view of Christ and the Jewish view of the Messiah comes out in the significant fact that the connotation of the word "Christ" has been exactly reversed in the process of being taken over into the Christian out of the Jewish vocabulary. In its literal and original meaning of "the Lord's Anointed" the title "Christ" signifies that its bearer is himself some one other than, and lower than, God who has invested him with his office. On the other hand, in the Christian usage the name "Christ" signifies that its bearer is God besides being the man who bears the name Jesus.



THERE was a revolutionary consciousness in Jesus; not, of course, in the common use of the word "revolutionary," which connects it with violence and bloodshed. But Jesus knew that he had come to kindle a fire on earth. Much as he loved peace, he knew that the actual result of his work would be not peace but the sword.

RAUSCHENBUSCH

Jesus stood and stands alone, Supreme, over all other great religious reformers in everything that concerns the heart and affections.

MAZZINI

EVERY EPOCH

Jesus is like a portent moving through two thousand years of history. No two minds form the same impression of him. Each man's "experience" of him is personal. Every epoch expresses in its own way and with its own words what "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard . . . the things which God hath prepared for them that love him . . ." the things that Jesus came to announce: the Kingdom of God on earth.

VAN PAASSEN

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ALFRED LOISY

The Abbé Loisy (1857-1940) began where Renan left off. He went back over the same ground digging deeper into the obscure origins. And like Renan his work created discomfort and was not acceptable to orthodox theologians.

In 1909, after being excommunicated, he was given a chair in the Collège de France. It must be noted that this was the same institution which almost fifty years before had dismissed Renan for his views on Jesus. But now times were different. The whole cultured world had accepted Renan and the cultured world was ready to accept Alfred Loisy.

For almost twenty years Alfred Loisy was lecturer in the Collège de France. He was one of the founders and leaders of the movement called Catholic Modernism. He published over forty scholarly volumes all on one single subject, the birth of Christianity.

Gilbert Murray, the distinguished scholar, gives us an estimate of Loisy's work in the preface to the English edition of *The Birth of the Christian Religion*. This work, he writes, "... presents the latest, and, in my judgment, the most masterly of all the attempts to understand and describe according to the normal canons of human history, without prejudice and without miracle, a movement which has shaped the whole subsequent religion of the Western World."

It seems almost impossible that at this late date anyone could throw a new light on an old subject. But ungoverned by preconceived theories, Loisy actually accomplished this. The two sections printed below are from his volume, The Birth of the Christian Religion.

The Gospel of Jesus

Though myth and legend have considerable place in evangelical tradition, our knowledge of Jesus is somewhat fuller than of John the Baptist. But all the mythical and legendary elaboration within the tradition bears testimony, in its own way, to him from whom the Christian movement had its beginning. Whatever may have been said to the contrary, there is not a single Christian document of the first age which does not imply the historicity of Jesus. The

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gnostic Docetists who denied the materiality of Christ's body and the physical reality of his Passion believed, with the mass of Christians, in the historicity of Jesus and of his appearance as a figure upon the earth; their Christ, immaterial but visible, was not for them an unreal phantom, a pure image of the mind, as our mythologues would sometimes make him out to have been. And pagan writers least favorable to the Christian religion, from Tacitus to Celsus and the Emperor Julian, always regarded Jesus as a historical figure, Christ being for them the name of a Galilean agitator who came to an evil end and whom his followers had absurdly made into a god. The criticism which attempts to replace this figure by a myth will find itself involved in endless subtleties and traveling on a road which leads to nowhere. None the less it is true that Jesus has lived on in myth, and been carried by myth to the highest peak of history.

Where exactly he was born is unknown to us; we know only that he came from Galilee. The oldest legend shows him at Capernaum and in the region northwest of the Lake of Tiberias; this probably is the region of his birth. The myth which assigns his birthplace to Bethlehem and makes him of the family of David is founded on an arbitrary interpretation of prophecy and contains nothing of primitive and historical tradition. The myth, moreover, is full of contradictions. In order to fix his birthplace at Bethlehem of Judea, Matthew domiciles his parents there; then, to bring him from Judea into Galilee he imagines that Joseph, after his flight into Egypt, not daring to reinstall himself in his own country, established himself at Nazareth, whence Jesus came to Capernaum; all of it presented as a fulfilment of ancient prophecies on the strength of an exegesis carried to the extreme of phantasy. Luke, quite differently, supposes that the parents of Jesus had their home in Nazareth and that Jesus was born at Bethlehem by accident, his parents having been brought there in consequence of the census presided over by Quirinius; though it is far from clear why Joseph, even if he was a descendant of David, should have had to report himself at a place which his ancestors had quitted a thousand years previously. This evangelist is equally unaware that he contradicts himself by dating the birth of Jesus both under the reign of

Herod, who died in the year 4 before our era, and in the year of the census, which took place after the deposition of Archilaus ten years later. In reality, evangelical tradition had no knowledge either of the village in Galilee or of the year in which Jesus was born. Nor was it any clearer on the point of his Davidic descent, since the two genealogies presented mutually contradict and annul each other. Jesus was made a descendant of David because that was what the Messiah had to be.

The assignment of Nazareth as the family home of Jesus was an attempt made by the same tradition after the event to explain the surname "Nazorean," which was originally added to the name of Jesus and remained the name for designating Christians in Rabbinic literature and in Eastern countries. This name, Nazorean, is quite clearly the name of a sect having no connexion with the town of Nazareth, unless it be that of a common etymology. Nor has it any closer connexion with the nazirs, "the men under vow," mentioned in the Old Testament. It may have been the name of the Baptist's sect, of which the Christian was originally an offshoot. Jesus himself, before beginning an independent ministry of his own, was probably at first a member of the Johannite sect. But the story told in the Gospels about the relations of John and Jesus belongs to legend. The message sent to Jesus from prison by John is merely a frame within which considerations are introduced for exhibiting the superiority of Jesus and the Christian Gospel to John and his preaching. The story of the baptism of Jesus by John is nothing else than the myth of the institution of Christian baptism. It pretends to found the complete independence of the Christian scheme of salvation, in relation to other baptist sects and to Judaism, on a decree of divine providence. Implied in the story here is a consciousness of the independence of Christianity, in regard to Judaism, which cannot have been acquired before the year 70, our texts showing signs of having been incessantly retouched in the course of handing the story on. The account of the temptation in the desert has the same mythical character and the documents of the New Testament bear their witness to its evolution. The reason is obvious why the fourth Gospel omits the temptation, as it omits the cures of demoniacs and even the baptism of Jesus by John. A single trace of service rendered by angels to the Son of God is retained in John 1:51.

In the tradition common to all the Gospels, Jesus is a wandering preacher, as John the Baptist had been before him. The two preachers are not represented as teaching in the manner of contemporary rabbis, but rather as prophets, and both as prophets of a single oracle—"the Kingdom of God is at hand" (Matthew 3:2; 4:17). In the Synoptic tradition Jesus is also a wonderworking exorcist-nothing more natural in those times; but in the fourth Gospel, while the wonders increase in magnitude, the exorcisms disappear, as does the story of the temptation in the desert. There is, however, no reason, so far as the personal history of Jesus is concerned, to linger over a detailed discussion of the miracles attributed to him. They represent the appanage of "powers" or "virtues" with which, in the thought of the time, a ministry such as his would be endowed. They are constructed in accordance with current types and are even presented as types, arranged in a series, and, at the same time, turned by all the Gospels, but especially by the fourth, into symbols of the spiritual work accomplished by the Christ. Just as the parables in the Gospels are mystical allegories, so the miracles are "signs," not only marks of divine power, but symbols of salvation. As spiritual symbols they foreshadow the formation of the Christian Mystery as a whole. But there is no room to doubt that the gift of healing was attributed to Jesus in his lifetime and that he himself deliberately exercised it. The first Christian missionaries were preaching exorcists, as Jesus had been before them, and in that were doing no more than following his example. The Christian religion was not born in an atmosphere of transcendent mysticism and erudite theology.

It is very remarkable that tradition never represents Jesus as preaching in large towns, except when he came to Jerusalem to meet his end. We see him going from one to another of the townlets and straggling villages of Galilee and entering their small synagogues; but there is no evidence that he ever went to Tiberias, a profane town, ordinary residence of the Tetrarch, nor to any other of importance. We must conclude that towns did not provide

him with an atmosphere favorable to his message. The people with whom he sought contact were fishermen round the Lake of Gennesaret, poor craftsmen and workers on the land in his neighborhood. The geographical frame of his ministry did not enclose a large area. Nearly all the souvenirs, if souvenirs they be, are attached to Capernaum and the surrounding country.

It was, then, in a few villages, or at most in a few districts of Galilee, to the northwest of the lake, that we must conceive him as teaching for some time and with some measure of success. A theatre so small and, moreover, so little known can hardly have been invented by tradition as the scene of a ministry to which it attached importance so great, the connection of it with these humble localities by means of the text in Isaiah indicated by Matthew (4:12-16) being surely an afterthought. The journeys outside Galilee attributed to Jesus were not preaching tours. If they ever took place, it must have been toward the end of the Galilean ministry, and they would seem to have been undertaken by Jesus to escape from the pursuit of Antipas when the attention of the Tetrarch had been drawn to the movement excited by his preaching. We are told, and it is probably true, that quite early in his career Jesus recruited a certain number of companions who followed him regularly from place to place—though the stories of their vocation that have come down to us are all typical and symbolic. What the Gospels have to tell us about the crowds which pressed upon the footsteps of the preacher, and the thousands who came from all Palestine and from Transjordania to hear the Sermon on the Mount, can only be regarded as the work of pious exaggeration. The preaching of Jesus could not have reverberated far beyond Galilee, and the Sermon on the Mount, a collection of didactic fragments and sentences originally distinct, was never preached.

Of what the teaching of Jesus was in reality only an approximate idea can be formed from the teaching that has been attributed to him. It may be said without a trace of paradox that of the teaching he actually gave no collection was ever made. Neither the preacher nor his most faithful hearers dreamed of fixing the tenor of his preaching for the purpose of transmitting it to posterity; every purpose of that kind was thrust aside by the immi-

nent prospect of the Kingdom of God, the near coming of which, with the Christ in glory, was continually announced by the first apostles after the death of Jesus. It was only after the lapse of a considerable time, when groups of believers had become organized in permanent confraternities, that the need for more complete instruction began to be felt, and the teaching about Jesus and the teaching of Jesus, the latter already greatly modified and augmented, were more and more fused together to form the books of liturgical catechesis for which the name "Gospel" was retained. Our Gospels, even the Synoptics, are more truly understood as containing the elements of the primitive Christian catechism than

as representing instructions really given by Jesus in Galilee and Jerusalem. Needless to say, the mystical gnosis of the fourth Gospel was wholly outside his ken. Just as a legend has been built up for him, so too there has been built up for him a body of teaching, and it has been done by borrowings from many quarters. One part of the sayings which constitute the synoptic tradition was taken from the teaching of the Rabbis, while the whole of it, even where the spirit is that of hellenic Christianity, has the tone of Jewish hellenism. It is safe to say that the teaching of the first three Gospels is conceived after the manner of Jesus and directly penetrated by his spirit. But no attempt could be more futile than that which aims today at reconstituting the teaching of the Christ by arranging, in an order more or less logical, the discourses and sayings scattered throughout the first three Gospels. The thought of Jesus is not more directly reflected in such a synthesis than it is in the broken order of the discourses it seeks to arrange. These discourses are constructs designed for the Christian communities, with a view to their needs, their misgivings, their sufferings, their interior difficulties, their position in the pagan world and their controversies with the Jews. It may be that the general principles of this teaching were laid down by Jesus, or merely foreshadowed by him. But, in all strictness of language, the teaching of the discourses and sayings called evangelical are one thing, and the personal preaching of Jesus was another.

Some critics, notably Schmiedel and Goguel more recently, have been forward in maintaining that clearly authentic sayings of Jesus are to be recognized in certain declarations which run counter, more or less, to the early Christologies and so create embarrassment for the apologists. Examples are the following: "Why callest thou me good: there is none good but God," which seems to make the Christ a man subject to imperfection; the despairing outcry of Jesus on the Cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"; "some of them that stand here shall not be dead when the Son of man comes in his Kingdom." Others again have found a unique savor of originality in sayings such as these: "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath"; "not that which goeth into a man defileth him, but that which cometh out," and such like invectives against the Pharisees. It is a risky kind of argument. The saying about "goodness" as an incommunicable attribute of God is a theological subtlety the credit for which may well belong, if not to an evangelist, to some pious rabbi, the taste of whose wisdom was familiar to the Marcan tradition. The dying outcry of Jesus marks the fulfilment of Psalm 22 by the Passion of the Christ. The saying about the near approach of the parousia expresses the faith of the first community of Christians, though in a form which had lost something of its original force. The sayings about the Sabbath and about the cause of defilement are as much in the tone of Jewish wisdom as in that of the Gospel; they may be in harmony with the spirit of Jesus but there are no other grounds for asserting that he was the first to formulate them in his preaching and was not repeating them after others. As to the invectives against the Pharisees, they are just as likely to have come from a Christian prophet as from Jesus himself.

Let us be content with the knowledge that while Pontius Pilate was procurator of Judea, perhaps in 28 or 29 of our era, perhaps a year or two earlier, a prophet appeared in Galilee, in the region of Capernaum. He was called Jesus, a name so common among the Jews of that time that assuredly no reason can be found for conceding to the mythologues, as Guignebert does, that the name might have been given him after his death to mark the rôle of savior early ascribed to him by his followers. This Jesus was a man of lowly origin. It is improbable that Joseph, the name of his father, and Mary, the name of his mother, were invented by the tradition. He

had brothers who played a part of some importance in the life of the earliest community of believers. Doubtless he was born in some townlet or village of the region where he began to teach. There are also reasons for believing, as indicated above, that he was for some time attached to John the Baptist, or affiliated to the sect called after him, before himself beginning to preach the near approach of the Kingdom.

The Gospels probably had reasons for defining his teaching and that of the Baptist by the same general formula: "Repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand." This simple though widely comprehensive indication gives us our surest knowledge of his teaching. We may regard it as certain, first because it remained the fundamental element in the faith of his earliest followers who continued his work after his death in proclaiming him Christ: and second, because the earlier elaborations of the Christian tradition, always bound to this as their initial datum, consisted in retouchings or attenuations of the same idea—the coming of the Great Kingdom. We know moreover that the hopes of the Jewish people all came to a head precisely in that idea, and that Jesus was regarded as appointed to bring the realization of these hopes to his faithful followers.

There is no reason to doubt that Jesus, like John, presented the Kingdom unencumbered by the preliminaries in which apocalyptic literature was fond of indulging. The coming of the Kingdom would be immediate and sudden as was befitting, or seemed befitting, to the majesty and might of Him who was to bring it to pass, thereby replacing at a stroke all the kingdoms of flesh, which the powers of our lower world were upholding in unjust exercise of the mandate committed to them by the Master of the universe. What would be the conditions of his coming? How would his reign be carried on? There is no proof that the mind of Jesus dwelt on this subject, which he had not studied in books, as did the apocalyptic writers from Daniel onwards. But there is no sign that he or his first disciples were preoccupied by these fantastic speculations. They were men of the people and their conception of the Great Kingdom had the same simplicity as that of the Zealots, though entirely free from the violence of their fanaticism. We may conclude, then, that Jesus proclaimed, if not the end of the world—for we should have to ask whether he had an idea of the "world," and if so what—at least the end of the present age, the end that is of Satan's Kingdom and of the earthly powers set up by him, the coming of God, the reign of the just, the resurrection of the dead, and the Great Assize at which the wicked everywhere would be sentenced to extermination. With the view before him of judgment about to fall, let the wicked man repent and change his life!

Did Jesus, like John, baptize those who were converted by this message? The Synoptics do not affirm that he did, and critics are generally content to say that he required only the change of heart, thus making him the teacher of a pure religion entirely free from ritual magic. But Jesus had no intention of founding a religion; the idea never entered his mind. It is probable that his baptism by John, whether historical or not, figured at the head of the evangelical catechesis, but quite impossible to say exactly when, how, or why his disciples after him adopted a rite which, on the hypothesis favored by the critics, Jesus himself neither recommended nor practiced. Is not the silence of the Synoptics on this matter a simple consequence of the fact that the story they tell of his Galilean ministry does not aim at recording the historical actions of Jesus, but at instructing the believer about to undergo an initiation, of which the outward ritual is marked with sufficient clearness by the baptism of Jesus himself at the opening of the catechism? Strange as this idea may seem to those who insist on taking the arrangement of Gospel stories as representing the perspective of factual history, it is not impossible that adhesion or, one might say, conversion to the message of the Galilean Jesus was marked by the same rite of baptism as that which marked conversion to the message of John. Nor is it impossible that even the meals taken in common by his regular followers were strongly colored, as Renan supposes, by a mystical element as prefiguring the banquets of the elect in the Kingdom of God. Preconceptions are rife as to the conditions under which Jesus delivered his message, and it is a common assumption that these differed greatly from those which attended the ministry of John. But the plain truth is that we know very little about either, the Gospels giving us no information on the subject, or informing us inexactly,

even in regard to Jesus. After all, a group of believers would not have been so easily formed after the death of Jesus had he not gathered around him during his lifetime a sort of confraternity analogous to that which we know was gathered round John and perpetuated in a sect after the Baptist's death.

Did Jesus claim for himself an eminent place in the coming Kingdom? In recent times many have deemed it possible to answer this question in the negative, but without suspecting that they might be bringing Jesus too near to their own mentality or to their own religious ideals. In their view Jesus was a mystical philanthropist, the Kingdom of Heaven was essentially inward and moral, the presence of God in the soul, the revelation and intimate awareness of the divine fatherhood and goodness, of the law of love, of the dignity of man. And this no doubt is what the Gospel may seem to those who try to find themselves in it and view it, from a great distance of time, sifted by the experience of nineteen centuries. But Christianity was not born in that transcendent atmosphere and our metaphysical universals were as remote from the mind of Jesus as were the skeptical smiles of Ernest Renan and the humanitarianism of Henri Barbusse. The dominating perspective of the Gospel, and the dominating thought of Jesus, is the concrete, real and even realistic conception of the Kingdom of God, involving the complete renovation of the human order both inward and outward. The value of the human soul-still less its absolute value, the autonomy of human personality in a transcendent individualism—is not presented in the Gospel independently of the individual's destiny in the coming Kingdom; the law of love is not laid down independently of the renunciations required by the coming revolution in earthly affairs; the relief of the poor man is not prescribed independently of his exaltation in the everlasting Kingdom. In sober truth, neither the revelation of Divine Goodness, nor the value of the soul, nor the law of love, nor the dignity of the poor has the eminent place in the primitive Gospel which many in our time would assign to it. These are the elements of the Gospel which, more or less magnified when seen from our point of view, happen to be for us the least worn out by time. But, for the historian, the sum and substance of the Gospel can always be found, and must always be found, in the

eschatological idea of the Kingdom of God, all the rest being subordinate to that.

That being so, Jesus could hardly have overlooked himself as a figure destined to play a part in the coming Advent of God. To be sure he does not seem to have given much thought to the order that would be set up by the divine polity of the future. The saying about the thrones on which his principal disciples were to sit at his side does not go back to him, but was probably conceived by the earliest community in honor of the Twelve. There is at least an equal probability that the notion of the Son of man, which holds so large a place in the Gospel tradition, was introduced into it for the purpose of glorifying Jesus after his death and linked to that event in order to bring out its providential significance. "The Son of man" is a mythical conception, earlier than the Gospel tradition which so largely exploits it; earlier than the apocalypses of Daniel and Enoch, where use is made of it. Its origin is pagan, probably Chaldeo-Iranian. In the apocalyptic tradition it became a kind of definition for an idealized Messiah. Although the history of the myth is far from being clear, it is assuredly pre-Christian and was probably without influence on the Gospel at its point of departure, that is on Jesus and his first disciples. The idea, in short, is bound up with a redemption-gnosis which the Epistles present in a developed form but whose place in the Gospel is progressive and of secondary importance only. We may agree further that Iesus never described himself in set terms as the future King of the Elect, and that even the confession of Peter at Caesarea Philippi anticipates a faith which, as so defined, was that of the first group of believers and only came into being after the catastrophe of Calvary. But it remains true that, before the final drama, this faith was in a manner existent, and to some extent explicit, among the first converts to Jesus' Gospel, and in Jesus himself as naturally involved in the initiative taken by him in proclaiming the Great Event and making preparation for its advent.

It was as an envoy of God, not as a simple prophet, nor as a sage and a moralist, that Jesus presented himself to his contemporaries. He claimed a special and unique mission in regard to the Great Event, but did not define it with precision. "The Great Envoy" would be the equivalent in our language. So far as we can judge Zoroaster and the Buddha made similar claims; so, too, did Mani and Mahomet. There could be no question of his being the Messiah there and then, since the Messiah was the Prince of the Great Kingdom and there could be no Messiah till the Kingdom came. Elsewhere the author of this book has argued for the view that Jesus was Messiah in expectation, Messiah presumptive, and some of his critics have condemned the idea as a theological subtilty. Perhaps it is neither as subtle nor as theological as they deem it to be. But let us keep only to this; Jesus, as the great herald of the coming Kingdom, certainly made claim, before the end of his life, to the role which would involve his becoming, after his death, the Messiah who was to come with the Kingdom. Nothing else is of import if his mortal career is to suffice as an explanation of his immortal destiny. The closer definitions of that destiny would never have come into being if the faith of Jesus and his disciples had not, in one way or another, contained their beginnings and their justification. This faith it is that also explains the culminating action of Jesus at Jerusalem; this faith it was that triumphed in his death.

JESUS PROCLAIMS THE KINGDOM IN JERUSALEM

Believers, even the most liberal, and they perhaps most of all, are still loath to admit that the action of Jesus in carrying his message to Jerusalem was not, humanly speaking, more reasonable than that of the others who are commonly known as "false Messiahs": for example, Theudas who, fifteen years after the death of Jesus, recruited some thousands of followers in Perea and brought them to the side of Jordan in the belief that the river would open up its waters to facilitate their triumphal march on Jerusalem; or the Egyptian, of whom Acts also speaks (21:38), who led a much more formidable body of partisans as far as the Mount of Olives, convinced in their simplicity that the walls of Jerusalem would fall down at the voice of their prophet. These cases however are parallel to that of Jesus and their issue, so far as the immediate result was concerned, was much the same for him as for them. But our liberal believers are not content with insisting that the personality of Jesus was loftier and purer than that of these men, who were

only adventurers and visionaries; they will have it also that Jesus was less under illusion than they, or even—an absurd supposition both historically and psychologically—that he was under no illusion at all about the fate in store for him at Jerusalem, which, had illusion been absent, he would have had no motive to encounter. Jesus, they would have it, came to Jerusalem at the risk of his life to accomplish a great duty. As the interpretation of an act of faith, and, we must add, of religious illuminism, all this is too modern and rationalistic.

On this occasion Jesus was not visiting Jerusalem in the character of a simple pilgrim. It is possible that he had made several pilgrimages to the city before taking up the role of a prophet; but it is wholly improbable, not to say quite impossible, that he was there more than this once as announcer of the Kingdom of God. The synoptic tradition gives us to understand that he presented himself with this announcement on the occasion of a Passover which, in Luke's reckoning, would probably be that of the year 29. The artificial chronology and editorial arrangements of the fourth Gospel need not be taken into account. Being what it was, the preaching of Jesus in Galilee must have been of short duration; to make it last a few months is to give it good measure. Whether the reason was that he had seen the speedy collapse of the credit accorded his message at its first announcement, or that he had reason to think that Antipas was about to put a violent stop to his preaching, or simply because Jerusalem was the appointed place for the publication of his message, as well as being the place predestined for the Great Coming, Jesus resolved to proclaim the word of the Kingdom in the Holy City.

No direct testimony has come down to us to throw light on the convictions which determined his action at this conjuncture. The Gospels present him to us as fully conscious of providential designs and as going to Jerusalem that he might there procure the fulfilment of divine intentions and ancient prophecies—a systematic and apologetic conception of which next to nothing can be retained for the psychology of Jesus. It cannot be repeated too often that the Gospel stories are the scenes of a ritual drama in which the actions of the characters, especially of the chief character, are governed by

the faith which the drama is designed to represent, to fortify and, one might say, to realize. Most assuredly the young Galilean continued in Jerusalem to be animated by the faith and the hope which had led him in his own country to proclaim the speedy coming of the Great Kingdom. It was that same impulse of faith and hope, raised perhaps to a higher ardour by the obstacles already encountered, encouraged also by the measure of success already won and rendered more urgent by the necessity to proclaim the divine message to the Jewish people at the centre of the national life—that same impulse it was that drew Jesus on to his fate, but without giving him clear foreknowledge of what that fate would be. Doubtless his hope was too masterful to permit him to envisage, with complete lucidity and calm, the likelihood, in reality a certainty, that death was awaiting him. What he did expect, and his followers expected with him, was the manifestation of divine power, the advent of the Kingdom foretold, the dawn of the Day of God. Neither in the messianic tradition of Judaism, nor in the message of the Kingdom as he had delivered, it, was there anything to make him suppose that his own death was a necessary condition of the Great Event. He came to Jerusalem fully confident in the power of God, in the validity of the ancient promise to Israel, in the urgent need of divine intervention to establish the reign of justice on the earth.

We could not be worse informed than we are about the real events immediately preceding the tragic climax of this religious adventure. The affair of the Egyptian, above referred to, is enough to show that the messianic demonstration on the Mount of Olives, as described in the synoptics, is not in itself improbable. But the story they give us is derived from Old Testament texts. The same is true of the expulsion of the traders from the temple, a story much less easy to accept as recording a real event. Tradition has constructed for Jesus a Jerusalem ministry analogous to the Galilean; but the long invective against the Pharisees seems no more authentic in its substance, as the real teaching of Jesus at Jerusalem, than the discourse on the end of the world. It is, moreover, improbable that Jesus would have been allowed to teach publicly in the temple for many days without suffering interference. Our choice lies practi-

cally between two hypotheses: a riot created by the followers of Jesus, if we may suppose them numerous enough to make it, immediately on their arrival in Jerusalem, and the prompt arrest of their leader by the Roman authority; or a popular movement excited by the preaching of Jesus in the temple, which would very quickly have brought on the intervention of the priests, followed at once by recourse to the procurator. In either case the affair would have borne, or would seem to bear, the character of a politico-religious demonstration which the procurator would suppress severely and without a moment's delay, as happened to the movements led by Theudas and the Egyptian. But the affair of Jesus, at the time when it occurred, seemed of less importance than theirs. He did not march on Jerusalem, as they did, with thousands of followers behind him, and his presence in the city would do no more than provoke a tumult to be suppressed at once.

All the evangelists have to record of the final evening is connected with the mystical meanings attached to the Last Supper, the Christian Passover in which the death of the Christ was commemorated. The treachery of Judas is accessory and it is by no means easy to say what, in reality, can have corresponded to this incident; it may have been invented as a mythical amplification of the punishment inflicted on Jesus. The previsions attributed to the Christ on the same occasion are intended to throw a stronger light on his person; they come from the realms of drama and apologetic. One may be a fiction built up on a real fact; thus, the passing consternation of the disciples at the arrest and punishment of their Master is the basis for his prediction of their flight (Mark 14:27). Another may be a fiction co-ordinated to another fiction or to a supposed fact; thus, the announcement of the coming betrayal may be coordinated with Peter's denial-if, as is probable, the denial is an invention of Paul's party directed against the chief of the Galilean apostles. In the same manner, but more surely, the announcement of the coming resurrection, interpolated into that of the flight (Mark 14:28) paves the way for the fictitious story of the discovery of the empty tomb. The words of the Eucharistic institution correspond to the interpretation of the Supper given by the First Epistle to the Corinthians: they signify not only the presence of the Christ

among his own at the common meal, but also the mystical relation of bread and wine to the commemoration of his saving death, of which the Supper is, in a manner, the mystical reiteration. And this interpretation, which can hardly go back to the apostolic age, is superimposed upon an older one in which the Supper is understood as a symbolic foretaste of the happiness of the elect in the Kingdom of God after the Great Event. But even this earlier interpretation is the work of tradition which attached it typically to the last meal taken by Jesus who may very well have himself suggested it in the course of his ministry at the daily meals with his disciples. Finally the scene at Gethsemane brings together and endows with material form the speculations of primitive Christianity concerning the great ordeal undergone by the Christ. Incidentally, the editors of Mark, followed by Matthew, have given that story a turn unfavorable to the Galilean apostles.

Of the circumstances of the arrest in the Garden of Olives not one, perhaps not even those of place and time, can be retained as historical. The economy of the Gospel narratives is related to the ritual commemoration of the Passion; taking them literally we run the risk of transposing into history what are really the successive incidents of a religious drama. True it is that behind this drama lie the brutal facts, the condemnation to death and the crucifixion. But the real physiognomy of the facts has been transfigured in the drama which was conceived, not for reproducing the history reflected in it, but for its own purpose, that of bringing out its mystic significance, as well as in the interests of apologetic. Strictly speaking, it is possible, though there is nothing to make it probable, that Jesus was arrested at night, outside Jerusalem, by a sudden surprise organized by the temple police or by the Roman. If we suppose that Jesus was violently seized during an affray occasioned by him, and not without resistance by his partisans, we may be sure that tradition would have been careful to preserve no record of it. For not only has it not preserved the real circumstances of his burial, which it had perhaps an interest in falsifying, but it has no clear story to tell of his trial and condemnation.

For a long time past discussion of the Trial of Jesus has proceeded on the assumption that our texts contain an authentic account of its successive stages. What they do contain, let it once more be repeated, is the liturgical dramatization of the trial together with an apologetic commentary. Mark and Matthew report two trials and two condemnations: first, the Sanhedrin tries Jesus and condemns him; then the procurator Pilate takes up the affair for confirmation, examines the case, finds Jesus innocent, tries vainly to save him and, finally, disclaiming all responsibility, ratifies the sentence of death. According to Luke, the Sanhedrin prepares the accusation, then submits the affair to the Jews, passes the case on to Antipas; Antipas finding no ground for condemnation, Pilate then concedes the execution of the accused to the clamour of the Jews, after another vain attempt to pardon Jesus as in Mark and Matthew. In the fourth Gospel Jesus is first examined about his teaching by the high priest, Annas (Hanan), who was not high priest at that time. Annas then sends Jesus to Caiaphas and the Jews carry to Pilate an accusation which they are not able to formulate (John 18:28-32); Jesus then explains to Pilate that his Kingdom is not of this world: Pilate pronounces him innocent and has recourse to the expedient of pardon; but the Jews persist in their demand and Pilate makes another attempt to deprive them of their victim, going so far as to present Jesus in kingly state and saying he will not crucify their King; the Jews reply they have no King but Caesar, and Pilate yields them Jesus for crucifixion. Let those who can find their way through this judicial phantasmagoria.

The one stable fact is the crucifixion, a Roman punishment reserved for rebels and inflicted on Jesus on one of the days preceding the Jewish Passover. It follows that the sentence was pronounced by Roman authority after a trial in which that authority acted in its own right, and not as ratifying a sentence passed by the Sanhedrin. It is easy to understand how the agitation fomented by Jesus would be construed as subversive of the sovereignty of the Emperor, even though it would not be regarded as a serious menace to the security of the Empire. Pilate would pronounce the sentence of death without a moment's hesitation; nor is it easy to see, in view of the historic circumstances and the probabilities, how he could have avoided doing so. Jesus was not condemned because he had been misunderstood. He had exposed himself to suspicion by

the attitude he had openly adopted and by the tenor of his message. Only by his death did he triumph over his accusers. Had Pilate, per impossibile, decided to keep him in prison, the Christian religion would not have owed its birth to him.

Was there an accusation by the Sanhedrin? We cannot answer in the affirmative with certainty nor even with much probability. Our texts, repeatedly cut about and surcharged, are not a historic record of the death of Christ. More than that, they are not even founded on any historic record discoverable by literary analysis. It would seem indeed that the fundamental document of Mark agreed with the fundamental document of John in the date of the Passion, that is to say in fixing the death of Jesus at the day and hour when the Jews sacrificed the paschal lamb. But the date is not historical; it proclaims itself symbolic and liturgical. It reflects the primitive Easter observance of the Christian communities retained to the end of the second century by the communities of Asia from which the others had long been divided by their custom of celebrating Easter on Sunday, as the day of the resurrection. The Christian religion had its birth in history, but only began to write its history with Eusebius of Caesarea, when it was too late. Let us then recognize the simple fact that the oldest tradition now perceptible about the death of Jesus, like that about his ministry, has already become a liturgical legend, the evolution of which in the gospel literature preserves throughout the same ritual character, complicated by apologetic interests.

While the chronology of the Passion was retouched in a way which distinguishes and clearly separates the Christian Passover from the Jewish, as the two were distinguished and separated in object, in like manner the story of the trial has been given a turn for the purpose of throwing back upon the Jews the initiative and the responsibility for the sentence of death. Hence the doubling of the procedure and, in the Synoptics, the improbable nocturnal sitting of the Sanhedrin during the holy night of the Passover. At this sitting Jesus is condemned for professing a Christology which was that of the second generation of Christians. But the evangelists get embarrassed by the saying in which Jesus is made to avow an intention to destroy the temple. Taking the words literally, they

would, if authentic, place Jesus on the same level as Theudas and the Egyptian mentioned above. The saying may, indeed, have been brought up in evidence at the trial before Pilate, to the ruin of him who had pronounced it, but has no natural context in any of the Gospel stories. The nocturnal arrest of Jesus by servants of the High Priest is all of a piece with the trial before the Sanhedrin. But the story in the fourth Gospel about Judas at the head of a band of soldiers and temple rabble who fall to the ground on their backs before Jesus in the garden is in no better keeping with historical tradition.

The incident of Barabbas is a fiction of which the origin is obscure, but the purpose evident. The best device its authors could find for shifting responsibility for the sentence from Pilate to the Jews was to make the procurator offer pardon to Jesus and the Jews prefer its bestowal on a brigand. In like manner the intervention of Herod is to procure an unexpected witness to the innocence of Jesus in the person of the tetrarch. Originally this fiction must have been a parallel to that of Barabbas, but bolder, in that Herod was substituted for Pilate as condemning Jesus and taking the initiative in his execution, as he is said to have done in the Gospel of Peter. It is obvious that the lofty declarations of Jesus before Ānnas and before Pilate have interest only for the history of Christology. Generally speaking it may be said that the statements and attitudes attributed to Jesus by the Gospels on this occasion are clearly devoid of meaning except in relation to Christology and to the liturgical drama of the Passion. To the historical reality of the arrest, condemnation and crucifixion they have no relation.

In regard to the place of execution the traditional indication can be retained, although there is ground to suspect that tradition in placing the tomb has taken over an ancient grotto of Adonis, as it took over the cave at Bethlehem. The whole setting of the scene of the crucifixion suggests dramatization, theological and ritual, even to the incident of Simon of Cyrene who saves Jesus from the humiliation of carrying the cross. Other incidents are introduced for the fulfilment of prophecy: the two robbers (Isaiah 53:12); the wine mixed with spices or gall (Psalm 69:19); the division of the garments; the insults of the passers-by (Psalm 22:7–9); the

words of Jesus on the cross (Psalm 22:1). In other cases these incidents have symbolic value. the darkness; the rending of the temple veil; the earthquake; the dead rising from their graves. Symbolism is most pronounced in the fourth Gospel which, careless of probability, brings the mother of Jesus and the beloved disciple to the foot of the cross, shows Jesus issuing instructions till his last breath and discovers the mystic economy of the Christian sacraments in the effect that followed the thrust of the lance. The reality of it all was on a level less exalted than this drama, but more poignant and more cruel. Jesus was promptly condemned and promptly executed; he died in torment and, save for his executioners, there can hardly have been any to witness his agony.



DIFFERENT FROM EARTHLY WISDOM

When we look at the selection made by Christ of these own ones, we see something still more different from all the usual methods of earthly wisdom. They were neither the most cultured nor the most influential of their times. The majority of them appear to have been plain working men, from the same humble class from which our Lord was born. But the Judean peasant, under the system of religious training and teaching given by Moses, was no stolid or vulgar character. He inherited lofty and inspiring traditions, a ritual stimulating to the spiritual and poetic nature, a system of ethical morality and of tenderness to humanity in advance of the whole ancient world. A good Jew was a man, to a large extent, of spiritualized and elevated devotion to God, and habitual love and charity to man were the essentials of his religious ideal. The whole system of divine training and discipline to which the Jewish race had been subjected for hundreds of years had prepared a higher moral average to be chosen from than could have been found in any other nation.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

SCHWEITZER

Albert Schweitzer holds three enviable crowns. He is today the most distinguished of all self-sacrificing medical missionaries. He is the world's greatest authority on the music of Bach. And he is also one of the greatest authorities on the Life of Christ.

The foundation for this last reputation he laid down very solidly almost half a century ago with the publication of his monumental work, The Quest of the Historical Jesus. First published in Germany in 1906, this work remains today a notable contribution to the subject. Time has not dimmed its pages nor effaced its scholarship.

The Quest of the Historical Jesus presents a critical study and estimate of the many important books which have attempted a history of Jesus. His concluding chapter, which is reprinted here in its complete form, gives a full résumé of his work and his findings.

The Summing Up

THOSE who are fond of talking about negative theology can find their account here. There is nothing more negative than the result of the critical study of the life of Jesus.

The Jesus of Nazareth who came forward publicly as the Messiah, who preached the ethic of the Kingdom of God, who founded the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, and died to give his work its final consecration, never had any existence. He is a figure designed by rationalism, endowed with life by liberalism, and clothed by modern theology in a historical garb.

This image has not been destroyed from without, it has fallen to pieces, cleft and disintegrated by the concrete historical problems which came to the surface one after another, and in spite of all the artifice, art, artificiality, and violence which was applied to them, refused to be planed down to fit the design on which the Jesus of the theology of the last hundred and thirty years had been constructed, and were no sooner covered over than they appeared again

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in a new form. The thoroughgoing skeptical and the thoroughgoing eschatological school have only completed the work of destruction by linking the problems into a system and so making an end of the *Divide et impera* of modern theology, which undertook to solve each of them separately, that is, in a less difficult form. Henceforth it is no longer permissible to take one problem out of the series and dispose of it by itself, since the weight of the whole hangs upon each.

Whatever the ultimate solution may be, the historical Jesus of whom the criticism of the future, taking as its starting-point the problems which have been recognized and admitted, will draw the portrait, can never render modern theology the services which it claimed from its own half-historical, half-modern, Jesus. He will be a Jesus, who was Messiah, and lived as such, either on the ground of a literary fiction of the earliest Evangelist, or on the ground of

a purely eschatological messianic conception.

In either case, he will not be a Jesus Christ to whom the religion of the present can ascribe, according to its long-cherished custom, its own thoughts and ideas, as it did with the Jesus of its own making. Nor will he be a figure which can be made by a popular historical treatment so sympathetic and universally intelligible to the multitude. The historical Jesus will be to our time a stranger and an enigma.

The study of the life of Jesus has had a curious history. It set out in quest of the historical Jesus, believing that when it had found him it could bring him straight into our time as a Teacher and Savior. It loosed the bands by which he had been riveted for centuries to the stony rocks of ecclesiastical doctrine, and rejoiced to see life and movement coming into the figure once more, and the historical Jesus advancing, as it seemed, to meet it. But he does not stay; he passes by our time and returns to his own. What surprised and dismayed the theology of the last forty years was that, despite all forced and arbitrary interpretations, it could not keep him in our time, but had to let him go. He returned to his own time, not owing to the application of any historical ingenuity, but by the same inevitable necessity by which the liberated pendulum returns to its original position.

The historical foundation of Christianity as built up by rationallistic, by liberal, and by modern theology no longer exists; but that does not mean that Christianity has lost its historical foundation. The work which historical theology thought itself bound to carry out, and which fell to pieces just as it was nearing completion, was only the brick facing of the real immovable historical foundation which is independent of any historical confirmation or justification.

Jesus means something to our world because a mighty spiritual force streams forth from him and flows through our time also. This fact can neither be shaken nor confirmed by any historical discovery. It is the solid foundation of Christianity.

The mistake was to suppose that Jesus could come to mean more to our time by entering into it as a man like ourselves. That is not possible. First because such a Jesus never existed. Secondly because, although historical knowledge can no doubt introduce greater clearness into an existing spiritual life, it cannot call spiritual life into existence. History can destroy the present; it can reconcile the present with the past; can even to a certain extent transport the present into the past; but to contribute to the making of the present is not given unto it.

But it is impossible to overestimate the value of what German research upon the life of Jesus has accomplished. It is a uniquely great expression of sincerity, one of the most significant events in the whole mental and spiritual life of humanity. What has been done for the religious life of the present and the immediate future by scholars such as P. W. Schmidt, Bousset, Jülicher, Weinel, Wernle—and their pupil Frenssen—and the others who have been called to the task of bringing to the knowledge of wider circles, in a form which is popular without being superficial, the results of religious-historical study, only becomes evident when one examines the literature and social culture of the Latin nations, who have been scarcely if at all touched by the influence of these thinkers.

And yet the time of doubt was bound to come. We modern theologians are too proud of our historical method, too proud of our historical Jesus, too confident in our belief in the spiritual gains which our historical theology can bring to the world. The

thought that we could build up by the increase of historical knowledge a new and vigorous Christianity and set free new spiritual forces, rules us like a fixed idea, and prevents us from seeing that the task which we have grappled with and in some measure discharged is only one of the intellectual preliminaries of the great religious task. We thought that it was for us to lead our time by a roundabout way through the historical Jesus, as we understood him, in order to bring it to the Jesus who is a spiritual power in the present. This roundabout way has now been closed by genuine history.

There was a danger of our thrusting ourselves between men and the Gospels, and refusing to leave the individual man alone with

the sayings of Jesus.

There was a danger that we should offer them a Jesus who was too small, because we had forced him into conformity with our human standards and human psychology. To see that, one need only read the Lives of Jesus written since the sixties, and notice what they have made of the great imperious sayings of the Lord, how they have weakened down his imperative world-condemning demands upon individuals, that he might not come into conflict with our ethical ideals, and might tune his denial of the world to our acceptance of it. Many of the greatest sayings are found lying in a corner like explosive shells from which the charges have been removed. No small portion of elemental religious power needed to be drawn off from his sayings to prevent them from conflicting with our system of religious world-acceptance. We have made Jesus hold another language with our time from that which he really held.

In the process we ourselves have been enfeebled, and have robbed our own thoughts of their vigor in order to project them back into history and make them speak to us out of the past. It is nothing less than a misfortune for modern theology that it mixes history with everything and ends by being proud of the skill with which it finds its own thoughts—even to its beggarly pseudometaphysic with which it has banished genuine speculative metaphysic from the sphere of religion—in Jesus, and represents him as expressing them. It had almost deserved the reproach: "he who

putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is not fit for the Kingdom of God."

It was no small matter, therefore, that in the course of the critical study of the life of Jesus, after a resistance lasting for two generations, during which first one expedient was tried and then another, theology was forced by genuine history to begin to doubt the artificial history with which it had thought to give new life to our Christianity, and to yield to the facts, which, as Wrede strikingly said, are sometimes the most radical critics of all. History will force it to find a way to transcend history, and to fight for the lordship and rule of Jesus over this world with weapons tempered in a different forge.

We are experiencing what Paul experienced. In the very moment when we were coming nearer to the historical Jesus than men had ever come before, and were already stretching out our hands to draw him into our own time, we have been obliged to give up the attempt and acknowledge our failure in that paradoxical saying: "If we have known Christ after the flesh yet henceforth know we him no more." And further we must be prepared to find that the historical knowledge of the personality and life of Jesus will not be a help, but perhaps even an offence to religion.

But the truth is, it is not Jesus as historically known, but Jesus as spiritually arisen within men, who is significant for our time and can help it. Not the historical Jesus, but the spirit which goes forth from him and in the spirits of men strives for new influence and rule, is that which overcomes the world.

It is not given to history to disengage that which is abiding and eternal in the being of Jesus from the historical forms in which it worked itself out, and to introduce it into our world as a living influence. It has toiled in vain at this undertaking. As a water plant is beautiful so long as it is growing in the water, but once torn from its roots, withers and becomes unrecognizable, so it is with the historical Jesus when he is wrenched loose from the soil of eschatology, and the attempt is made to conceive him "historically" as a Being not subject to temporal conditions. The abiding and eternal in Jesus is absolutely independent of historical knowledge and can only be understood by contact with his spirit which is still

at work in the world. In proportion as we have the Spirit of Jesus we have the true knowledge of Jesus.

Jesus as a concrete historical personality remains a stranger to our time, but his spirit, which lies hidden in his words, is known in simplicity, and its influence is direct. Every saying contains in its own way the whole Jesus. The very strangeness and unconditionedness in which he stands before us makes it easier for individuals to find their own personal standpoint in regard to him.

Men feared that to admit the claims of eschatology would abolish the significance of his words for our time; and hence there was a feverish eagerness to discover in them any elements that might be considered not eschatologically conditioned. When any sayings were found of which the wording did not absolutely imply an eschatological connexion there was a great jubilation—these at least had been saved uninjured from the coming débâcle.

But in reality that which is eternal in the words of Jesus is due to the very fact that they are based on an eschatological worldview, and contain the expression of a mind for which the contemporary world with its historical and social circumstances no longer had any existence. They are appropriate, therefore, to any world, for in every world they raise the man who dares to meet their challenge, and does not turn and twist them into meaninglessness, above his world and his time, making him inwardly free, so that he is fitted to be, in his own world and in his own time, a simple channel of the power of Jesus.

Modern lives of Jesus are too general in their scope. They aim at influencing, by giving a complete impression of the life of Jesus, a whole community. But the historical Jesus, as he is depicted in the Gospels, influenced individuals by the individual word. They understood him so far as it was necessary for them to understand, without forming any conception of his life as a whole, since this in its ultimate aims remained a mystery even for the disciples.

Because it is thus preoccupied with the general, the universal, modern theology is determined to find its world-accepting ethic in the teaching of Jesus. Therein lies its weakness. The world affirms itself automatically; the modern spirit cannot but affirm it.

But why on that account abolish the conflict between modern life, with the world-affirming spirit which inspires it as a whole, and the world-negating spirit of Jesus? Why spare the spirit of the individual man its appointed task of fighting its way through the world-negation of Jesus, of contending with him at every step over the value of material and intellectual goods-a conflict in which it may never rest? For the general, for the institutions of society, the rule is: affirmation of the world, in conscious opposition to the view of Jesus, on the ground that the world has affirmed itself! This general affirmation of the world, however, if it is to be Christian, must in the individual spirit be Christianized and transfigured by the personal rejection of the world which is preached in the sayings of Jesus. It is only by means of the tension thus set up that religious energy can be communicated to our time. There was a danger that modern theology, for the sake of peace, would deny the world-negation in the sayings of Jesus, with which Protestantism was out of sympathy, and thus unstring the bow and make Protestantism a mere sociological instead of a religious force. There was perhaps also a danger of inward insincerity, in the fact that it refused to admit to itself and others that it maintained its affirmation of the world in opposition to the sayings of Jesus, simply because it could not do otherwise.

For that reason it is a good thing that the true historical Jesus should overthrow the modern Jesus, should rise up against the modern spirit and send upon earth, not peace, but a sword. He was not teacher, not a casuist; he was an imperious ruler. It was because he was so in his inmost being that he could think of himself as the Son of man. That was only the temporally conditioned expression of the fact that he was an authoritative ruler. The names in which men expressed their recognition of him as such, Messiah, Son of man, Son of God, have become for us historical parables. We can find no designation which expresses what he is for us.

He comes to us as One unknown, without a name, as of old, by the lakeside, he came to those men who knew him not. He speaks to us the same word: "Follow thou me!" and sets us to the tasks which he has to fulfill for our time. He commands. And to those who obey him, whether they be wise or simple, he will reveal himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in his fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience who he is.



PLOUGHED INTO HISTORY

The unique impression of Jesus upon mankind—whose name is not so much written as ploughed into the history of the world—is proof of the subtle virtue of this infusion. Jesus belonged to the race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. One man was true to what is in you and me. He, as I think, is the only soul in history who has appreciated the worth of man.

EMERSON

ALEXANDER, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires. But on what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love; and at this hour, millions of men would die for him.

Napoleon

I LOVE and venerate the religion of Christ, because Christ came into the world to deliver humanity from slavery, for which God had not created it.

GARIBALDI

ALL that I think, all that I hope, all that I write and all that I live for is based upon the divinity of Jesus Christ; the one central joy of our poor wayward race.

GLADSTONE

X PHILOSOPHY

SANTAYANA

George Santayana was born in Spain in 1863. His reputation as a philosopher is founded upon *The Life of Reason* (5 vols.), *The Realms of Being* (4 vols.) and about twenty other significant volumes all written in a rich literary style. The extract included below is from his *The Idea of Christ in the Gospels*. In this volume he explores the philosophic validity of the idea of God in man.

The Miracles

Many people would like to eliminate the miracles from the Gospels. Nothing is easier than to disbelieve them: they may be illusions founded on ignorance of the secret workings of nature, or inventions bred spontaneously, like dreams, in the very act of remembering or repeating any exciting story. But it would be only a new illusion, and a fresh passionate invention on our part, if we imagined that by eliminating the miracles we could come upon the historical truth concerning the life of Jesus or upon the genuine moral message of the Gospels. The first condition for reaching such understanding is to overcome the modern assumption that miracles are impossible. This assumption is convenient and prudent in daily life; we may go our rounds happily without stopping to challenge it. Yet historical evidence, impartially collected, is far from supporting it, and logically it is untenable. Logically everything is possible; and if a certain sequence of events happens not to be found in our experience, nothing proves that it may not occur beyond. If, abandoning the narrow ground of experience, the rationalist appeals to reason, and says that miracles are impossible because they would be unintelligible, he falls into a verbal trap, baited to snare the innocent. Existence is necessarily unintelligible. Just as logically anything may happen, so the fact that something in particular happens is essentially irrational. It may be a part of a sequence often repeated; but the fact that such

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a sequence ever occurs or occurs often remains an utterly arbitrary and inexplicable fact. Therefore when the rationalist says that something is impossible he is merely confessing that such a thing has not come within the circle of his thoughts and that he has not wit enough to imagine it.

Miracles are so called because they excite wonder. In unphilosophical minds any rare or unexpected thing excites wonder, while in philosophical minds the familiar excites wonder also, and the laws of nature, if we admit such laws, excite more wonder than the detached events. Each morning the sunrise excites wonder in the poet, and the order of the solar system excites it every night in the astronomer. Astronomy explains the sunrise, but what shall explain the solar system? The universe, which would explain everything, is the greatest of wonders, and a perpetual miracle.

Things, then, are not wonderful merely for being unusual. In the Gospels visits of angels and sudden cures of diseases or of possession by devils form the regular mechanism by which the Kingdom of Heaven announces its presence. These miracles are expected by the crowd, and when they happen, the reason for them is well understood. That is why they are proofs of divine authority, and not mere inexplicable facts. The essence of a miracle is that, in breaking through the superficial routine of events, it manifests the real power that brings them about, and proves that this power is profoundly human. It is the power of The Good or divine love of our good. It is the power of God, which nature cannot control, but which faith and prayer may prevail upon to succour us.

Miracles may therefore transform the object of religion from an object of prudent attention into an object of love. So long as God personifies only the power of nature, the wise man will fear him, respect him, learn his ways, and thriftily profit by them in all the arts. But when God personifies *The Good*, the heart loves him already without having named him, and the new revelation comes only in the miracle that *The Good* should prove to be also the power that ultimately governs everything.

Such is the atavistic message, the glad tidings, brought by Christ. The Gospels are a tissue of miracles, and so are the inner lives of the saints. We perfectly understand why they occur, something never to be understood regarding ordinary events. They happen for our sake, to help and to save us: and that is the wonder. To eliminate them from Christ's life would be to take the soul out of it, for they are not mere incidents there. They are parts of one great visitation, the coming of God to earth, the Kingdom of Heaven realized: one overwhelming miracle by which the whole world is to be swallowed up, judged, condemned and supplanted.

The miracles in the Gospels are set forth as signs of Christ's power: they, not any superiority in his life or doctrine, are the proofs that he himself offers of his divine commission. Now, merely rare and inexplicable events would not be signs of power, but rather of disorder in nature. Far from prompting us to be converted and to submit our heart and mind to an absolute authority, they would encourage wild action, irresponsible hopes and a generally romantic and daredevil spirit. If the miracles in the Gospels are signs of power, it is because they happen at Christ's bidding, or in conformity to his evident intention.

There is, indeed, a certain involuntary power or influence in his person, as when he feels virtue going out of him, and turns his head, to see who has touched the hem of his garment. Such magic virtue, like the healing power of the air in certain places, or of certain herbs and waters, belongs to the sympathetic texture of nature, and is surprising only when we come upon it unexpectedly or in an exceptional case. It is not properly miraculous; but in Jesus it serves to reveal the same personal prerogative that appears in his irresistible commands, when he comes upon some stranger, looks at him for a moment, bids him follow, and the man follows. The suggestion is not so powerful when it does not come unsought, in the imperative mood, but only as a last possibility: If thou wouldst be perfect, sell all thou hast, and follow me. The personal impact, the physical magic, fails here, and we are not surprised that the rich young man sorrowfully turns away.

On the other hand, we do not reckon it a miracle that, within certain limits, our bodies should obey our will, or that our servants should obey it, also within limits; yet this, in the terms in which philosophers usually state the problem, is perfectly unintelligible. The sympathetic texture of nature conjoins these phenomena in a way we have not traced; and custom leads us to expect the conjunction in the sphere where it is familiar, while in any other sphere it seems miraculous or impossible. So the tricks of the prestidigitator continue to seem impossible, although we see them and know that they must be tricks, until the mechanism of them is revealed to us: and so many of the therapeutic miracles in the Gospels belong to an occult art, which has its laws and may be taught to apprentices. Christ sends forth his disciples, giving them power to cast out devils and cure certain diseases; and if they ask why, in some cases, they were not able to do so, he gives one or two explanations: either that they lacked faith, or that, for instance, this kind of devil cannot be cast out save by prayer and fasting. These conditions may seem spiritual, but they all have a physical side; and we are evidently in the borderland between natural magic and individual acts of divine omnipotence. It is to this direct and specific exercise of omnipotence that prayer appeals when it brings about a miracle. Still, the efficacy of prayer has itself regular conditions and degrees. Faith seems to be the chief of these. What is this faith, and why does it merit such extraordinary favors?

We must exclude the suspicion, inevitable to a modern mind, that faith is requisite in the public in order to produce the *illusion* of miracles, and to *credit* them when they are reported. The ancients had no prejudice against miracles, nor has the natural man. Shakespeare, without the least weakness for traditional piety, admits all reported omens, prophecies, ghosts, and magic powers as perfectly credible and dramatically verified. So Herodotus, and other ancient historians, without perhaps expressing their own judgment, repeat the recorded wonders for our edification: why shouldn't the gods, if they choose, govern the world in those amiable and fanciful ways? There was therefore no motive for regarding faith as a source of illusion. It might be such in certain cases; but in other cases faith might be the source of opportune courage, of instinctively fit action, and of brilliant success. Peter flounders in the water when his confidence gives out: that is a nor-

mal biological effect, and would have occurred if he had been walking on a tightrope instead of on the sea. But no degree of faith could have made him walk on the sea naturally: the confidence he lost was not confidence in an acquired art, as it might have been in an acrobat, but confidence in the omnipotence of Christ. Christ, or the will of the Father to which Christ was conforming, had decreed a miracle, but on condition that Peter's faith in Christ should not waver. This faith had no physiological connection with the act of walking on the waves: it was related to that act, and to failure in it, only through the special providence of God, which had made faith a condition for granting that miraculous power. All the miracles in the Gospels come to reward and confirm faith in Christ. They are the proof that the Kingdom of Heaven has come, that it exists in our midst; they manifest the principles that govern that kingdom, and they prepare us to live under them.

Nevertheless, often, if not always, there subsists a ceremonious element, an element of natural magic, in the way Christ works his miracles. Sometimes he works them from a distance, without uttering any audible word; yet even then he has turned toward the place where the miracle is to occur, his mind is intent upon that scene, or he looks up to heaven for a moment, as if to see the appointed event, and assure himself again that it is according to God's will. Sometimes he takes elaborate means, makes clay with spittle, applies it medicinally on the blind eyes, and sends the man to wash them in a particular pool. Often he touches those he would heal, although at other times the word spoken suffices to cure the body and to forgive the sin. Yet even this forgiveness is always sacramental: the word must be spoken, or at least the express consent to forgive must be given by the divine mind. It is all an act of government, an operation of grace. Nature and law donot decide the matter automatically, so that Christ with a wise mind may observe them and instruct us about them afterward; but a personal government, committed to him in his human person, pronounces on every event, and pronounces with a certain freedom and prerogative proper to absolute monarchs, with generosity, with severity, sometimes with a certain fanciful initiative. A man among men is judging, and the eternal laws are not jealous. As if confessing how arbitrary they are in themselves, they bend without protest to the rhythms and affections of a human soul.

The Evangelists recount all these miracles for the sake of proving that Jesus was the Christ and the Son of God, yet that was far from being the motive that prompted Christ to perform them. On the contrary, the Gospels represent him as refusing to "give a sign" of his Messiahship, whenever challenged to do so. It was the Devil that tempted him to throw himself from the pinnacle of the Temple, to prove that the angels would bear him up, lest he should dash his foot against a stone. He will give no sign but the sign of Jonah; he will submit to be swallowed up by the world's hatred and neglect; it is not in the world that he wishes to triumph, but over the world. When alone, unobserved, he may allow his omnipotence to show itself, as it were automatically, as when in the night he walks upon the sea; but in public, if a miracle is imposed upon him, it is almost always by the power of his secret pity and kindness, which he cannot bear to resist. Yet the effort wearies him; perhaps also the sense of futility in doing these small mercies, snatching one brand from the universal conflagration, restoring one child to life, when a thousand children are dying, and none in the end can escape death. He heals those that approach him, he feeds the multitude that follow him into the desert; he speaks to them in parables, that they may at least understand his words, though incapable of understanding his secret; and as soon as possible he escapes, far from all these solicitations and sad cries of gratitude and confused false hopes. He minimizes his miracles. Thy faith, he says, hath made thee whole: the dead child, or Lazarus after five days in the grave, is not dead, but sleepeth. Often he charges those he has healed to tell no man of it. After all, miracles and the report of miracles were not attached to him alone; magicians and miracleworkers were common; it was more an indignity than an honor or a good omen to be numbered among them. But to this too he was bound to submit for the time being. The happy day, the one glorious miracle was that sign of Jonah which he had promised should come soon, when he himself should rise again from the dead, or rather, as he perhaps might have felt, when he should rise again from the living.

As a foretaste of this consummation, there are some miracles reported in the Gospels that are not works of mercy dictated by compassion for human ills, but rather breaks in those clouds, glimpses of the other world and its mysteries. These revelations are few and granted, like the Transfiguration, only to chosen disciples, and even they seem to be hardly prepared to understand them. It is notable how humble, how physical Christ's benefactions are compelled to be. Even when, besides healing some disease or relieving some pressing distress, he adds: Thy sins are forgiven thee, this seems to be a retrospective mercy. The prospect, even if it were possible to sin no more, remains dark and empty: there is no initiation into higher things, to fill the void left by renouncing the world, the flesh, and the devil; and if anyone, like the well-meaning Nicodemus, comes with some intellectual difficulty, he is left only the more perplexed by the mysterious words that he hears.

Yet the mysteries and the glories of a higher sphere exist, they surround us invisibily at all hours, and we are allowed to see how conscious Christ himself is of their presence, how often he must go alone into the wilderness to renew his communion with them, and how gladly he would show them to us if we had only eyes to see them. Besides the choirs of angels at the Nativity, and the dove and the voice from heaven at the Baptism, and the Resurrection (which no one witnessed) and the Transfiguration, which was a foretaste of it, the institution of the Eucharist is perhaps the most remarkable of the miracles of grace. It is evidently not comprehended by the Twelve at the Last Supper, nor perhaps by the Evangelists who report it, for it is omitted altogether in John. But in the sixth chapter of John there is a mystical discourse about eating Christ's flesh and drinking his blood that may serve to open our minds a little to the meaning of this mystery. It is a mystery, a sacrament; and the evident allegory in it does not reduce it to a ceremony about nothing. On the one hand, we are not asked to revert in spirit to the lusts of the cannibal and the vampire: decent bread and wine are substituted

in the material act of Communion. But even the grossest material sacrifices and feasts were never merely material: there was always a sense that the soul of the beast sacrificed and the spirit of the god invoked entered into the worshipper in that sacrificial banquet. The stream of universal life was allowed to flow through him more freely; he was linked anew and more closely to all the sources of his life and to all the future of creation. Now this quickening was miraculous: not the usual effect of so much food and drink, but a sympathetic enthusiasm awaked by the concourse of sacred associations and ritual acts, and by the contagious faith of centuries and nations.

So much for the ecclesiastical decorum and devout atmosphere of this Christian mystery. On the other hand, there is in reserve, for those who are capable of feeling such things, a most literal spiritual influx of consolation and energy, called grace, and a real assimilation of the human will and intellect to the divine. We are invited actually to partake of the life and death and resurrection of Christ: something perfectly possible, if we understand the terms conceptually and not historically. The idea of Christ is that of God in Man: this idea may be exemplified in some degree in anybody, as we find it so perfectly exemplified in Christ: and the Eucharist is a sacrament by which through a material instrumentality always indispensable for spiritual contacts, we may absorb something more of that spirit and that form. Our predisposition, sensitiveness, and faith are prior conditions for this influx to occur freely: but here the Christian has a channel provided for him through which grace and assimilation to God may flow, if he is called to receive them.

The Evangelists could not foresee what a function the Eucharist, as a presence apart from material communion, was destined to assume in the Church in these latter days; but Christ must be conceived to have foreseen it; and we must admire the perfect harmony of this perpetual silent reincarnation of his divinity with the original incarnation of it in the womb of a virgin. The tabernacle becomes another manger, the monstrance another cross; and in the solitude of some mountain monastery and amid the promiscuous crowds of a city, Christ, who was once willing to

live on earth, still lives silent and unrecognized among his fellow creatures, not scandalized at their luxury or their sins, patient of their unbelief, responsive to the sparks of grace or of spirit that may flit spasmodically among the cold ashes in their souls.

Amid so many miraculous manifestations of divine charity and a few manifestations of divine splendor, there is one little miracle that has always puzzled the commentators, because it seems a manifestation of divine impatience. True, divine impatience is often expressed in threats and warnings by all the prophets, and by Christ himself; and the commentators think they see the justice of divine retribution for sin, because sin is, or was in the beginning, an inexcusable misuse of free will. But why should God be impatient and punish a fig tree for not bearing figs? And why didn't the Evangelists, or the copyists, drop this puzzling and unedifying anecdote out of the narrative, as being probably apocryphal? Apocryphal or not, for my part I am glad that they piously retained it, for it seems to me a perfect miniature of the idea of Christ. It exhibits his humanity frankly and naïvely: he is parched and tired walking in the heat of the day, and the sight of a green fig tree by the dusty road suggests refreshment. Christ has a human psyche: ideas and impulses arise in him spontaneously; and he goes up to the fig tree, imagining the figs. He knows of course that it is not the season, but the impulse acts of itself, and keeps that knowledge, for the moment, in abeyance, Finding no figs, but leaves only, he suffers the inevitable revulsions of a balked instinct: and then, with this revulsion, the divine prerogative in him comes to the fore. He curses that innocent fig tree, and the next day it is found withered.

Now cursing is a most human thing, a kind of malignant prayer: and it is just what, upon a trivial vexation like this, any profane fool might indulge in, to vent his spleen. But such a profane curse would not be efficacious, nor expected to be so: in fact it would rather be a confession of impotence and of having played the fool. Traditional language, however, attributes wrath and curses to God, and Christ himself speaks of the curse he will pronounce upon the wicked on the Day of Judgment. But that curse will not be a malignant prayer; it will be a sentence, an act of omnipotence. Discounting the metaphor, in calling such an event a curse, we may say that there is

neither vexation nor spleen nor malignity about it, but rather order re-established and the nature of things working itself out.

If when Christ curses the fig tree his curse is efficacious, we see that his divinity has suddenly come to the fore, and that he has passed from the disappointed thirst of his body to the zeal of his heart for the Kingdom of God. He also thirsted materially on the cross; and the commentators have not been slow to detect allegory in both cases. The fig tree is Israel, refusing to believe in him, and all unbelieving souls. Very well: but that is not what concerns me now in this miracle.

The fig tree was innocent. It had put forth an abundance of green leaves, according to its nature; and it was not its fault that the Son of God had passed and had looked for its fruits when they were not ready. But Christ that thirsted for those fruits was also innocent, and more than innocent. He was not walking by for his pleasure, but in profound sadness, to enlighten and save a world that would not be saved or enlightened. On that mission at this moment his human yet divine body called for relief, and the world refused him that relief. This disharmony needed to be righted. He might have righted it by a miracle of grace, and caused that fig tree suddenly to hasten its growth, and load itself with ripe figs out of season. But that was not the will of his Father, whom it was his will to obey. He must endure this day's thirst; for, as he had said, it must needs be that offense come, but woe to him by whom the offense cometh. Innocence is no safeguard against fate. If instead of the Son of God it had been a thundercloud that had passed, and by chance the lightning had fallen on that fig tree and blasted it, the fig tree would have been equally innocent, and equally unfortunate. Nothing has a right to exist: it draws that privilege from the place it may momentarily fill in the order of nature or, in pious diction, for the glory of God. The glory of God now required that that fig tree should wither, for not having known the day of its visitation. It had no sense for the fact that God had become man and had required its fruits at once; and it had no power to meet that tremendous change in its circumstances. It could do nothing but die. It is not on voluntary naughtiness, not on conscious sins, that divine punishment falls most heavily and irremediably. For such sins there is possible repentance, and they are, after all, groping after a good, however ill-chosen. The final curse falls rather on constitutional blindness, on self-sufficiency, on obduracy in not recognizing divine opportunities. It will be easier in the Day of Judgment for Sodom and Gomorrha than for those who will not dutifully receive Christ or even his apostles. The curse that falls on that tree is the shadow of his unsuspected divinity. He is being every inch a God, yet in honor of the humblest and most pathetic needs of his human nature.

I know that such monarchical and absolute notions of divine government are not agreeable to modern feeling, but they are the principles proclaimed in the Gospels. We prefer to conceive divine justice after our own sentiments rather than after the actual procedure of nature. In ignoring divine prerogatives we are like the barren fig tree. Is it our fault that this is not a season for faith? Are we not doing our best, putting forth an abundance of green leaves? Do we pretend to more? Do we intentionally entice anybody to come and look for ripe fruit on our branches? Do we not wish everybody well? How then can we be cursed for not embracing unnecessary opinions that contradict all our habits of thought and judgment? Certainly we are not to blame, and nature will not condemn us for any such priggish reason. It will be, if it so happens, because our further existence would not be for the glory of God. We are as innocent as the fig tree. Nevertheless it is quite possible that on the morrow we may be found withered.

ROUSSEAU

Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-78), the famous French philosopher and author, led a most eventful life. He quarreled with Grimm, quarreled with Diderot; he attacked Voltaire and was in turn attacked by the Jesuits. When his book on education, *Emile*, was condemned by the Parliament of Paris he fled first to Switzerland, then to London. In England he was given a haven by the Scotch philosopher, David Hume. But he soon quarreled with Hume and managed to return to France, where he settled down to write his famous *Confessions*.

As a philosopher he championed democracy but felt it would not be practical for a large state. He believed in the natural goodness and worth of man.

Rousseau was also a musician. He wrote a musical dictionary and composed a one-act opera, Le Devin du Village, which was very popular and played for seventy-five years.

The Character of Christ

I confess to you that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration as the purity of the Gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction; how mean, how contemptible, are they, compared with the Scripture! Is it possible that a book at once so simple and sublime should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage whose history it contains should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity, in his manners! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die, without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato described his imaginary good man with all the shame of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus Christ; the resemblance is so striking that all the Christian fathers perceived it.

What prepossession, what blindness, must it be to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion is there between them! Socrates, dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was anything more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only to say, therefore, what they had done, and reduce their examples to precept. But where could Jesus learn, among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality of which he only has given us both precept and example? The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonizing pain, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes! if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God. Shall we suppose the evangelic history a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the marks of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty, without obviating it. It is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history, than that one only should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the Gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero.

RENAN

Schweitzen's penetrating mind provides us with a fair estimate of Renan's Life of Jesus: "Renan's work marked an epoch, not for the Catholic world only, but for general literature. He laid the problem which had hitherto occupied only theologians before the whole cultured world. And not as a problem, but as a question of which he, by means of his historical science and aesthetic power of reviving the past, could provide a solution. He offered his readers a Jesus who was alive. . . ."

But we must turn to Renan himself for the origin of his conception and the intention that prompted the writing of this book. "I had a fifth Gospel before my eyes, mutilated in parts, but still legible, and taking it for my guide I saw behind the narratives of Matthew and Mark, instead of an ideal Being of whom it might be maintained that He had never existed, a glorious human countenance full of life and movement." It was this Jesus of the fifth Gospel that Renan portrayed.

Essential Character of the Work of Jesus

Tesus, it will be seen, limited his action entirely to the Jews. Although his sympathy for those despised by orthodoxy led him to admit pagans into the kingdom of God-although he had resided more than once in a pagan country, and once or twice we surprise him in kindly relations with unbelievers—it may be said that his life was passed entirely in the very restricted world in which he was born. He was never heard of in Greek or Roman countries; his name appears only in profane authors of a hundred years later, and then in an indirect manner, in connection with seditious movements provoked by his doctrine, or persecutions of which his disciples were the object. Even on Judaism, Jesus made no very durable impression. Philo, who died about the year 50, had not the slightest knowledge of him. Josephus, born in the year 37, and writing in the last years of the century, mentions his execution in a few lines, as an event of secondary importance, and in the enumeration of the sects of his time, he omits the Christians altogether. In the Mishnah, also, there is no trace of the new school; the passages in the two Gemaras in which the founder of Christianity is named, do not go further back than the fourth or fifth century. The essential work of Jesus was to create around him a circle of disciples, whom he inspired with boundless affection, and amongst whom he deposited the germ of his doctrine. To have made himself beloved, "to the degree that after his death they ceased not to love him," was the great work of Jesus, and that which most struck his contemporaries. His doctrine was so little dogmatic, that he never thought of writing it or of causing it to be written. Men did not become his disciples by believing this thing or that thing, but in being attached to his person and in loving him. A few sentences collected from memory, and especially the type of character he set forth, and the impression it had left, were what remained of him. Jesus was not a founder of dogmas, or a maker of creeds; he infused into the world a new spirit. The least Christian men were, on the one hand, the doctors of the Greek Church, who, beginning from the fourth century, entangled Christianity in a path of puerile metaphysical discussions, and, on the other, the scholastics of the Latin Middle Ages, who wished to draw from the Gospel the thousands of articles of a colossal system. To follow Jesus in expectation of the kingdom of God, was all that at first was implied by being Christian.

It will thus be understood how, by an exceptional destiny, pure Christianity still preserves, after eighteen centuries, the character of a universal and eternal religion. It is, in fact, because the religion of Jesus is in some respects the final religion. Produced by a perfectly spontaneous movement of souls, freed at its birth from all dogmatic restraint, having struggled three hundred years for liberty of conscience, Christianity, in spite of its failures, still reaps the results of its glorious origin. To renew itself, it has but to return to the Gospel. The kingdom of God, as we conceive it, differs notably from the supernatural apparition which the first Christians hoped to see appear in the clouds. But the sentiment introduced by Jesus into the world is indeed ours. His perfect idealism is the highest rule of the unblemished and virtuous life. He has created the heaven of pure souls, where is found what we ask for in vain on earth, the perfect nobility of the children

of God, absolute purity, the total removal of the stains of the world; in fine, liberty, which society excludes as an impossibility, and which exists in all its amplitude only in the domain of thought. The great Master of those who take refuge in this ideal kingdom of God is still Jesus. He was the first to proclaim the royalty of the mind; the first to say, at least by his actions, "My kingdom is not of this world." The foundation of true religion is indeed his work: after him, all that remains is to develop it and render it fruitful.

"Christianity" has thus become almost a synonym of "religion." All that is done outside of this great and good Christian tradition is barren. Jesus gave religion to humanity, as Socrates gave it philosophy, and Aristotle science. There was philosophy before Socrates and science before Aristotle. Since Socrates and since Aristotle, philosophy and science have made immense progress; but all has been built upon the foundation which they laid. In the same way, before Jesus, religious thought had passed through many revolutions; since Jesus, it has made great conquests: but no one has improved, and no one will improve upon the essential principle Jesus has created; he has fixed forever the idea of pure worship. The religion of Jesus in this sense is not limited. The Church has had its epochs and its phases; it has shut itself up in creeds which are, or will be but temporary: but Jesus has founded the absolute religion, excluding nothing, and determining nothing unless it be the spirit. His creeds are not fixed dogmas, but images susceptible of indefinite interpretations. We should seek in vain for a theological proposition in the Gospel. All confessions of faith are travesties of the idea of Jesus, just as the scholasticism of the Middle Ages, in proclaiming Aristotle the sole master of a completed science, perverted the thought of Aristotle. Aristotle, if he had been present in the debates of the schools, would have repudiated this narrow doctrine; he would have been of the party of progressive science against the routine which shielded itself under his authority; he would have applauded his opponents. In the same way, if Jesus were to return among us, he would recognize as disciples, not those who pretend to enclose him entirely in a few catechismal phrases, but those who

labor to carry on his work. The eternal glory, in all great things, is to have laid the first stone. It may be that in the "Physics," and in the "Meteorology" of modern times, we may not discover a word of the treatises of Aristotle which bear these titles; but Aristotle remains no less the founder of natural science. Whatever may be the transformations of dogma, Jesus will ever be the creator of the pure spirit of religion; the Sermon on the Mount will never be surpassed. Whatever revolution takes place will not prevent us attaching ourselves in religion to the grand intellectual and moral line at the head of which shines the name of Jesus. In this sense we are Christians, even when we separate ourselves on almost all

points from the Christian tradition which has preceded us.

And this great foundation was indeed the personal work of Jesus. In order to make himself adored to this degree, he must have been adorable. Love is not enkindled except by an object worthy of it, and we should know nothing of Jesus, if it were not for the passion he inspired in those about him, which compels us still to affirm that he was great and pure. The faith, the enthusiasm, the constancy of the first Christian generation is not explicable, except by supposing at the origin of the whole movement, a man of surpassing greatness. At the sight of the marvelous creations of the ages of faith, two impressions equally fatal to good historical criticism arise in the mind. On the one hand we are led to think these creations too impersonal; we attribute to a collective action, that which has often been the work of one powerful will, and of one superior mind. On the other hand, we refuse to see men like ourselves in the authors of those extraordinary movements which have decided the fate of humanity. Let us have a larger idea of the powers which Nature conceals in her bosom. Our civilizations, governed by minute restrictions, cannot give us any idea of the power of man at periods in which the originality of each one had a freer field wherein to develop itself. Let us imagine a recluse dwelling in the mountains near our capitals, coming out from time to time in order to present himself at the palaces of sovereigns, compelling the sentinels to stand aside, and, with an imperious tone, announcing to kings the approach of revolutions of which he had been the promoter. The very idea provokes a smile. Such, however, was Elias; but Elias the Tishbite, in our days, would not be able to pass the gate of the Tuileries. The preaching of Jesus, and his free activity in Galilee, do not deviate less completely from the social conditions to which we are accustomed. Free from our polished conventionalities, exempt from the uniform education which refines us, but which so greatly dwarfs our individuality, these mighty souls carried a surprising energy into action. They appear to us like the giants of an heroic age, which could not have been real. Profound error! Those men were our brothers; they were of our stature, felt and thought as we do. But the breath of God was free in them; with us, it is restrained by the iron bonds of a mean society, and condemned to an irremediable mediocrity.

Let us place, then, the person of Jesus at the highest summit of human greatness. Let us not be misled by exaggerated doubts in the presence of a legend which keeps us always in a superhuman world. The life of Francis d'Assisi is also but a tissue of miracles. Has any one, however, doubted of the existence of Francis d'Assisi, and of the part played by him? Let us say no more that the glory of the foundation of Christianity belongs to the multitude of the first Christians, and not to him whom legend has deified. The inequality of men is much more marked in the East than with us. It is not rare to see arise there, in the midst of a general atmosphere of wickedness, characters whose greatness astonishes us. So far from Jesus having been created by his disciples, he appeared in everything as superior to his disciples. The latter, with the exception of St. Paul and St. John, were men without either invention or genius. St. Paul himself bears no comparison with Jesus, and as to St. John, I shall show hereafter, that the part he played, though very elevated in one sense, was far from being in all respects irreproachable. Hence the immense superiority of the Gospels among the writings of the New Testament. Hence the painful fall we experience in passing from the history of Jesus to that of the Apostles. The evangelists themselves, who have bequeathed us the image of Jesus, are so much beneath him of whom they speak, that they constantly disfigure him, from their inability to attain to his height. Their writings are full of errors

and misconceptions. We feel in each line a discourse of divine beauty, transcribed by narrators who do not understand it, and who substitute their own ideas for those which they have only half understood. On the whole, the character of Jesus, far from having been embellished by his biographers, has been lowered by them. Criticism, in order to find what he was, needs to discard a series of misconceptions, arising from the inferiority of the disciples. These painted him as they understood him, and often in thinking to raise him, they have in reality lowered him.

I know that our modern ideas have been offended more than once in this legend, conceived by another race, under another sky, and in the midst of other social wants. There are virtues which, in some respects, are more conformable to our taste. The virtuous and gentle Marcus Aurelius, the humble and gentle Spinoza, not having believed in miracles, have been free from some errors that Jesus shared. Spinoza, in his profound obscurity, had an advantage which Jesus did not seek. By our extreme delicacy in the use of means of conviction, by our absolute sincerity and our disinterested love of the pure idea, we have founded-all we who have devoted our lives to science-a new ideal of morality. But the judgment of general history ought not to be restricted to considerations of personal merit. Marcus Aurelius and his noble teachers have had no permanent influence on the world. Marcus Aurelius left behind him delightful books, an execrable son, and a decaying nation. Jesus remains an inexhaustible principle of moral regeneration for humanity. Philosophy does not suffice for the multitude. They must have sanctity. An Apollonius of Tyana, with his miraculous legend, is necessarily more successful than a Socrates with his cold reason. "Socrates," it was said, "leaves men on the earth, Apollonius transports them to heaven; Socrates is but a sage, Apollonius is a god." Religion, so far, has not existed without a share of asceticism, of piety, and of the marvellous. When it was wished, after the Antonines, to make a religion of philosophy, it was requisite to transform the philosophers into saints, to write the "Edifying Life" of Pythagoras or Plotinus, to attribute to them a legend, virtues of abstinence, contemplation, and supernatural powers,

without which neither credence nor authority were found in that

Preserve us, then, from mutilating history in order to satisfy our petty susceptibilities! Which of us, pigmies as we are, could do what the extravagant Francis d'Assisi, or the hysterical saint Theresa, has done? Let medicine have names to express these grand errors of human nature; let it maintain that genius is a disease of the brain; let it see, in a certain delicacy of morality, the commencement of consumption; let it class enthusiasm and love as nervous accidents—it matters little. The terms healthy and diseased are entirely relative. Who would not prefer to be diseased like Pascal, rather than healthy like the common herd? The narrow ideas which are spread in our times respecting madness, mislead our historical judgments in the most serious manner, in questions of this kind. A state in which a man says things of which he is not conscious, in which thought is produced without the summons and control of the will, exposes him to being confined as a lunatic. Formerly this was called prophecy and inspiration. The most beautiful things in the world are done in a state of fever; every great creation involves a breach of equilibrium, a violent state of the being which draws it forth.

We acknowledge, indeed, that Christianity is too complex to have been the work of a single man. In one sense, entire humanity has co-operated therein. There is no one so shut in, as not to receive some influence from without. The history of the human mind is full of strange coincidences, which cause very remote portions of the human species, without any communication with each other, to arrive at the same time at almost identical ideas and imaginations. In the thirteenth century, the Latins, the Greeks, the Syrians, the Jews, and the Mussulmans, adopted scholasticism, and very nearly the same scholasticism from York to Samarcand; in the fourteenth century every one in Italy, Persia, and India, yielded to the taste for mystical allegory; in the sixteenth, art was developed in a very similar manner in Italy, at Mount Athos, and at the court of the Great Moguls, without St. Thomas, Barhebraeus, the Rabbis of Narbonne, or the Motécallémin of Bagdad, having known each other, without Dante and Petrarch

having seen any soft, without any pupil of the schools of Perouse or of Florence having been at Delhi. We should say there are great moral influences running through the world like epidemics, without distinction of frontier and of race. The interchange of ideas in the human species does not take place only by books or by direct instruction. Jesus was ignorant of the very name of Buddha, of Zoroaster, and of Plato; he had read no Greek book, no Buddhist Sudra; nevertheless, there was in him more than one element, which, without his suspecting it, came from Buddhism, Parseeism, or from the Greek wisdom. All this was done through secret channels and by that kind of sympathy which exists among the various portions of humanity. The great man, on the one hand, receives everything from his age; on the other, he governs his age. To show that the religion founded by Jesus was the natural consequence of that which had gone before, does not diminish its excellence; but only proves that it had a reason for its existence that was legitimate, that is to say, conformable to the instinct and wants of the heart in a given age.

Is it more just to say that Jesus owes all to Judaism, and that his greatness is only that of the Jewish people? No one is more disposed than myself to place high this unique people, whose particular gift seems to have been to contain in its midst the extremes of good and evil. No doubt, Jesus proceeded from Judaism; but he proceeded from it as Socrates proceeded from the schools of the Sophists, as Luther proceeded from the Middle Ages, as Lamennais from Catholicism, as Rousseau from the eighteenth century. A man is of his age and his race even when he reacts against his age and his race. Far from Jesus having continued Judaism, he represents the rupture with the Jewish spirit. The general direction of Christianity after him does not permit the supposition that his idea in this respect could lead to any misunderstanding. The general march of Christianity has been to remove itself more and more from Judaism. It will become perfect in returning to Jesus, but certainly not in returning to Judaism. The great originality of the founder remains then undiminished; his glory admits no legitimate sharer.

Doubtless, circumstances much aided the success of this mar-

vellous revolution; but circumstances only second that which is just and true. Each branch of the development of humanity has its privileged epoch, in which it attains perfection by a sort of spontaneous instinct, and without effort. No labor of reflection would succeed in producing afterward the masterpieces which Nature creates at those moments by inspired geniuses. That which the golden age of Greece was for arts and literature, the age of Jesus was for religion. Jewish society exhibited the most extraordinary moral and intellectual state which the human species has ever passed through. It was truly one of those divine hours in which the sublime is produced by combinations of a thousand hidden forces, in which great souls find a flood of admiration and sympathy to sustain them. The world, delivered from the very narrow tyranny of small municipal republics, enjoyed great liberty. Roman despotism did not make itself felt in a disastrous manner until much later, and it was, moreover, always less oppressive in those distant provinces than in the centre of the empire. Our petty preventive interferences (far more destructive than death to things of the spirit) did not exist. Jesus, during three years, could lead a life which, in our societies, would have brought him twenty times before the magistrates. Our laws upon the illegal exercise of medicine would alone have sufficed to cut short his career. The unbelieving dynasty of the Herods, on the other hand, occupied itself little with religious movements; under the Asmoneans, Jesus would probably have been arrested at his first step. An innovator, in such a state of society, only risked death, and death is a gain to those who labor for the future. Imagine Jesus reduced to bear the burden of his divinity until his sixtieth or seventieth year, losing his celestial fire, wearing out little by little under the burden of an unparalleled mission! Everything favors those who have a special destiny; they become glorious by a sort of invincible impulse and command of fate.

This sublime person, who each day still presides over the destiny of the world, we may call divine, not in the sense that Jesus has absorbed all the divine, or has been adequate to it (to employ an expression of the schoolmen), but in the sense that Jesus is the one who has caused his fellow-men to make the greatest step toward the divine. Mankind in its totality offers an assemblage of

low beings, selfish, and superior to the animal only in that its selfishness is more reflective. From the midst of this uniform mediocrity, there are pillars that rise toward the sky, and bear witness to a nobler destiny. Jesus is the highest of these pillars which show to man whence he comes, and whither he ought to tend. In him was condensed all that is good and elevated in our nature. He was not sinless; he has conquered the same passions that we combat; no angel of God comforted him, except his good conscience; no Satan tempted him, except that which each one bears in his heart. In the same way that many of his great qualities are lost to us, through the fault of his disciples, it is also probable that many of his faults have been concealed. But never has any one so much as he made the interests of humanity predominate in his life over the littleness of self-love. Unreservedly devoted to his mission, he subordinated everything to it to such a degree that, toward the end of his life, the universe no longer existed for him. It was by this access of heroic will that he conquered heaven. There never was a man, Cakya-Mouni perhaps excepted, who has to this degree trampled under foot, family, the joys of this world, and all temporal care. Jesus only lived for his Father and the divine mission which he believed himself destined to fulfill.

As to us, eternal children, powerless as we are, we who labor without reaping, and who will never see the fruit of that which we have sown, let us bow before these demi-gods. They were able to do that which we cannot do: to create, to affirm, to act. Will great originality be born again, or will the world content itself henceforth by following the ways opened by the bold creators of the ancient ages? We know not. But whatever may be the unexpected phenomena of the future, Jesus will not be surpassed. His worship will constantly renew its youth, the tale of his life will cause ceaseless tears, his sufferings will soften the best hearts; all the ages will proclaim that, among the sons of men, there is none born who is greater than Jesus.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

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The Suffering Servant and the Son of Man

"You are the Christ," answered Peter to Jesus' question. "That confession of faith," said Jesus, "is more true than you could realize. You are the mouthpiece of God in making it. But even now I doubt whether you understand what it means to be the Messiah. We will go to Jerusalem where I must suffer and die." "Lord," said Peter, "you must not allow that to happen. Certainly it is not the destiny of God's messenger to suffer but to triumph." "Now you are the mouthpiece of Satan," said Jesus, probably leaving Peter a little confused and embarrassed to be regarded in the course of a few moments as both God's and Satan's tool. Peter was the mouthpiece of Satan for being only half wrong and yet very wrong. The Messiah would triumph in the end. First the Messiah must suffer and die and be raised up and then he would come again "in all his glory." Peter understood the triumph but not the relation of suffering to it.

If we are to understand the implications of this conversation between Jesus and Peter it is necessary, briefly, to review the various messianic ideas which were current in Jesus' day. One of them was the idea that the Messiah would be a second David, a great king, who would reign through his power and goodness. One might designate this idea, without unfairness, as political messianism. Jesus had rejected it in the experience of the wilderness, where it came to him as the temptation to rule over all the

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kingdoms of the world. It is significant that he rejected it then in words strangely similar to those which startled the hapless Peter: "Get thee behind me, Satan." Jesus must have felt very strongly that this political conception of the messianic rule was a temptation. Another, more popular, conception of the messianic reign was the apocalyptic one, to be found in Daniel and in the Fourth Ezra and other apocalyptic literature. The Messiah would be a man from heaven, a transcendent messenger at whose coming the whole world order would be transmuted. Nature itself would be transformed. The "good time" of earlier messianic hopes became, in this view, the "end of time." The name for this man from heaven was "the son of a man," a name which Jesus appropriated for himself.

There was a third conception, not at all popular among those who pondered on the future. It was the idea of the "suffering servant" in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Undoubtedly the prophet used the idea for the whole of Israel rather than for any particular person. It did not belong to the popular conceptions. Quite obviously Jesus arrived at his conception of the messianic reign by rejecting the first idea and combining the other two. They are combined not only in this conversation with Peter but in the well-known phrase "The Son of man must suffer." Whether Peter was thinking in terms of the political or the apocalyptic idea we do not know. He certainly failed to think of the idea of the suffering servant. It is interesting that in Jesus' rebuke he is told that he thinks about these things like a man and not like God. Peter is thus in the position of being regarded a mouthpiece of Satan for applying human standards to ultimate and divine problems.

It might be profitable to consider the implications of such a judgment further, but let us return to the point: Jesus arrived at his definition of the messianic reign, which he was to initiate by rejecting the political hope of a Messiah who would be a powerful and yet perfectly good king. Instead he believed that it would have to be ushered in by pure goodness which had no power. But pure goodness, without power, cannot maintain itself in the world. It ends on the cross. Yet that is not where it finally ends. The

Messiah will finally transmute the whole world order. The contradictions of human existence which prevent power from ever being good enough to belong to the Kingdom and which equally prevent pure love from being powerful enough to establish itself in the world, must be finally overcome; but they can only be overcome by divine action. No human action, proceeding from these contradictions, is equal to it. Here is the simple thesis of the Lord's messianism. To understand it more fully we ought to look again at all three terms in his equation.

The political idea rejected by Jesus was older than Hebrew prophecy. There are suggestions of it in both Egyptian and Babylonian life and history. The ideal world would come with an ideal king, who would use his tremendous power for purely ideal ends. Perhaps Plato's philosopher-king is merely a rationalized version of this old hope of the ideal king, who "would not break the bruised reed," who would "judge with equity the meek," whose justice would rise in its insight to imaginative love, for he would not judge "according to the seeing of the eye or the hearing of the ear." The ninth and eleventh chapters of Isaiah contain classic statements of this hope. Perhaps it ought to be mentioned that even in this political hope a transcendent element appears. A king as good as that would have to be sent by God. As early as the messianism of Egypt we have the conception that Re himself, the sun god of Egypt, would come to the world as such a king.

If we analyze the unavailability of this political hope we may arrive at a fairly general principle of criticism for all political utopianism. The trouble with the idea is that all power in human history is too partial to be good. Hosea was the first prophet to see this. "Where," said he, "is the king who will bring prosperity to all your cities?" . . . Politics is always a contest of power. At its best it arrives at a tentative equilibrium of power. "The peace of the world," said Augustine, "is based on strife." There may be long periods of covert rather than overt struggle. But this is not the love and harmony of the Kingdom of God. Perhaps Jesus regarded the political aspect of messianism as such a terrible temptation because illusions about politics lead to the most baneful conse-

quences. They lead to the religious sanctification of the inevitable injustices of a particular power. . . .

It does not follow that, because the balances of power, by which justice is achieved in the collective life of man, do not belong to the Kingdom of God, we are therefore to have nothing to do with them. We live in a world in which the Kingdom is not established, in which the fate of the King of love is crucifixion. In large areas of life our concern must therefore be to prevent life from destroying life. This problem of elementary justice can be solved neither by returning to the ideal of the good king nor by trying to introduce pure goodness without power into the world.

. . . We are still living in a world which falls short of the Kingdom of God even though the law of the Kingdom has been revealed to it.

In order to understand that fact more fully it is necessary to analyze the implications of the idea of the suffering servant. The suffering servant does not impose goodness upon the world by his power. Rather he suffers, being powerless, from the injustices of the powerful. He suffers most particularly from the sins of the righteous who do not understand how full of unrighteousness is all human righteousness. The Savior of the world is not crucified by criminals or obviously evil people; he is crucified with criminals by the "princes of this world," to use the Pauline phrase. Love is the law of life; but when it enters the world of relative justice and balanced egotism it is destroyed in it. The suffering servant dies on the cross. This paradox is perfectly expressed in the Johannine Gospel: "He was in the world and the world was made through him . . . he came unto his own and his own received him not." The implication is that human nature has deviated from the law of its existence, that man is estranged from his essential nature. Christ is the essential nature of man, or as St. Paul expresses it, the "second Adam." But the second Adam is not a simple moral possibility for sinful human nature, as the liberal church has believed. The second Adam is crucified by the first Adam, particularly by the first Adam who is trying to be good and is seeking to build up governments and churches and standards of conduct which will hold sin in check. Jesus is destroyed by the chief priests and elders, the princes of the world; and his chief

opponents are the best people of his day, the Pharisees.

Thus when the Kingdom of God enters the world it is judged by the world and found to be dangerous to all of its tentative harmonies and relative justice. But it also judges the world in the very moment in which the world is condemning it. The commandment of love which Christ introduces in the world was "from the beginning," the life which he manifests is the very pattern of life. The world does not know how far it has strayed from that pattern until the original is revealed. Thus Jesus declares in a Johannine passage which expresses the meaning of the gospel if not the exact words of Jesus: "If I had not come and spoken unto them they had not had sin, but now they have no cloke for their sin" (John 15:22). The sinful world is not destroyed by the Kingdom of God. It is however fully revealed. Any one who really understands the dimension of the Kingdom of God ceases to have illusions about the world's kingdoms. He knows that their power and the relative justice of their balances of power are not the Kingdom of God. He knows that the anarchy of sin is still in them. If he tries to mitigate the anarchy by relative righteousness he will not regard that righteousness as the righteousness of the Kingdom of God. The righteousness of the Kingdom of God stands above it and condemns it. Without the acceptance of that judgment, that is, without repentance, there is no entrance into the Kingdom of God. For without such repentance men live in the world without knowing that the goodness of the world is filled with evil and that the order and peace of the world are only an armistice between competitive forces. Without repentance those who have created peace through their power imagine that they have created pure peace; and suffer from the delusion that the enemies of their peace are God's enemies. Without repentance the princes of the world, whether priests or governors, crucify the Lord afresh.

But what if the King and the Kingdom are accepted? What if the law of life is understood? Can a man then simply live by it? The modern church has usually given a simple affirmative to that question. Its answer betrays that it has forgotten that the Kingdom of God enters the world in tragic terms. The "prince of glory" dies on the cross. The modern church has, in other words, repeated Peter's mistake. The whole confusion of modern Christianity could in fact be judged in terms of Jesus' contrasting judgment upon Peter. "You understand, Peter, and are the mouthpiece of God.—You don't understand, Peter, and are the instrument of the devil." The simple moralism of the modern church is a corruption of the idea of the Kingdom in the very moment of its deepest insight into it. Its mistake is to believe that the law of love will simply prevail in the world; that it requires only resolute action by good men. It believes that if you are forgiving toward your foe, your foe will relent. But your foe may take advantage of your forgiving spirit. (Has not the white man taken advantage of the forgiving spirit of the Negro?) It believes that if only a modern nation were adventurous enough not to arm and defend itself against its foes it would shame its foes into goodness. . . . Unfortunately, there is nothing in human history to substantiate this hope.

The Kingdom of God must still enter the world by way of the crucifixion. Goodness, armed with power, is corrupted; and pure love without power is destroyed. If it succeeds occasionally, as it does, it gives us vital and creative symbols of the fact that the Kingdom of God is a reality as well as a possibility. But if any one trusts himself to it only as an established reality he will be disappointed. "Rejoice not that the devils are subject unto you," said Jesus, "but that your name is recorded in heaven." If you rejoice that you can actually conquer evil you will hazard an action only if you are certain of triumph. Thus every morality which begins by counting on the success of a pure action must end by reducing the purity of the action in the interest of its success. The whole moral confusion of the church in regard to philanthropy is a consequence of such logic. Philanthropy is usually a generous concession of power to weakness. It usually does not touch the equilibrium of social power and it is therefore something less than justice. It becomes corrupted into an enemy of justice as soon as the next step is taken and it is used by the powerful to beguile

the weak from challenging the basic equilibrium of justice. Thus every easy assurance of triumph for the Kingdom of God falsifies the human situation and beguiles men into false conceptions of the tragedy of human history. Where success is the unintended rather than intended consequence of an action oriented in the cross it becomes a symbol of the second coming, a reminder that the Kingdom is not ultimately defeated, though it is immediately defeated.

Through all the ages of Christian history there have been faithful spirits who sought to cut through all the relativities of life and to live purely by the principles of Christ. Catholic monastics have on the whole understood the problems involved in this enterprise better than modern liberal Christians. They remained celibate and assumed no responsibility for establishing the relative standards of justice without which the world cannot live. They understood that such responsibilities inevitably involved one in the defense of one family against other families and one nation against other nations. Perhaps they did not understand sufficiently to what degree the ascetic is a parasite on the sins of his fellowmen and that he ought therefore to claim no moral advantage over them. If he does understand that and escapes the sin of Pharisaism, he may become a valuable reminder to the Christian community of the fact that the Kingdom of God has come and that its law is the law of life, even though men cannot maintain themselves in the world of sin by obedience to it.

The discussion thus far brings us to the conclusion that there is no final escape in historic existence from the contradictions in which human nature is involved, from the fact that "there is a law in our members which wars against the law that is in our minds." This naturally introduces us to the final element in Jesus' conception of the Kingdom of God. He regarded himself not only as the suffering servant but as the "son of man." The historic conception of the son of man was that he was a "man from heaven" who had been from the beginning and would at the end introduce into the world the pattern of life from which it had strayed. But the apocalyptic writers were quite clear that this final consummation involved a transmutation of the whole world

order. This new world would not be some "eternal life" of Greek conception but a transmuted temporal order. In trying to portray this new world order symbols of both temporality and eternity appear. Men would live to be a thousand years and yet never grow old; yet the righteous of the past would be resurrected.

So fantastic are some of these concepts that rationalists have made them the object of their scorn while millenarian sects have reveled in the luxuriant fantasies of Daniel and the book of Revelation, intent upon proving some cryptic symbol to be a proof of their particular hopes and prejudices. Yet the idea of a second coming of the Messiah (and of the coming of a transcendent Messiah in the pre-Christian apocalypses) contains some of the most basic paradoxes of the Christian religion. The two most basic ideas in this hope of the "parousia" are that the redemption of the world does not require the destruction of creation since creation is not of itself evil, and secondly that redemption must come from God since every human action remains with the contradictions of sin.

The first idea can be expressed only in terms of a chronological myth. This inevitably leads to illusions, as all myths do. In this case it leads to chronological illusions about the end of the world. But as in all true myths its concept cannot be expressed in purely rational terms. Salvation lies at the end of history and not in some realm of eternity above history, because Christianity, in common with prophetic thought, does not regard creation as evil, does not believe that particularization or individualization is the beginning of anarchy. Stated in simpler terms it does not believe that man is an egotist because he is an ego. Sin arises out of man's freedom and not out of his individuality. There is therefore an ideal possibility that individuals, though free, would be so related to the divine centre of existence, that they would not usurp a larger place for themselves than is their due. But this ideal possibility is not realised. Man is a sinner who disturbs the harmony of existence. This sin is an inevitability from which man cannot free himself. If God frees him of it, this salvation does not involve the destruction of all temporal and individual reality. The Kingdom of God is in that sense in history.

This symbol Christianity must maintain against both dualistic and mystic religions. By this symbol it declares that historic existence is not meaningless, in spite of the corruption of sin within it, and in spite of the fact that it points to an unconditioned good which is not realized in any known history. History may defeat the Christ but it nevertheless points to him as the law of life. Thus every deed of love points to an ultimate triumph in the very hour of its defeat, just as Christ himself sees before him both the cross and the son of man "coming in all his glory and all his holy angels with him." The Christ who is obedient even unto death is not only highly exalted to sit at the right hand of God but "he will come again."

It is interesting how the chiliastic sects of the Reformation period used these symbols of the second coming (not without chronological and utopian illusions) to express the idea of a meaningful history against a pessimistic and individualistic Protestantism which had become, in effect, a neo-platonic dualism. Mankind does not destroy the law of life by violating it. It operates in history, if in no other way than by destroying those who violate it. Every empire which seeks to make itself the centre and law of existence is ultimately destroyed. Nor is mankind ever totally depraved. Total depravity is an impossibility, since man can be a sinner only because he is a child of God. He can do evil only because he has freedom; and freedom is the mark of his divine sonship. It is therefore impossible to express the Christian idea of salvation in purely rational terms, for they suggest that temporal existence is, by its very temporality, a corruption of ultimate reality. The pattern of life is not corrupted by historic existence but in historic existence. Thus the Kingdom of God must come in history.

Yet when it comes, it is the end of history. Ultimate salvation is not a moral possibility. The sinful self-contradiction in the human spirit cannot be overcome by moral action, since every moral action, even the highest and purest, expresses it. The world cannot live by the laws of Christ, not only because (as Luther put it) there are not enough Christians but because no one is Christlike

enough. Human society may continue to develop from primitive innocency to maturity; but there is no final conquest of good over evil in this development. Both good and evil develop. Both the city of God and the city of the world grow, as Augustine observed. History consequently presents a problem which points beyond history. Suggestions of this idea begin to appear in the earliest prophecies of the Kingdom of God, even before apocalyptic seers develop the logic inherent in these suggestions to its final conclusion. Even the ideal king of political messianism is to come from God; and in his reign the lion will lie down with the lamb, i.e., nature itself will be transmuted.

If Christianity, when true to its prophetic heritage, sets the symbol of a Kingdom of God in history against mystical and ra tional otherworldliness, it must likewise set the symbol of the end of history against all naturalistic utopianism. It is the particular weakness of naturalism to disavow the eternal ground of history and imagine that the course of temporal events is self-explanatory and self-containing and then, curiously and inconsistently, to hope for the appearance of an unconditioned good in history. . . .

The Kingdom of God thus lies beyond history. But the Kingdom of God is not some realm of eternity which negates time. It is a realm of eternity which fulfills time. Therefore it is not impossible for the eternal to set up a symbol in time. That is Christ and the Kingdom of the suffering servant. But it is also possible that the defeat of this suffering servant should have within itself the symbol of an ultimate victory. The basic plan of life cannot be finally defeated. The will of God prevails even when the Son of God is crucified. In that very crucifixion God has absorbed the contradictions of historic existence into himself. Thus Christianity transmutes the tragedy of history into something which is not tragedy. God is revealed as not only the ground but as the goal of human existence and man's rebellion against God is proved to be an abortive effort which cannot finally prevail. The suffering servant is the son of man.

This is the foolishness of God that is wiser than the wisdom of men.

OSWALD SPENGLER

OSWALD Spengler (1800-1936) became famous on the publication of his *The Decline of the West*. This prophetic philosophic history presents the thesis that our Western culture is fast coming to an end. He maintains that all cultures pass through a life cycle.

The Change in Human Destiny

The incomparable thing which lifted the infant Christianity out above all religions of this rich springtime is the figure of Jesus. In all the great creations of those years there is nothing which can be set beside it. Tame and empty all the legends and holy adventures of Mithras, Attis, and Osiris must have seemed to any man reading or listening to the still recent story of Jesus's sufferings—the last journey to Jerusalem, the last anxious supper, the hours of despair in Gethsemane, and the death on the cross.

Here was no matter of philosophy. Jesus's utterances, which stayed in the memory of many of the devoted, even in old age, are those of a child in the midst of an alien, aged, and sick world. They are not sociological observations, problems, debatings. Like a quiet island of bliss was the life of these fishermen and craftsmen by the Lake of Gennesaret in the midst of the age of the great Tiberius, far from all world history and innocent of all the doings of actuality, while round them glittered the Hellenistic towns with their theatres and temples, their refined Western society, their noisy mob diversions, their Roman cohorts, their Greek philosophy. When the friends and disciples of the sufferer had grown gray and his brother was president of their group in Jerusalem, they put together, from the sayings and narratives generally current in their small communities, a biography so arresting in its inward appeal that it evolved a presentation-form of its own, of which neither the classical nor the Arabian culture has any exam-

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ple—the Gospel. Christianity is the one religion in the history of the world in which the fate of a man of the immediate present has become the emblem and the central point of the whole creation.

A strange excitement, like that which the Germanic world experienced about A.D. 1000, ran in those days through the whole Aramaean land. The Magian soul was awakened. That element which lay in the prophetic religions like a presentiment, and expressed itself in Alexander's time in metaphysical outlines, came now to the state of fulfilment. And this fulfilment awakened, in indescribable strength, the primitive feeling of Fear. The birth of the Ego, and of the world anxiety with which it is identical, is one of the final secrets of humanity and of mobile life generally. In front of the microcosm there stands up a macrocosm wide and overpowering, an abyss of alien, dazzling existence and activity that frightens the small lonely ego back into itself. Even in the blackest hours of life no adult experiences fear like the fear which sometimes overpowers a child in the crisis of awakening. Over the dawn of the new culture likewise lay this deathly anxiety. In this early morning of Magian world feeling, timorous and hesitant and ignorant of itself, young eyes saw the end of the world at hand -it is the first thought in which every Culture to this day has come to knowledge of itself. All but the shallower souls trembled before revelations, miracles, glimpses into the very fundament of things. Men now lived and thought only in apocalyptic images. Actuality became appearance. Strange and terrifying visions were told mysteriously by one to another, read out from fantastic veiled texts, and seized at once with an immediate inward certainty. These writings traveled from community to community, village to village, and it is quite impossible to assign them to any one particular religion. Their coloring is Persian, Chaldean, Jewish, but they have absorbed all that was circulating in men's minds. Whereas the canonical books are national, the apocalyptic literature is international in the literal sense of the word. It is there, and no one seems to have composed it. Its content is fluid-today it reads thus and tomorrow otherwise. But this does not mean that it is a "poetry"—it is not. These creations resemble the terrible figures of the Romanesque cathedral porches in France, which also are

not "art," but fear turned into stone. Everyone knows those angels and devils, the ascent to heaven and descent to hell of divine Essence, the Second Adam, the Envoy of God, the Redeemer of the last days, the Son of man, the eternal city, and the Last Judgment. In the alien cities and the high positions of strict Judaic and Persian priesthoods the different doctrines might be tangibly defined and argued about, but below in the mass of the people there was practically no specific religion, but a general Magian religiousness which filled all souls and attached itself to glimpses and visions of every conceivable origin. The Last Day was at hand. Men expected it and knew that on that day "He" of whom all these revelations spoke would appear. Prophets arose. More and more new communities and groups gathered, believing themselves to have found either a better understanding of the traditional religion, or the true religion itself. In this time of amazing, ever-increasing tension, and in the very years around Jesus's birth year, there arose, besides endless communities and sects, another redemption religion, the Mandaean, as to which we know nothing of founder or origins. In spite of its hatred of the Judaism of Terusalem and its definite preference for the Persian idea of redemption, the Mandaean religion seems to have stood very close to the popular beliefs of Syrian Jewry. One after another, pieces of its wonderful documents are becoming available, and they consistently show us a "Him," a Son of man, a Redeemer who is sent down into the depths, who himself must be redeemed and is the goal of man's expectations. In the Book of John, the Father high upraised in the House of Fulfilment, bathed in light, says to his only begotten Son, "My Son, be to me an ambassador; go into the world of darkness, where no ray of light is." And the Son calls up to him, "Father, in what have I sinned that thou hast sent me into the darkness?" And finally, "Without sin did I ascend and there was no sin and defect in me."

All the characters of the great prophetic religions and of the whole store of profound glimpses and visions later collected into apocalypses are seen here as foundations. Of classical thought and feeling not a breath reached this Magian underworld. No doubt the beginnings of the new religion are lost irrevocably. But

one historical figure of Mandaeanism stands forth with startling distinctness, as tragic in his purpose and his downfall as Jesus himself—John the Baptist. He, almost emancipated from Judaism, and filled with the as mighty a hatred of the Jerusalem spirit as that of primitive Russia for Petersburg, preached the end of the world and the coming of the Barnasha, the 'Son of man, who is no longer the longed-for national Messiah of the Jews, but the bringer of the world conflagration. To him came Jesus and was his disciple. He was thirty years old when the awakening came over him. Thenceforth the apocalyptic, and in particular the Mandaean, thought world filled his whole being. The other world of historical actuality lying round him was to him as something sham, alien, void of significance. That "He" would now come and make an end of this unreal reality was his magnificent certainty, and like his master John, he stepped forth as its herald. Even now we can see, in the oldest Gospels that were embodied into the New Testament, gleams of this period in which he was, in his consciousness, nothing but a prophet.

But there was a moment in his life when an inkling, and then high certainty, came over him-"Thou art thyself It!" It was a secret that he at first hardly admitted to himself, and only later imparted to his nearest friends and companions, who thereafter shared with him, in all stillness, the blessed mission, till finally they dared to reveal the truths before all the world by the momentous journey to Jerusalem. If there is anything at all that clouds the complete purity and honor of his thought, it is that doubt as to whether he has deceived himself which from time to time seizes him, and of which, later, his disciples told quite frankly. He comes to his home. The village crowds to him, recognizes the former carpenter who left his work, is angered. The family-mother and all the brothers and sisters—are ashamed of him and would have arrested him. And with all these familiar eyes upon him he was confused and felt the magic power depart from him (Mark 6). In Gethsemane doubts of his mission mingled themselves in the terrible fear of coming things, and even on the cross men heard the anguished cry that God had forsaken him.

Even in these last hours he lived entirely in the form of his own

apocalyptic world, which alone was ever real to him. What to the Roman sentries standing below him was reality was for him an object of helpless wonder, an illusion that might at any moment without warning vanish into nothingness. He possessed the pure and unadulterated soul of the townless land. The life of the cities and their spirit were to him utterly alien. Did he really see the semi-classical Jerusalem, into which he rode as the Son of man, and understand its historical nature? This is what thrills us in the last days—and the collision of facts with truths, of two worlds that will never understand one another, and his entire incomprehension of what was happening about him.

So he went, proclaiming his message without reservation, through his country. But this country was Palestine. He was born in the classical empire and lived under the eyes of the Judaism of Jerusalem, and when his soul, fresh from the awful revelation of its mission, looked about, it was confronted by the actuality of the Roman state and that of Pharisaism. His repugnance for the stiff and selfish ideal of the latter, which he shared with all Mandaeanism and doubtless with the peasant Jewry of the wide East, is the hallmark of all his discourses from first to last. It angered him that this wilderness of cold-hearted formulae was reputed to be the only way to salvation. Still, thus far it was only another kind of piety that his conviction was asserting against Rabbinical logic. Thus far it is only the Law versus the Prophets.

But when Jesus was taken before Pilate, then the world of facts and the world of truths were face to face in immediate and implacable hostility. It is a scene appallingly distinct and overwhelming in its symbolism, such as the world's history had never before and has never since looked at. The discord that lies at the root of all mobile life from its beginning, in virtue of its very being, of its having both existence and awareness, took here the highest form that can possibly be conceived of human tragedy. In the famous question of the Roman procurator: "What is truth?"—the one word that is race-pure in the whole Greek Testament—lies the entire meaning of history, the exclusive validity of the deed, the prestige of the State and war and blood, the all-powerfulness of success and the pride of eminent fitness. Not indeed the mouth,

but the silent feeling of Jesus answers this question by that other which is decisive in all things of religion—What is actuality? For Pilate actuality was all; for him nothing. Were it anything, indeed, pure religiousness could never stand up against history and the powers of history, or sit in judgment on active life; or if it does, it ceases to be religion and is subjected itself to the spirit of history.

My kingdom is not of this world. This is the final word which admits of no gloss and on which each must check the course wherein birth and nature have set him. A being that makes use of a waking consciousness, or a waking consciousness which subjects being to itself; pulsation or tension, blood or intellect, history or nature, politics or religion—here it is one or the other, there is no honest way of compromise. A statesman can be deeply religious, a pious man can die for his country-but they must, both, know on which side they are really standing. The born politician despises the inward thought processes of the ideologue and ethical philosopher in a world of fact-and rightly. For the believer, all ambition and succession of the historical world are sinful and without lasting value—he, too, is right. A ruler who wishes to improve religion in the direction of political, practical purposes is a fool. A sociologist-preacher who tries to bring truth, righteousness, peace, and forgiveness into the world of actuality is a fool also. No faith yet has altered the world, and no fact can ever rebut a faith. There is no bridge between directional Time and timeless Eternity, between the course of history and the existence of a divine world-order, in the structure of which the word "providence" or "dispensation" denotes the form of causality. $T\hat{h}$ is the final meaning of the moment in which Jesus and Pilate confronted one another. In the one world, the historical, the Roman caused the Galilean to be crucified—that was his Destiny. In the other world, Rome was cast for perdition and the Cross became the pledge of Redemption—that was the "will of God."

Religion is metaphysic and nothing else—"Credo quia absurdum"—and this metaphysic is not the metaphysic of knowledge, argument, proof (which is mere philosophy or learnedness), but lived and experienced metaphysic—that is, the unthinkable as

a certainty, the supernatural as a fact, life as existence in a world that is non-actual, but true. Jesus never lived one moment in any other world but this. He was no moralizer, and to see in moralizing the final aim of religion is to be ignorant of what religion is. Moralizing is nineteenth-century Enlightenment, humane Philistinism. To ascribe social purposes to Jesus is a blasphemy. His occasional utterances of a social kind, so far as they are authentic and not merely attributed sayings, tend merely to edification. They contain nothing whatever of new doctrine, and they include proverbs of the sort then in general currency. His teaching was the proclamation, nothing but the proclamation, of those Last Things with whose images he was constantly filled, the dawn of the New Age, the advent of heavenly envoys, the last judgment, a new heaven and a new earth. Any other conception of religion was never in Jesus, nor in any truly deep-feeling period of history. Religion is, first and last, metaphysic, other-worldliness (Jenseitigkeit), awareness in a world of which the evidence of the senses merely lights the foreground. It is life in and with the supersensible. And where the capacity for this awareness, or even the capacity for believing in its existence, is wanting, real religion is at an end. "My kingdom is not of this world," and only he who can look into the depths that this flash illumines can comprehend the voices that come out of them. It is the late, city periods that, no longer capable of seeing into depths, have turned the remnants of religiousness upon the external world and replaced religion by humanities, and metaphysic by moralization and social ethics.

In Jesus we have the direct opposite. "Give unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's" means: "Fit yourselves to the powers of the fact world, be patient, suffer, and ask it not whether they are 'just.'" What alone matters is the salvation of the soul. "Consider the lilies" means: "Give no heed to riches and poverty, for both fetter the soul to cares of this world." "Man cannot serve both God and Mammon"—by Mammon is meant the whole of actuality. It is shallow, and it is cowardly, to argue away the grand significance of this demand. Between working for the increase of one's own riches, and working for the social ease of everyone, he

would have felt no difference whatever. When wealth affrighted him, when the primitive community in Jerusalem-which was a strict order and not a socialist club—rejected ownership, it was the most direct opposite of "social" sentiment that moved them. Their conviction was, not that the visible state of things was all, but that it was nothing: that it rested not on appreciation of comfort in this world, but on unreserved contempt of it. Something, it is true, must always exist to be set against and to nullify worldly fortune, and so we come back to the contrast of Tolstoi and Dostoevski. Tolstoi, the townsman and Westerner, saw in Jesus only a social reformer, and in his metaphysical impotence —like the whole civilized West, which can only think about distributing, never renouncing—elevated primitive Christianity to the rank of a social revolution. Dostoevski, who was poor, but in certain hours almost a saint, never thought about social ameliorations—of what profit would it have been to a man's soul to abolish property?

Among Jesus's friends and disciples, stunned as they were by the appalling outcome of the journey to Jerusalem, there spread after a few days the news of his resurrection and reappearance. The impression of this news on such souls and in such a time can never be more than partially echoed in the sensibilities of a late mankind. It meant the actual fulfilment of all the apocalyptic of that Magian springtime—the end of the present aeon marked by the ascension of the redeemed Redeemer, the second Adam, the Saoshyant, Enosh, Barnasha, or whatever other name man attached to "Him," into the light realm of the Father. And therewith the foretold future, the new world aeon, "the Kingdom of Heaven," became immediately present. They felt themselves at the decisive point in the history of redemption.

This certainty completely transformed the world outlook of the little circles. "His" teachings, as they had flowed from his mild and noble nature—his inner feeling of the relation between God and man and of the high meaning of the times, and were exhaustively comprised in and defined by the word "love"—fell into the background, and their place was taken by the teaching of Him.

As the Arisen he became for his disciples a new figure, in and of the apocalyptic, and (what was more) its most important and final figure. But therewith their image of the future took form as an image of memory. Now, this was something of quite decisive importance, unheard-of in the world of Magian thought—the transference of an actuality, lived and experienced, on to the plane of the high story itself. . . . "He" had already been—had they not seen him and lived with him? We have to enter into this conception unreservedly if we are to appreciate the enormous superiority it had in those times. Instead of an uncertain glimpse into the distance, a compelling present; instead of fearful waiting for a liberating certainty, instead of a saga, a lived and shared human destiny—truly they were "glad tidings" that were proclaimed.



CONDITIONS AND DESTINY OF MAN

As IN poetry, so in religion, the question whether the events described have actually occurred is trivial and irrelevant. Anything may occur in infinite time. The question is what light it would kindle within us, if it happened to happen. Facts matter little for the spirit except for what they mean to the heart. Whether the Christian faith is true is a momentous question for science and history, because it affects the conditions under which men must live and their destiny; but the spiritual value of the idea of Christ does not depend on its having been already realized in fact but on the depth to which it sounds the ultimate vocation of every living being. Lucifer might admit that a divine Christ had existed, yet might disdain to imitate him; and a disillusioned philosopher might aspire to imitate him without believing in his existence.

Santayana

ONE'S OWN SPIRIT

WE do not adopt the right point of view in thinking of Christ only as an historical bygone personality. . . . Considered only in respect of his talents, character, and morality, we place him in the same category with Socrates and others, though his morality may be ranked higher. But excellence of character and morality is not the *ne plus ultra* in the requirements of spirit; does not enable to gain the speculative idea of spirit for his conceptive faculty.

If Christ is to be looked upon only as an excellent, even impeccable individual, and nothing more, the conception of the speculative idea, of Absolute Truth, is ignored. Make of Christ what you will exegetically, critically, historically; demonstrate as you please, how the doctrines of the Church were established by Councils, attained currency as the result of this or that episcopal interest, or passion, were originated in this or that quarter; let all such circumstances have been what they might: the only concerning question is, What is the Idea, or the Truth, in and of itself? Further, the real attestation of the divinity of Christ is the witness of one's own spirit, not miracles; for only spirit recognizes Spirit.

HEGEL

WITHIN THE POLAR CIRCLE OF THE MIND

We are here, all at once, on the confines of human thought, and far within the polar circle of the mind. It is strangely cold here; it is strangely dark; and yet all around there is light and flame. . . . We are dealing here with the most exact of sciences. We have to explore the most rugged and least habitable promontories of the divine "Know Thyself"; and the midnight sun hangs over the tempestuous sea, where the psychology of man mingles with the psychology of God.

MAETERLINCK

Last Lines of the Fourth Gospel

And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.

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